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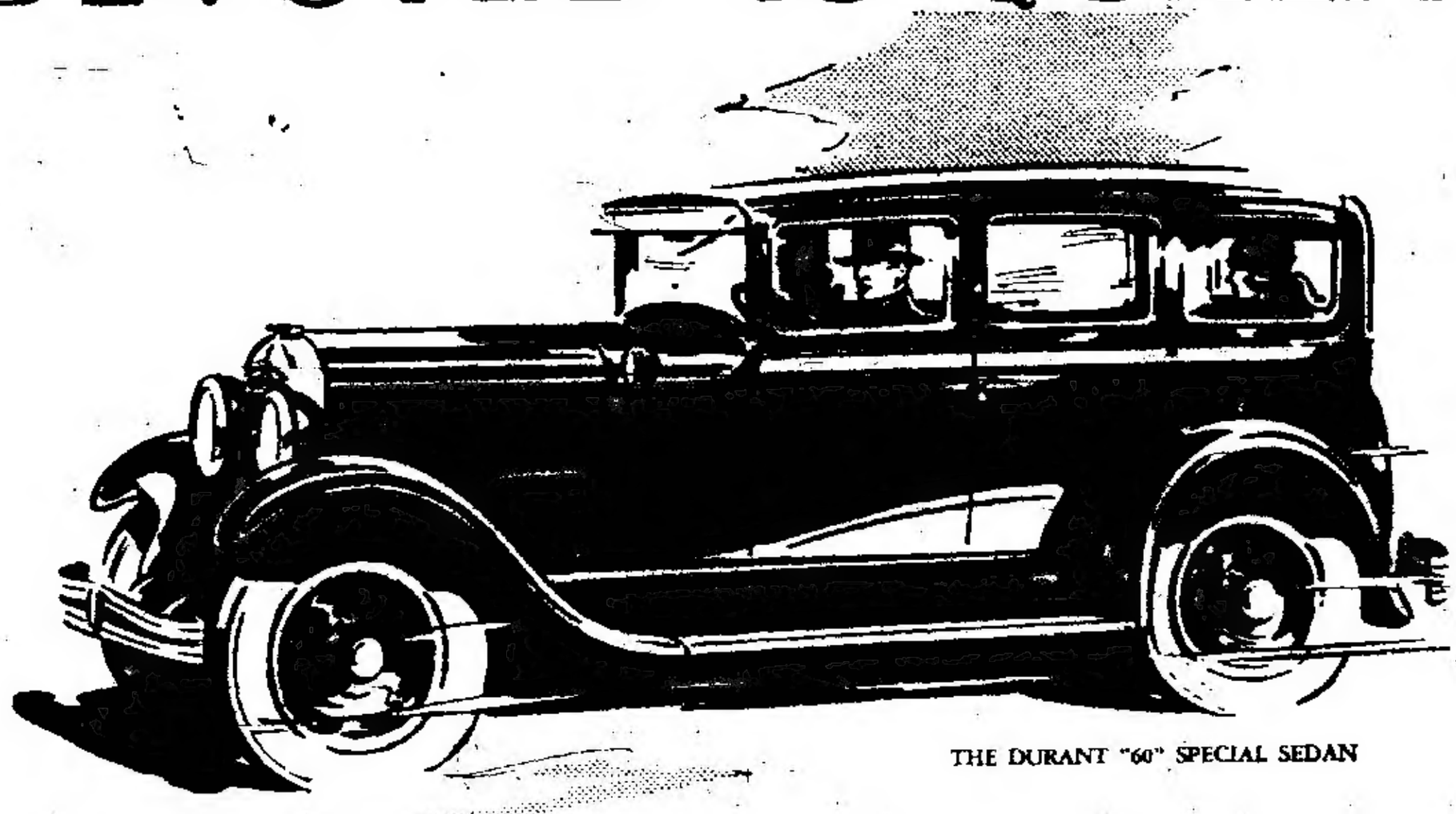

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Editorials

"MENACHEM MENDEL" IN THE MARKET

The recent situation in the American financial market has recalled to the foreground a certain Jewish type which has for several decades been regarded as being extinct.

"Menachem Mendel" the "luft-mensch" was in his day a well known personage. "Sholom Aleichem" discovered him in the Polish and Lithuanian ghettoes, and presented him to the world as the representative of the Jewish cloud-dwellers. Shnipischok, Kabzansk, Glupsk, and the other towns of Sholom Aleichem's kingdom abounded in members of the species—the Jew without a calling, parading the streets and market places, twirling his cane, his ears cocked, his nostrils sniffing the air, keenly alert for a clue or scent that might lead to some little profit. "Menachem Mendel" was a dweller of the upper regions, amid the towers and spires of fancy and hope. He had no definite trade or profession; no ground under his feet. He had wits, and with these he somehow managed to keep floating in the air, the victim of every unfavorable breeze.

When "Menachem Mendel" came to America he took a job in a sweat-shop, or bought a push-cart, and sold merchandise, or rigged up a rickety waggon and a spavined horse and went about salvaging cast-off articles. He felt the pleasant experience of treading on earth. He had an income. Soon, of course, he became the head of a shop of his own; or the owner of a large merchandising establishment; or a big jobber of junk. He was now a man of substance. In due time he moved on. He left his modest house, and his unpretentious "landsmannschaft" (townspeople's) lodge and became the occupant of a fashionable palace, and member of a golf club. Menachem Mendel was a thoroughly settled and solid citizen. He could rest his oversharpened wits. And still better, he was now in a fortunate position where he could afford to give his children a start in life so that they could dispense with wits altogether. Menachem Mendel's daughters, adorned with the fanciest of names, were flitting around in exclusive society, and his sons, pampered by parental indulgence were the patrons of road houses and night clubs.

In his disguise of a big business man you could not of course recognize "Menachem Mendel". And you began to think that the hero of Shnipishok was now a thing of the past; a memory—a being that died with Sholom Aleichem and his strange world.

Was it not surprising to discover during the recent stock-market fluctuations that the spirit of Menachem Mendel was still abroad? Solid citizens; substantial merchants; social leaders; forsooth. But it was tempting to soar in the higher regions where the brain would have room for free play of speculation and manipulations. The original Menachem Mendel lived in the clouds because he had no room on the ground. The new incarnations of the Menachem Mendel spirit were firmly fixed on a bed-rock stratum of economic realities. But venture they must into the realms of doubt and speculation where fantastic forces are at work. The concrete substance under their feet irked their heels and soles and they kicked up in an orgy of financial rainbow chasing. Flocks, hordes of Menachem Mendels left the security of their mercantile establishments, and indulged in nautical tricks amid the air currents and pockets in the atmosphere of higher speculation.

Why do we write about this phenomenon of reversion to Menachem Mendelianism? The reason is this: Recently we read that a certain very urgent campaign had to be postponed owing to the bearish trend of the market, and the consequent losses sustained by a large portion of the Jewish population. While in the capaciousness of our heart we sympathized with the unfortunate victims, we could not help smiling at the humorous phase of the situation: A well established substantial Jewish community is so generally and seriously disturbed by a market recession that important communal institutions are forced to suffer curtailment of revenue—well the situation ceases to be one of personal or individual interest; it becomes a subject for the social observer. Indeed, the matter almost assumes the nature of a national problem. The market is henceforth to be treated as a Jewish institution; a determining factor in the life of our communities. And this situation is possible because essentially we are still "Menachem Mendels."

A.R.R.

SIGMUND SAMUEL ENTERS POLITICS IN ENGLAND

Rabbi F. M. Isserman

Sigmund Samuel has been nominated by the Unionist group to contest the parliamentary seat at Lichtfield, England. Mr. Samuel's family were pioneer Jewish residents in Toronto. His father, Lewis Samuel, was one of the founders of the Holy Blossom Synagogue, and its president for more than 25 years. Sigmund Samuel has followed in his father's footsteps, and has been devoted to the synagogue. He was not only a member who paid his fees. He attended the services regularly, and to this day leaves his business on the Sabbath for worship. Sigmund Samuel has not only worked for the synagogue. He has demonstrated the universality of Judaism by patronising generously a number of important communal activities. He has made generous gifts to the Western Hospital, the Royal Ontario Museum and the Art Gallery on whose boards he served.

Mr. Samuel has also been generous with Jewish philanthropies. He is the leading contributor of Federation. His annual contribution is the largest made by any individual in Toronto to a Federation. His many friends in Toronto, Jewish and Christian, will hope for his election, and he can be assured of their good wishes. It does seem too bad that the recognition Mr. Samuel deserved was not accorded to him by his native city.

* * *

THE VOICE OF THE JEWISH LAITY

The National Federation of Temple Brotherhoods, an affiliated organization of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, composed of about 150 Men's clubs of synagogues, recently held its convention at Washington. It was presided over by Roger W. Straus, son of the late Oscar S. Straus, a most representative Jewish layman. The theme of the convention was how the laity can help to preserve Judaism and to strengthen the synagogue.

Great stress was laid on adult Jewish education. The present generation of reform Jews brought up on a Jewish diet of the Sunday school lacks Jewish knowledge. It therefore cannot give intelligent leadership. The Jewish laity must be educated, and adult classes for the dissemination of Jewish literature and history are imperative. The Holy Blossom College of Jewish Studies represented such an adventure in adult education. In some communities, synagogue broadcasts had been arranged by the Brotherhoods. These proved of great benefit to isolated Jewish communities which had no rabbis and no regular services. In some of these a radio was installed in the synagogue, and the congregation, prayer book in hand, was enabled to follow the entire Jewish service. In Canada, no group has yet attempted such services, but it is an excellent suggestion for the future.

Good-will meetings have been organized by many of the men's clubs. While these do not bring about an immediate millenium between Jew and Christian, they have nevertheless functioned, and have sown

(Continued on page 185)

The Never Lost Ten Tribes

How They Became Amalgamated With the Kingdom of Judah

By RABBI SIMON FYNE

The Bible never grows old—though it be called the "Old" Testament! The Bible never suffers from senile decay; for that which is truly inspired, is ever fresh, ever young. A breath of freshness, of vigorous youth, would seem to animate every chapter, to quicken every narrative; and being brimful of animation, it is ever attractive; it charms, captivates the attention of an intelligent audience if the speaker be dilating on a Biblical topic.

The "Ten Tribes"—said to be lost—is, indeed, a Biblical topic of hoary antiquity; older, perhaps, than the building of Rome! Certainly older than the compilation of the Book of Kings itself—whose compiler, by the way, was Prophet Jeremiah, according to the Talmud.

The whereabouts of these tribes had engaged in the best minds, engrossed the talents and ingenuity of many a scholar in Medieval and modern times. Attempts to identify them with this or that group of people, scattered from China to Peru, have been made from time to time.

I am, however, not going to weary you with the task of identification; will not ask you to identify the said to be lost "Ten Tribes" either with part of the "Afghanistan" people, with the high-class "Hindus," with the Kareens of Burma, with the Shindai of Japan, with the Nestorians of Mesopotamia, the Urmia Jews of that region; neither with the Daggatouns of Caucasia, the Atlas Jews of Morocco, the Felahs in Palestine, nor with the Chozars of the Eighth Century, with the Karaites in the Crimia, nor with the Red Indians or the Peruvians of the American Continent — with one or the other of whom, some Medieval or modern scholar had endeavored to identify them. No, I am not going to ask you to find the lost tribes among the groups of the people I have enumerated, because I would be sending you upon a fools' errand, as it would be a useless quest; since you would be seeking fraction of them certainly was lost; and that which never was lost, no one find!

You will, however, be good enough to take my prefatory remarks with the proverbial "grain of salt." When saying, "that those tribes were never lost," I do not mean to make that bold assertion that not even a fraction of them was lost, for to say such, would be flying in the face of truth flying in the face of Canonical history. A fraction of them certainly was lost; and, by the way, we can even tell, without a minimum of doubt, as to where that fraction is! For of all the lands East and West, Afghanistan is the most likely home of that fraction! (a)—Because of their tradition — their own historians call them "B'ne Israel!" (b)—Because of their Jewish cast of countenance, and (c)—Because of the proximity of Afghanistan to the localities where Sargon is said (II Kings XVIII, II) to have located them!

This paper, however, will deal, mainly with the bulk — not with the fraction, with the bulk of the tribes that never were lost; and this bulk, as will be shown in the succeeding lines, form part and parcel of corporate Jewry; are incorporated with us at this very day!

In I Chronicles (V 26) we read that Pol, King of Assyria, invaded the territories of the two and a half tribes, located East of the Jordan captured the people, and had them transplanted into the heart of Assyria. About twenty years later, says the book of II Kings (XVIII) "Shelmanesser, King of Assyria, captured Samariah, and carried Israel away into captivity — placed them in Chaloch, Chabor, on the river of Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes."

Now, these records may imply a wholesale exile — exiled them all to a man; or it may only mean a partial exile — the banishment out of the influential, the aristocratic and the moneyed classes, while the remainder — constituting, in all probability, the vast majority of them, be suffered to remain in the land undisturbed; for so, indeed, did Nebuchadnezzar, after he overthrew Southern—Jewish Kingdom, 140 later. He permitted all the tillers of the soil to remain on their land; over whom he appointed Gedaliah as Governor; and in so doing, Nebuchadnezzar might have but followed the example set him by Assyria!

All the Biblical and extra Biblical evidence would seem to conspire to establish it as a fact, that only a small portion, a fragment of the Northern Kingdom was exiled into Assyria, namely, the upper classes, most of the town folks; those who were likely to foment rebellion, and give him political trouble; them he removed; while the humbler classes, the artisans, the rural population, and the agriculturists those peaceably inclined; particularly those who might have submitted unconditionally during the three years of siege of Samaria, them, the conqueror allowed to remain in the country undisturbed; and they actually did remain!

For we find (II Chro. XXX) that Hezekiah, King of Judah, had issued a royal proclamation right through Palestine — "from Beersheba unto Dan," inviting the people of the Northern Kingdom to come to Jerusalem to celebrate the Passover, nay, more, he specifically invited the tribes of Ephraim and Menasseh by special letters; and many of the tribes of "Asher," "Menasseh," "Issachar" and "Zebulun," did comply with the royal request; did come to Jerusalem, and did participate in the celebration of that Passover! Now apart from the probability, that Hezekiah would not have dared to issue such a proclamation — from "Beersheba to Dan" — and to send yet such letters to the subjects of a rival monarch, had the Northern Kingdom still existed for fear of provoking the hostilities of his rival, the whole tone of the letter itself indicates, unmistakably, that it was written after the fall of Samaria—after the overthrow of the Northern Kingdom; and after some portion of the tribes had already been exiled. We need but notice the stress the letter lays upon the fact of their captivity, to come to this conclusion. Thus the letter says:—"Turn back unto the Lord, that He may return to the remnant that are escaped of you, out of the hand of the Kings of Assyria. . . For if ye turn back unto the Lord, your brethren and your children shall find compassion before them that led them captive, and shall come back into the land." (Ibid XXX 6-9).

Now, the mere fact that Hezekiah had still found Jewish people in the Northern Kingdom, whom to address, whom to invite to celebrate the Passover, after the exile of the "Ten Tribes" had taken place and who did respond to the invitation, and did come, only proves—and proves conclusively, that the captivity of the "Ten Tribes" was only in part; that only some of them were exiled; and they were not the majority either, but rather the minority — and a small minority at that!

In addition to this Blicical evidence, in support of our averment, comes yet the statement of the conqueror himself—whom no one would accuse of seeking to minimize the importance of his achievement.

In a clay tablet, found by Botta in 1843 under the foundation of the City of Dur-Sharrukin (twelve miles northeast of Nineveh) which Sargon built as his new capital Sargon—who completed the conquest of Samaria, begun by Salmanesser —but who died during the siege —say, that he led away captive 27,280! And since we know, that the Northern Kingdom contained a population of about three million—if not more, we can have some idea as to the number of people that were left in the land, after deducting the number of the captives; even after making due allowance for the number of people that might have lost their lives during the hostilities!

Now, that we are more or less convinced that those of the "Ten Tribes" as remained in the country far outnumbered those that were led away captive, the question might now be asked, What became of the majority that did remain? Did they still continue to keep themselves aloof from "Judah" or having now no king, no government of their own, have they amalgamated themselves with the Kingdom of Judah?

Our answer—based once more, upon the authoritative statements of the Chronicler—is, that they did join the Southern Kingdom, and did become amalgamated with Judah!

In ancient times, when church and State were united all the world over, and aye, in Palestine, a theocratic State, where the king was regarded as the anointed of God, as his viceroy, the acknowledging of the one, meant the recognition of the other! Once they had come back to Jerusalem—after a separation of 260—and joined Judah and Benjamin in the celebration of the Passover. One they again acknowledged "Jahvah" as their God, they could not have failed to recognize Hezekiah as their king, at the same time! The one is the correlative of the other!

The fact that King Jeroboam had actually feared the consequence of such a contingency, and for which reason he did not permit his subjects to go up to Jerusalem to solemnize the festivals, saying:—

"Now will the Kingdom return to the House of David. If this people go up to offer sacrifices in the House of the Lord in Jerusalem, then will the heart of the people turn back into their Master, even unto Rehoboam, King of Judah!" (I Kings 12.27)—This fact only proves how strong was the religious tie; how the coming up to Jerusalem to serve God in his Temple, meant the acknowledging of the King of that State as their sovereign Lord! And that contingency for which Jeroboam was sorely afraid that it might come to pass, in his time, actually did come to pass in Hezekiah's time! The bulk of the "Ten Tribes,"

left in Palestine became amalgamated with Judah!

The name "Judah," lost then its tribal signification, and became a national appellation for all the children of Israel, irrespective of tribe or location!

And if something more had yet to happen to cement the reunion of the tribes, on came the miraculous fall of Sennacherib's army round the walls of Jerusalem, in the 14th year of Hezekiah's reign and supplied the cement!

Only the supposition that the tribes that still remained in the North of Palestine had allied themselves with Judah and acknowledged Hezekiah as their king, can we explain the anomalous conduct of Sennacherib, who invaded Judah a second time, immediately after receiving Hezekiah's submission, and after exacting from him a heavy tribute! And this time, demanded not only his deposition, but the removal of his entire people! (II Kings XVIII, 14)—An act of treachery that none of the "Kingdom Shakers" had ever done!

If we, however, concede that the remaining tribes had transferred their allegiance to Hezekiah, the anomaly becomes explainable. Sennacherib took exception to Hezekiah's sway over the remaining tribes; he did not want Hezekiah to benefit by the downfall of his rival; and finding such a desire, such a readiness on the part of the Northern tribes to amalgamate with Judah under Hezekiah, he regarded him as a dangerous rival; and hence he wanted to remove him along with his people out of the confines of the whole of Palestine!

Did the peole of the "Ten Tribes," that had joined Judah, under Hezekiah remain incorported with Judah?

Yes, according to what the Chronicler relates of the reign of Josiah.

In the 18th year of his reign, Josiah made an effort, similar to that of Joash 234 years before to repair the Temple; and asked for contributions.

"They" (the Levites), says the Chronicler—"came to Hilkiah, the High Priest and delivered the money that was brought into the House of God, which the Levites had gathered from the hands of "Menasseh" and "Ephraim" and of all the remnant of Israel, and of all "Judah" and "Benjamin" (Ibid XXXIV 9). Now, Josiah reigned about a century after the "Ten Tribes" had been exiled by Assyria; and if in his time people of "Menasseh and Ephraim, and all of the remnant of Israel"—as distinct from that of Judah and Benjamin, who are mentioned separately—had contributed towards the repairs of the national Fane, it proves incontestably, that such of the "Ten Tribes" as have rejoined Judah under Hezekiah, had remained united with the Southern Kingdom, thereafter.

The Chronicler says even more, stating, that Josiah purified the cities of "Menasseh and Simeon, even unto Naphtali," i.e. from extreme South to extreme North—"broke down the altars; beaten the Asherim, and the graven images into powder; cut down, all the sun images throughout all the land of Israel" Ibid. XXXIV. 6-7). Notice the expression "throughout all the land of Israel"; an expression, which is tantamount to saying, that Josiah was the recognized sovereign of the whole of Palestine, from "Dan to Beersheba!" for only as the acknowledged King of the entire population of the whole of Palestine, could he have carried out these inconoclastic operations successfully!

The question might now be asked. What became of those of the "Ten Tribes" as have joined the Kingdom of Judah, after that Kingdom was overthrown by Chaldea?

Our answer would be: That such of them, as were located close to the border of the Judean Kingdom, had probably shared the same fate along with the rest of the Judeans—were led away in captivity into Babylon. Those, again, further north, may have escaped the second national catastrophe as they escaped the first under Sargon, and remained in Palestine. They have intermingled with the Cuthean settlers for a time; but rejoined the autonomous Jewish community at the restoration; particularly after the arrival of Ezra and Nehemiah, who gave to Judea a new lease of life!

That some of them were led away into the Babylonian captivity, would seem to be warranted by what Prophet Ezekiel says. Ezekiel prophesied in Babylon; and judging by the context of the passage I am about to quote, this particular prophecy of his, was delivered after the final overthrow of the Judean Kingdom.

Ezekiel was thus told:—"Take thee one stick and write upon it. For Judah, and for the children of Israel his companions: then take another stick and write upon it: For Joseph . . . and for all the house of Israel his companions . . . and the sticks whereon thus writest shall be in thy hand before their eyes." (Ibid. XXXVII. 16-20). Mark the expression, "Before their eyes!"

On the first stick was written "Judah, and the children of Israel his companions!" Now, who were "Judah's companions out of the children of Israel?" Who could they have been, if not such of the "Ten Tribes" as have joined the Kingdom of Judah after the downfall of their own? And let us not forget that this prophecy was not a vision, since the text expressly says. "Before their eyes!" i.e. in the presence of both, of Judah and his companions!

We thus have in Ezekiel, a statement of an eye-witness—though indirect, to the effect that such of the Ten tribes, or some of them, as have joined the Kingdom of Judah, were still united with the Judeans, and found themselves among them in the Babylonian Captivity!

And now, to understand clearly the second part of the above sentence, viz: "Then take another stick, and write upon it. For Joseph the stick of Ephraim, and of all the house of Israel his companions." We have to bear in mind this fact:

That Babylon, or Chaldea, conquered the whole of Assyria in 625 B. C. E. and Judea in 586—39 years later! Thus all the Jewish Exiles, both the former and the latter, those of Assyrian times (720) and those of the recent Chaldean Conquest, were all now under Chaldea! What, then, was there more likely to have happened than this, that the Two sections of Jewry—now both in exile, and both under the same king—under Nebuchadnezzar: and, probably, in close proximity to one another—have confederated? The "companions of Judah," out of the "Ten Tribes," might have just served as the link to unite the two sections; and Judah and Ephraim merged into one corporate Jewish body while in the Babylonian Captivity!

The emphasized expression of "Before their eyes" would warrant the conclusion that Ezekiel had before him, as he spoke, the representatives of both sections! And if such really were the case, then this statement of Ezekiel should be taken in the light, not of prophecy affecting the dim future, but as a fact accomplished in his own time!

And who can fathom the object of Providence in bringing about the Babylonian Exile; perhaps it also was to bring the two sections of Jewry together under One Ruler, so as to facilitate their reunion. If they refused to be united in their own land under a Jewish King, then let them be united in a foreign land, under a non-Jewish King! Only let them be united!

Did the Ten tribes, or some of them, also return to Palestine at the Restoration?

This question cannot be answered authoritatively, either one way or the other. All we know is that by the time of Alexander the Great the whole of Palestine, East and West, was full of Jews! Now where did they all come from? But whether the Ten tribes did return to Palestine, in course of time, or remained in Babylon along with some of the Judah and Benjamin tribes, they remained affiliated with the main Jewish body!

That some of the Ten tribes, as have managed to remain in Palestine after the Chaldean conquest, and who have, meanwhile, intermingled with the Cuthean Colonists, that they, or some of them, also returned to the fold at the time of Ezra and Nehemiah, we have again Biblical evidence.

In Ezra (vi. 21), speaking of the Passover kept by the returned Captives, it says, That "the children of Israel that were come back out of the Captivity, and all such as had separated themselves from the filthiness of the nations of the land, to come unto them, to seek the Lord, the God of Israel, did eat the Passover sacrifices."

With a similar or identical expression we meet in Nehemiah (x 29), where it says: "And they that had separated themselves from the people of the lands unto the Law of God." Now, who were the people that "separated themselves from the filthiness of the nations of the land"—as mentioned in Ezra? or, who were "they that had separated themselves from the people of the land unto the Law of God"—as stated by Nehemiah? Who could they have been? Certainly not proselytes—since they are not designated as such. Who were they, if not the remnant of the Ten tribes, as have succeeded to remain in Palestine during the Babylonian Captivity—those who had meanwhile commingled with the Cutheans, but who rejoined their own people as soon as they saw that Jewry was becoming organized again?

They were, certainly, no others, but our own straying sheep that returned to the fold!

One more word by way of conclusion. That were we even to put aside all the evidence here adduced we would still come to the same conclusion, if only on statistic grounds, since it is improbable that the 15 or 16 millions of Jews found at this day scattered all over the habitable globe should all be the progeny of but two or three tribes (including that of Levi)! And this improbability becomes accentuated all the more when we recall to mind the hundreds of thousands of Jews that were killed at the different periods of our chequered history such as at the Capture of Samaria; the destruction of the first Temple; in the wars with (or the massacres of) the Greco Syrians; at the destruction of the Second Temple; at the revolt at Alexandria, the insurrection

(Continued on page 106)

Seder-Night

By Israel Zangwill

Prosaic miles of streets stretch all around,
A stir with restless, hurried life and spanned
By arches that with thund'rous trains resound,
And throbbing wires that galvanize the land;
Dance-palaces in tawdry splendour stand;
The newsboys shriek of mangled bodies found;
The last burlesque is playing in the Strand—
In modern prose all poetry seems drowned.

Yet in ten thousand homes this April night
An ancient People celebrates its birth
To Freedom, with a reverential mirth,
With customs quaint and many a hoary rite,
Waiting until, its tarnished glories bright,
Its God shall be the God of all the earth.

Passover—The Feast of Emancipation

The celebration of Passover, the Jewish Feast of Emancipation, begins with sundown, Wednesday, April 24th, 1929. It is ushered in with an elaborate dinner, unsurpassed in beauty of symbolism, known in Hebrew as the "Seder," and it is celebrated for full seven days, during which period only unleavened bread is to be eaten. This festival ranks as one of the most significant holidays in Jewish life. The idea of freedom upon which it is founded constitutes one of the basic principles in Judaism, and the basic cause for which mankind fought these many centuries.

The feast of Passover has a two-fold background. The remote origin of it dates back to the time when the ancestors of the Jewish people dwelt in Palestine and occupied themselves with agriculture primarily. To them the advent of spring marked the most joyous period of the year. Then was the barley harvest reaped, and its first fruits were brought to Jerusalem and offered at the Temple with great joy and singing. Hence, Passover was instituted as a nature festival to celebrate the arrival of spring.

But with the flight of time, this agricultural background of Passover was almost entirely lost. And with this loss came the emphasis that Passover marks the anniversary of the deliverance of the Jewish people from Egyptian bondage—an episode in Jewish history which wielded a tremendous influence upon the progress of mankind at large.

Over three thousand years ago a great number of Jews dwelt in Egypt, and were made slaves to the mighty Pharaohs. Their life grew bitter from day to day with heavy toil and suffering. By their sweat they built the mighty cities of Pithom and Ramèses. Palaces and pyramids they wrought by the toil of their hands. And all this physical slavery, likewise, signified the extent of their spiritual slavery.

But at that time of mortal bitterness was Moses born. From his youth he championed the cause of righteousness and fought for the rule of justice in a land based upon slavery and idolatry. He beheld the affliction of his people, and his sense of righteousness was stung to the core. He rose up, and with prophetic fire he thundered forth the message of freedom to all Egypt. Charged with this holy ideal, he finally cowed the mighty Pharaoh into submission. And on the fourteenth of Nissan, he led the Jewish people out of the gates of Egypt, so that the children of Israel might serve God and become a holy people unto God in the eyes of the whole world.

As reminiscent of this historic epic, the Jewish people cite this event every year to their families and children. For out of this story of Exodus mankind draws its strength and inspiration in its eternal struggle against slavery and tyranny. And by celebrating this feast of Passover Jewry the world over raises its cry against the oppression and spiritual slavery current in many lands to-day.

COMMENTARIES

By Rabbi Harry J. Stern, *of Montreal,*
Associate Contributing Editor

What About the Privileged?

Don't you think that the shouting in behalf of the "underprivileged" is a little overdone in our community? Why every organization seems to be doing it—erecting summer camps for the poor little unfortunate boys and girls. And I have a suspicion that soon the competition in the realm of the "underprivileged" will become so keen—that these little ones will have to be bought at a "premium"! Now, in all honesty, we have made a cult of the underprivileged! Certainly virile Jewish organizations numbering its memberships in the hundreds, ought to have greater objectives and there ought not to be so much duplication in this type of work. Certainly, as a community we ought to think a little about the privileged youths. What opportunities are we providing for the latter to help them in the growth of Jewish character and manhood? They have just as much claim upon us as the underprivileged.

A Kosher Drive?

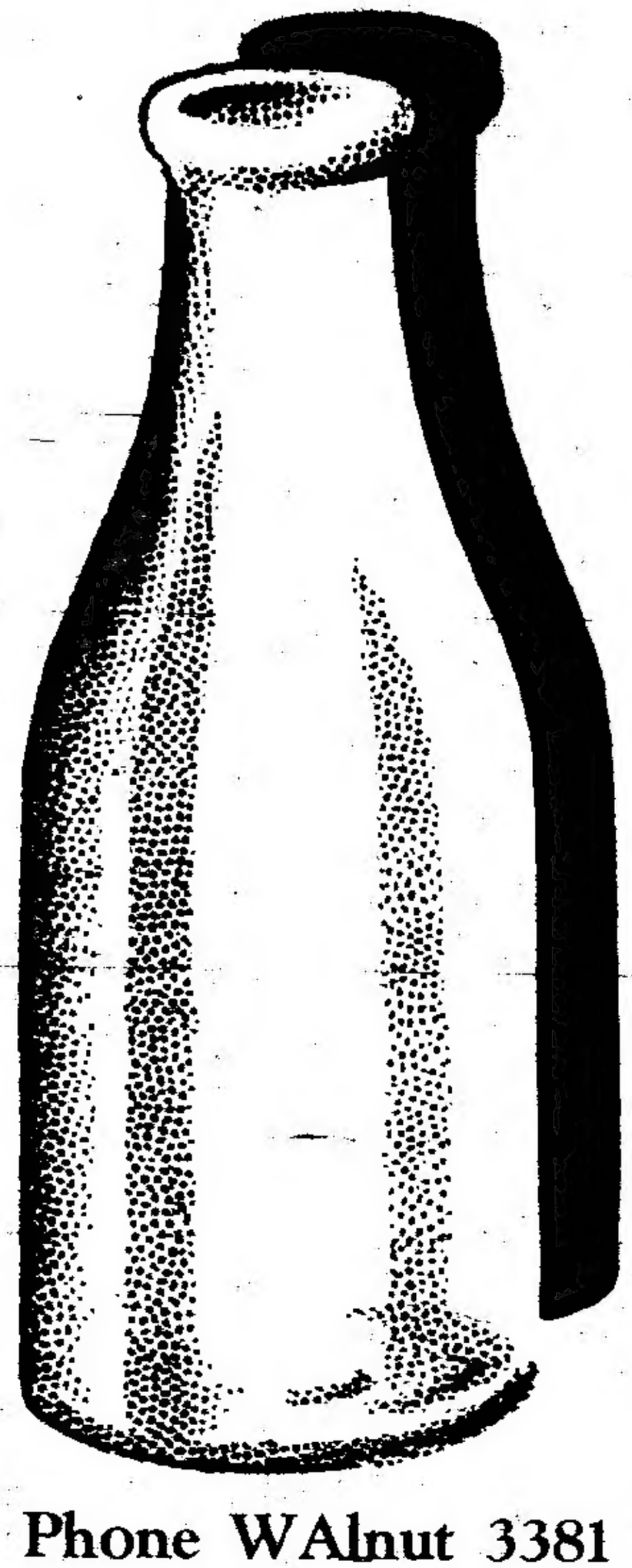
All will agree that this year's United Palestine Appeal in Montreal carried a Kosher label. Not only were Rabbis drafted into service—but the very dinner inaugurating the drive, was strictly Kosher. And the onlooker imagined that multitudes would, under these circumstances, have flocked to the support of the work here in behalf of Eretz Yisroel. But it seems that everything was Kosher except the manner of "giving. . ." Of course, the excuse seems to be the "drop in the market." But isn't the cause of Palestine superior to market fluctuations? I have seen Jews who shed a thousand dollars worth of tears for Eretz Yisroel—but give only five dollars toward the Keren Ha-Yesod. I have heard them pray for a restored Palestine in Hebrew and observed them oppose Palestine's restoration in the King's English. Certainly, the practices of some Jew is not in accordance with their professions—at least as far as Palestine is concerned.

What is Wrong with Marriage?

This is the most popular topic of conversation it seems. Books are published daily on this subject. Preachers find it fascinating to orate about. The novelists and the psychiatrists write about it, and study this question. But what is the answer? No satisfactory reply seems to be given. Some speak of marriage as a great adventure; others as a sacrament. There are still others who say there is nothing wrong with the institution of marriage, but everything is wrong with the men and women of to-day. An authority recently hinted that women married to business men are more often happy than those married to intellectuals. Is it because the business men make more money? I wonder! But I still have hope in human kind—the institution of marriage is more than money. Historically speaking, marriage leaped out upon the world before the coinage system. Anyhow, what is wrong with marriage? Read the volume on this subject by V. Hamilton and Kenneth MacGowan.

Bringing the Jew into the Synagogue

The Reform Congregations of New York City are on the eve of a campaign to bring into the temples the hundreds of unaffiliated. And it is indeed encouraging to see such prominent laymen as Louis Marshall, Henry Morganthau, and Dr. Lee K. Frankel, heading the list of workers in this great cause. Above all else in Jewish life, is the synagogue. Neglect the temples and all its branch institutions, and there is little hope for the survival and development of Jewish life. We have learned rather slowly that mere charity giving in aid of our poor, is not going to heighten Jew and Judaism—nor will it make for the unfoldment of Jewish personality. When one examines Canadian Jewish life from the religious aspect, he certainly finds that too many have made charity their Judaism, or Zionism their religion. Again there are others who are spiritual onlookers. These seek the Synagogue at time of death. Judaism for them is a sort of a Kaddish ritual. It is to be regretted. We ought here in Montreal inaugurate once in a while campaigns in behalf of the Synagogue. I think it will come to this when we shall have learned that greater than alms giving and Zionism is Judaism. A Jew without Judaism is a contradiction. If he is a Jew, he cherishes Judaism in his most precious possession.



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Crazy Clock

By PAUL SATUREN

Another day . . . another . . . . steamed rolls of cloth, sizzling under a heavy iron.

Time sliced up into fractions ad infinitum . . . fractions gulping up fractions until all is bewildered in a flash of non-existence . . . .

Albert Feinstein, presser.

Why do they make such a fuss over nine o'clock, ten, eleven, twelve? Dividing it into halves, quarters, eighths, fractions . . . fractions . . . . the hands of a clock whirling in eccentric orgy . . . . indifferent. Watching as if life depended on it. Even dying on the minute. Extra! Mr. So and So dies at four-thirty. Extra!

A cloak-manufacturer's voice—over-bubbling with trivial importance: "You're fired!"

Albert Feinstein, presser, power-potential crushed into meek submission: "Why—I—"

"This is the third time you've been late this week. Six minutes, eight, three and a half. Get that? Seventeen and a half minutes in one week. . . . Do you realize what it means. . . . we have three thousand employed here . . . . if all took your liberty we would lose fifty thousand two hundred minutes . . . . how many suits could be pressed in that time . . . a fortune, a mint. . ."

A splash ten stories downward, a sharp freezing in the bowels, a clanking of a steel door: "First floor." Again a plunge through eight stories of darkness, dankness, upward. . . . .

In another sweat shop offering his soul for hire.

Souls for hire . . . souls for hire . . . . from ten to twelve hours a day for mere sustenance . . . souls for hire.

A blind automaton pressing steel keys: click, click: orders for next season.

Mr. Blum is busy now . . . can only see you between one-thirty and two. . . . Will you never stop counting minutes? . . . Sorry, but we have not time to. . . Time, the devil with it. . . . What? . . . I said the devil with—

A frenzy of clock grinning at mankind.

Cramped oblique postures clinging to straps in stuffy elongated parallelopipeds racing through man-made caverns to get where? Quickly . . . faces glued to pictorials . . . black, moodless revery set obtuse . . . a sliding door agape for a flood of massed humanity to enter, to exist. . . .

The traffic inspector, the conductor, every day; what time yuh got? . . . Twelve after . . . two minutes late . . . sorry, held up, a cripple two stops back . . . that'll set us all back . . . couldn't help it, didn't want me tuh push'm out . . . make it up next two stops . . . righto . . . what time yuh got? . . . thirteen after. . . .

Through the darkness in mad haste. —

An inert light, red, green, yellow . . . a faceless eye . . . a command without a voice, halting mass-motion by mere existence at an intersection of man-made thoroughfares, cut into innumerable grooves by wheels of mechanical meteors:

Extra, extra! The Sun! . . . get your latest Times! . . . .Morning News! . . Graphic! Graphic! . . . Postscript! . . . Night extra! . . . Sporting extra! . . .Finals, finals! . . . Extra, extra! Two a.m. special . .

Newsboys peddling gossip by the minute. Every hour discarding tons of paper to give room for the gossip of the next hour. Rabid, hungry eyes scanning miles of print in search of what?—feverishly . . . the sky penciled with a stream of gray cloud: rain tonight and probably fair tomorrow . . . an orchard of cream in a canopy of blue: fair and warmer . . . a dark threat shutting out sunlight: light showers throughout the day . . .

Albert Feinstein, presser, looking for a gesture of authority in a manmade bustling cube to offer his soul for hire.

"What can I do for you? . . . I read your ad. in this morning's Times for a presser . . . How old are you? . . . Thirty-five . . . Experience? . . . Yes, Sir . . . How much? . . . . Fifteen years . . . Reference? . . . Silence, I said reference . . . Silence . . . Why did you leave your other place? I was discharged . . . Fired! . . . Yes, sir . . . Then why are you applying here? . . . I want to work. . . H-m! . . . It was only because I was a few minutes late. . . H-m! . . . Only a few minutes. . . Only! . . . Yes, sir . . . Good day. . . Won't you hire me? . . . Good day . . . I'll work for almost anything. . . Good day. . . . But I must live. . .

Fifth Avenue: naked torsos mummified behind rectangles of glass. Tempting wares with tags attached. Regal luxuries labeled with the prohibitive touch of price. Boomerangs of desire converging in painful jerks to impoverished eyes. Famished mannequins grasping at the grotesque in unimaginative search for individuality.

Before a palace of style: Really there's no sense in buying anything. You're sure to see dozens of the

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same thing parading up and down this street. . . They're imitating everything. You may as well give up trying to look individual. . . Harlem is full of sable. Where do they get the money? . . . The trouble is they sell to anyone who has the cash. . . If you get something different it's copied in every alley. . . The war made too many millionaires. . . Bootlegging, too . . . Advertising. . . Publicity, yes . . . The movies. . . There ain't enough privacy any more. . . You can't live your own life. As soon as you're original it's put in electric lights for the whole world to see.

Look! . . . Where? . . . That woman who stepped out of the taxi . . . Isn't her hat a dream? . . . Gorgeous! . . . I wonder where she got it? I'd love to buy one just like it. It is really different . . . Let's look for one . . . I'll get a purple one. . . I'll get a blue one. . . . Harry will like it. . . Sam will adore it. . . I saw one like it in the "Follies" . . Smart . . . chic . . . select. . . Good-by, dear! . . .

Albert Feinstein, pressor, glued before a display of diamonds in a velvet-lined case.

"One of these stones will give me my freedom. One stone will liberate me from pressing forever. A mere quarter-inch of glass. A shove with my elbow. A dash into the crowd. . .

The Lord seated on a throne of gold. . . angels around chanting hymns . . . the vast expanse of heaven resplendent with the souls of the good . . . souls of endless past generations . . . the azure serenity of paradise . . . floating . . . floating. . .

"I am willing to press. They refuse to hire me. I am ready to make an honest living. They lay me off with minutes. They reproach me for stealing time. . . ."

The Lord speaks . . . myriads of souls attend silently . . . the Lord speaks in majestic monosyllables . . . echoes respond: "Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

"What good does the prospect of after-life do me now?"

The Lord seated on a throne of silver . . .

"A man must live. I've forty years ahead of me yet. . ."

The Lord seated on a throne of brass. . .

"I've been a slave all my life, that's all. . ."

On a throne of stone. . .

"God helps those that help themselves. . ."

On a . . .

Smash! The window gives easily. A geyser of blood rushing upward. A storm of whirling blood. A splintered conscience. A trembling hand dripping with gems. A terrorized shadow losing identity in a stream of jostling humanity.

Motors of printing machinery whirring at white heat. Rolls of cheap paper unraveling into flat mountains. Atmosphere for hurried meals. Food for unsatiated newsmongers. Stimulation for stagnant urges; in response to fanatic appeals for motion.

"Hear about the big robbery? . . . In broad daylight. . . Them bandits have their nerves wid 'em. . . A five-thousand-dollar necklace . . . a ten-thousand-dollar necklace . . . a fifteen-thousand-dollar necklace . . . a twenty-thousand-dollar necklace . . . a thirty . . . I'd do it myself if I could get away with it . . . That's what I call easy money . . . They're insured . . . Nobody loses. It all evens up . . . The future customers 'll pay . . . Crime's on the increase . . . The police are in on it . . . The law's too easy . . . Prisons ain't what they used to be . . . They'll get 'em. . .

The swell of a momentary wave creating a criminal. An infinitesimal creating a criminal. An infinitesimal counter-vibration during an equilibrium topsy-turvy. An accidental slip from the fulcrum destroying the balance. A fugitive, a slave, all in the tremor of a moment. A scratch on the mirror of virtue, a blemish irrevocable. Virginity, once defiled, there is no reclaiming. A pigmy of mediocrity transformed into a gigantic exceptional.

A shadow expanding as it recedes from the light.

The world is suddenly too small to contain Albert Feinstein. The peering eyes of the law lurk in every angle. Faces have a new meaning. Indifference tapers into pointed threats.

"Albert Feinstein, you smashed a window. You stole some diamonds. You are not any more."

Yet he walks as before. Left foot, right foot . . . like the unsuspecting pedestrians about him.

"There are places in the Bowery where one might get rid of such things. . . I'll sell it for a mere nothing, only to get rid of it . . . better give it up and serve some time in jail and start over . . . if I could get across the border to Canada . . . correct time, please . . . none of your business . . . or across the Atlantic. . . I'll have to transform it into cash in some way. It's no good to me in its present form . . . you missed the ten-forty but I think you'll make the ten-fifty . . . what's all this fuss you make about a few minutes? . . . time is important, we live in an age of hurry and bustle, minutes mean dollars, seconds mean comfort, stand still and you are crushed in the stampede of concentrated humanity."

"For God's sake! Give a man a breathing spell! . . . get accustomed to quicker, shorter breaths, you're in a different atmosphere now . . . I want serenity. . . You don't belong. . . I want ease . . . You're an anarchist. . . Relaxation. . . A bolshevik. . . I want the dignity of the forest. . . You're nutty. . . I want the silence of the mountain-tops. . . You're looney. . .

An endless necklace, each link a tree trunk, each stone a boulder, dragged by an ant. . .

At the shrine of a strange temple. A vestibule, filled with slaves, all bending the knee in rapturous obeisance. Exotic aroma of myrrh

(Continued on page 106)

"throat-easy"

says

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N. Cosentino

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Every Friday

The life of the social editor of a Jewish newspaper would appear to be one of peace and pleasure, a life to be envied by all other members of the staff with individual notions of what work, like war, is. The work of the social editor is not the same as keeping books, writing inspired paragraphs, performing sundry clerical tasks or meeting notes and accumulating the pay roll. In the middle of the morning there is the flow of gentle conversation and the exchange of amenities with the outside world exclusive of the banker. It is a life that, on the surface, is at once delightful and enticing. But statistics would show and closer investigation reveal that the comfort of the social editor is in large degree commensurate with and dependent upon the sort of persons making conversation and exchanging the time of day with her and also upon whether the conversation is with her or at her. For instance, if these persons are women without delusions of grandeur, mental or material, if they are unassuming, simple, courteous, kindly and leisurely in their manner, why then morning is morning. But if these persons are ladies newly-arrived at the *status quo* and very-self conscious about how to address a social editor or a waiter, then anything can happen. A record of calls for news would show that women of established family and social *savoir faire* are neither flattered nor offended at being called to the telephone to give social news about themselves or their circle of friends. They say with a nice, casual, detachment from self that they are giving a bridge next week and will supply details later, and do you know that Mr. So-and-so is in Atlantic City? Their social affairs are not burning secrets from the rest of the world and they have no fear that an uninvited friend might die upon hearing about them. They are accustomed to being where they are. But the misguided ladies of the *nouveau riche* often, alas, behave as they doubtless imagine cultured women behave but they make the mistake of substituting airs for breeding. What is intended for haughty composure frequently doesn't quite jell. A refined woman will never bang the receiver up in any one's ear or speak in the tones of a bar-maid. But a lady who insists she is a lady may. Now why *is* that?

* * *

A letter was received lately from Murray Sandler, vice-president of Toronto Young Judaea, in which the writer took exception to an editorial by Rabbi Isserman in the March 15th. issue of the REVIEW. The letter made the point that Rabbi Isserman had not given credit to Young Judaea for its cultural and educational work among young people and that "it is unfortunate in view of the wide circulation of the CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW." The letter could not be run in its entirety as it was much too long. Or rather the cargo was too light for the ship.

* * *

The hold-up of the First Rumanian Synagogue in Chicago by five masked men must have inspired all first-class robbers and thugs to chastise themselves and each other sharply with kicks for never having thought of such a plan before. So easy, little risk, just like shooting fish and getting away with a bagful. Perhaps, then, one of the crying needs of this country in the future may be the stamping out of synagogue robberies now that the way has been blazed. The wonder is that with master minds, hold-ups and crime waves permanent fixtures, robbers have specialized so faithfully and stupidly on filling stations, banks and chain stores—and have neglected so carelessly the vast opportunities presented by the Jewish shopping districts and above all the synagogues at the high holy day season. Consider the mink and the dinner rings, the diamond bracelets and the jewelled watches, the platinum bar pins and built-up engagement rings and your respect for the imagination of robbers must dwindle to nothing. Nor was the hold-up of the Rumanian Synagogue anything to brag about in robber circles. The bandits got only $7,000 in money and jewels, a mere bagatelle. It was an oversight on the part of the hold-up men to select that particular synagogue. In fact a synagogue which, under pressure, can not give up more than a paltry $7,000 in engagement rings alone is unworthy the name of synagogue or else it was a dull day with the attendance low. If this incident in Chicago, the birthplace of such things, did nothing else it must have dashed the scales from the eyes of the robbing profession everywhere so that further sallies on their part may be expected. If they are wise they will wait until Rosh Hashona or Yom Kippur. The haul that could be made then at the major houses of worship should cause a gifted robber to take dope to restrain himself until the holy season. There is such a happy affinity between the facts that the women must wear their gems to synagogue and that bandits now know where to go.

F.F.C.

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APRIL 19, 1929 VOLUME X, NUMBER 26

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Dusty Names in Music

Forgotten Pioneers in the Field of Musical Composition Whose Genius Has Been More or Less Obscured By the Passing Years

By DAVID EWEN

By arrangement with *The American Hebrew*

There are some who achieve the highest peak of human greatness and with it the imperishable laurel of immortality. To these men belongs the future and they well deserve it. There are others, too, who, at moments, attain greatness—but only in moments; whose greatest but unappreciated life-work is rather to be an inspiration and a guide to their successors and a link from their predecessors; whose significance is historical, for the most part. These men worshipped and venerated in their own time, invariably descend to the dusty caverns of oblivion. Only the past is theirs. They are remembered merely in huge music-history tomes, as dusty as their names.

There is, for example, Salamone Rossi—a forgetten name which, in its time, was flourishingly significant. A name resurrected for an ephemeral moment by Mr. Lazare Saminsky in a program of choralworks last season, when a chorale of Rossi was performed, but which has once again slipped smugly into the limbo of forgotten names. Salamone Rossi, a contrapuntalist of the sixteenth century, was a Jew—a privileged Jew, despite the hectic times for all men of his creed, because of his genius. One of the most famous of Mantuan musicians, honored at court, worshipped by disciples, respected everywhere—such was Salamone Rossi. From 1587 to 1628 Salamone Rossi was at the court of Mantua where he was permitted the enviable and unheard-of privilege of dispensing with the yellow badge which every Jew of the time was compelled to wear. Even in that intolerant-stricken age, there were some to realize that genius belongs to the world and yet should not be subjected to the petty laws of the world. From 1589 to 1628, every two years or so, Rossi issued volumes of mad-rigals, canzonets and ballets. Rossi's contrapuntal music is fresh and fragrant; there is a healthy beauty about them which the dust of time simply cannot corrupt. A rhythmical freedom and elasticity; a contrapuntal sweep of delicate sounds; a melodic deliciousness so characteristic of the musical innocence of the sixteenth century. Salamone Rossi's most significant works, however, are his instrumental compositions published in four books under the titles of *Sinfonie egagliarde* and *Sonate*—in which he paves the way for the pliant orchestration of the Bachs and the classical school of music to follow. Twenty-eight Hebrew psalms are added fruits of Rossi's musical fertility . . . Nothing else is known of his life; his works are to be found in the dustiest sections of the library. Unfortunately, there are all too-few references to Rossi's life and work in printed literature. The only respectable account of the man's work is to be found in Birnbaum' unprocurable *Judischer Musiker*.

Glancing into the classical period of music, we stumble against a monumental name—Ignatz Moscheles. A name which had the greatest influence, bore the greatest inspiration, carried the greatest weight in its times but which now is practically forgotten by everyone except musical scholars. Friend to Beethoven and to Mendelssohn, Moscheles did more than any other man to guide and encourage these great musical souls in their creation of imperishable art—to guide and encourage them physically, spiritually and artistically to the very utmost of his ability. His relations with Beethoven and his untiring efforts on behalf of this great composer reflect especially coruscantly on Moscheles. As a friend, his purse was always open to Beethoven; his encouraging words and praise always ready to inspire Beethoven to work further. As a conductor, he slaved to bring a greater appreciation to Beethoven's symphonies. One of his most monumental performances was the Ninth Symphony in 1837 when, once for all, it was recognized as the supreme work of a supreme genius. As a virtuoso pianist—one of the greatest of all times—he brought Beethoven's piano sonatas to the notice of the world. As a composer of great repute and fame throughout Europe, he brought the authority of his fame to bear upon Beethoven's reputation by arranging many of Beethoven's orchestral works, and the *Fidelio*, too, for piano. Until Beethoven's dying day, Moscheles struggled on behalf of his great friend. For when Beethoven, on his death-bed, was tormented by the thought that sickness would force him to leave his pen idle for several months, leaving him

sick, penniless, perhaps starving—he had already assigned his entire fortune to his ingrate nephew—and when, in despair he begged Moscheles—then the conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra—to arrange a concert in his behalf, Moscheles did not wait so long to help his needy friend. Before any such concert could be thought of, he arranged among his London friends to have sent at once a munificent present of a hundred pounds to the dying Beethoven. Beethoven was financially secure . . . but he did not live much longer to make full use of the gift. He died several days afterwards. And one of the last sentences he uttered was: "God bless him!" the "him" was no other than Ignatz Moscheles.

In 1824, Moscheles first met Felix Mendelssohn—the latter a boy of fifteen. Moscheles had heard much of Mendelssohn's manifestations of genius, but he discounted all the rumors as exaggerated fairy-tales. He had heard enough youthful prodigies in his life—most of whom were of no account—to become unduly wrought up by the stories about Mendelssohn. However, Moscheles was far too broad-minded to stubbornly close his ears and mind to anyone or anything. And so, when he visited Berlin, he decided to pay his respects to the young boy and to judge for himself how true the rumors were. There, in the summer hut, buried in the sumptuous midst of mellifluous, overbranching gardens, the little boy played for the great Moscheles bits of piano compositions that he had composed in idle moments. The effect on Moscheles was overwhelming. He fondled the boy; whispered magic words into his ears. Did little Felix know what a "genius" was? Well, little Felix was a genius . . . a great genius . . .

From that time on, Moscheles kept a vigilant eye over Mendelssohn and had the exquisite sensation of seeing the blossom slowly growing into a beautiful fruit; to see the little Mendelssohn who played puerile bits for him blossom into the great Mendelssohn of the Symphonies and the *Midsummer Night's Dream Suite*. In turn, Mendelssohn always honored and loved Moscheles. It was because of Mendelssohn's sincere insistence that Moscheles accepted a pedagogical position at the Conservatorium of Leipzig. There Moscheles remained until the end of his life—the 10th of March, 1870. He left behind him more than a hundred and fifty compositions. More important than that, however, he left behind him that sweetness of inspiration which encouraged Beethoven and Mendelssohn to do the work they did.

Honored by royal patrons and a member of the Academy of St. Cecilia, Anton Berlijn was a conspicuous figure in Dutch music. But he is hardly remembered out of Amsterdam. Little more is known of him than that he was born in Amsterdam on May 2, 1817 and died January 16, 1870, having composed nine operas, seven ballets, an oratorio and several symphonies. His music is still played in Amsterdam. He is one of its most significant composers.

Anton Rubinstein's fame as a composer has not yet been established. Slowly the glamour of his name is dimming into mist. But his influence on Russian music was tremendous. Tschaikovsky and the Russian-Five all felt the effect of Rubinstein's inspiration upon their work. He indirectly established their idiom by inaugurating the Romantic Movement in Russia. With his *Russian Symphony*—consisting of native Russian folktunes for its

Ignatz Moscheles was a composer, several of whose scores are still executed in modern repertoires. He was lionized in the artistic and critical circles of London and other European capitals a century ago

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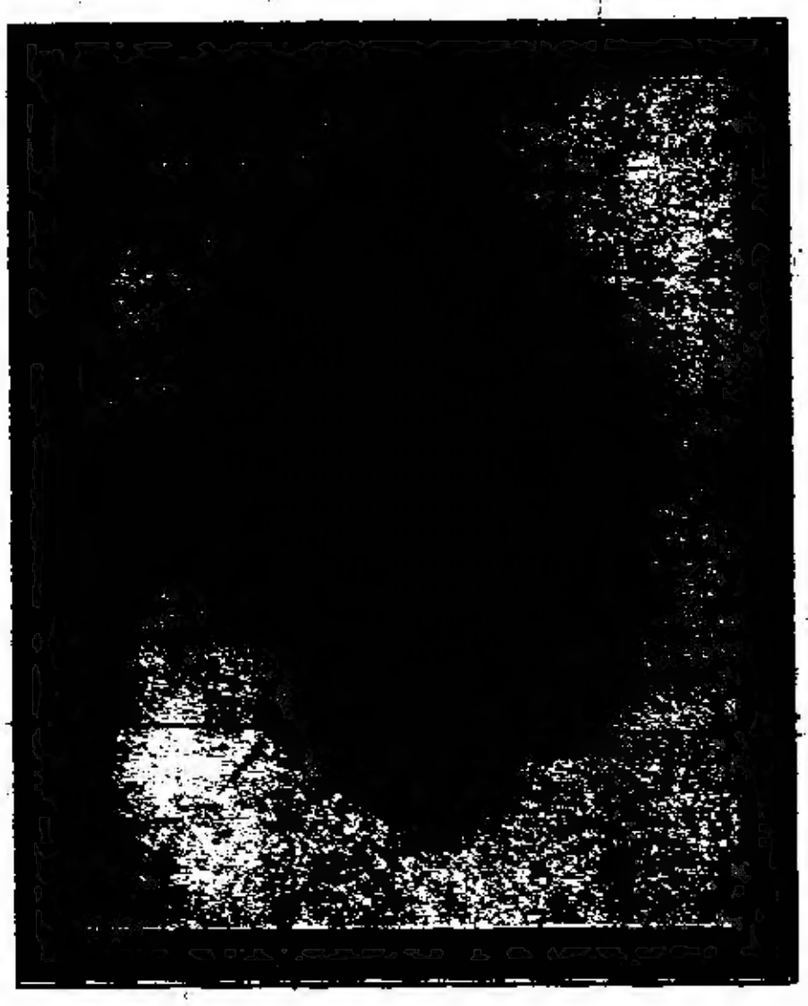
melodic material—he has taught them how to utilize Russian folk-songs with great effect in symphonic music. Both Rimsky-Korsakoff and Igor Strawinsky profited by this lesson.

Rubinstein's greatest attribute as a composer was the rich beauty of his melodies—some of them distinctly Russian, more of them distinctly Jewish in flavor. None of the Russians could emulate that superb lyricism of his songs and symphonies and concertos. The *Dramatic Symphony* is nothing more than the operatic aria converted into orchestral music. The *Ocean Symphony* is the melodic and rhythmical expression of the surging waves. And in *Don Quixote*, Rubinstein has given us a melodic portrayal of the lofty ideals, the chivalric caprices, the false bravado of the inimitable, nympholeptic Don.

The supreme achievements of Rubinstein remain his Piano Concertos. "Only a pianist should write a piano concerto," a critic once wrote. A great pianist had written them here. All the fluency, the lyricism, the technical perfection that was so characteristic of Rubinstein the pianist now distinguished the composer. The Concertos raise Rubinstein from mediocrity to musical importance. Rubinstein remains one of the great composers Russia has produced—but, as a prank of Fate, also one of the most obscure and unknown.

In Josef Joachim we have the culmination of the Romantic movement. Born in Hungary in 1831 he later moved to Germany where he became prominent in musical affairs. Brahms was his dear friend; the Schumanns loved him.

Joachim had more than a dynamic personality to attract entire Europe towards him—a personality aflame with his Jewish and Hungarian blood that blended in him. He had a magic fiddle. His rhythms danced with Hungarian vigor and precision; his melodies sang with Hebraic tenderness. He evoked tears and sighs from it; all the potpourri of Hungarian emotions pulsated from the instrument when Joachim's fingers danced across the keyboard . . . And he was even more magnetic as a composer. In his music—and he has written prolifically—one can easily discern his Hungarian and Jewish origin. His melodies are of that sweet, mellow sadness, so characteristically Hebraic. And his rhythms are Hungarian. Throughout his entire music there is a buoyant, powerful sweep of dynamics which make them considerably more expressive of Hungary than the rhapsodies of Liszt. One recalls especially his *Concerto in Hungarian Style for Violin* about which a Hungarian paper wrote: "This is the means by which Hungarian national music will ripen into artistically historical and universal significance." Clara Schumann wept with tears of joy when she heard it played by Joachim himself; Johannes Brahms—to whom it is dedicated—lauded it highly. And rightly so. For in adopting the idioms of Hungary, Joachim had found a rich, fertile material with which to fill his music; his concerto is vibrant with the life of a colorful people.



Gustav Mahler, who died in 1911, was a supreme musical talent whose rank as a composer is still a matter of controversy. It is seldom that a genius in any of the arts, once relegated to the limbo of a forgotten past, enjoys a posthumous revival of his fame. But this bids fair to be the happy fortune of Mahler whose nine symphonies—Maestro Mengelberg insists—are greater than Beethoven's

And, finally, the bridge from the Romantic movement to the modern period: Gustav Mahler. Not so long ago, in this very journal, I wrote that "this man who has made music more vital, more pregnant with thought and idea, who advanced the technique of orchestral writing to an overwhelming degree was the man to suffer, to be maltreated, abused during his lifetime." Since his death the hisses and denunciations have softened and have been supplanted by indifference. Gustav Mahler—one of the greatest composers of the symphony—is slowly but surely slipping into the dusty realms of neglect. His great name, too, is becoming dusty. The loss is not his. The loss is the world's.

The great composer, however long his name may remain dusty, will inevitably come into his own. It is merely a matter of time before true genius will out. I trust. Even Gustav Mahler, who is receiving a fate so undeserving of his overwhelming genius, will yet receive the acclaim and love due him; will yet be placed on the same pedestal as Bach and Beethoven and Wagner—where he belongs.

It is true that almost every conductor and composer in Mahler's day and in our own kotow humbly to him: Brahms, Richard Strauss, Tschaikovsky, Karl Muck, Mengelberg, Bruno Walter, Casella, Klemperer—some of whom, in their musical infancy, were nursed with the milk of Mahler's music. But the concert-going public has, for some reason or other, turned a deaf ear towards his music, especially in America.

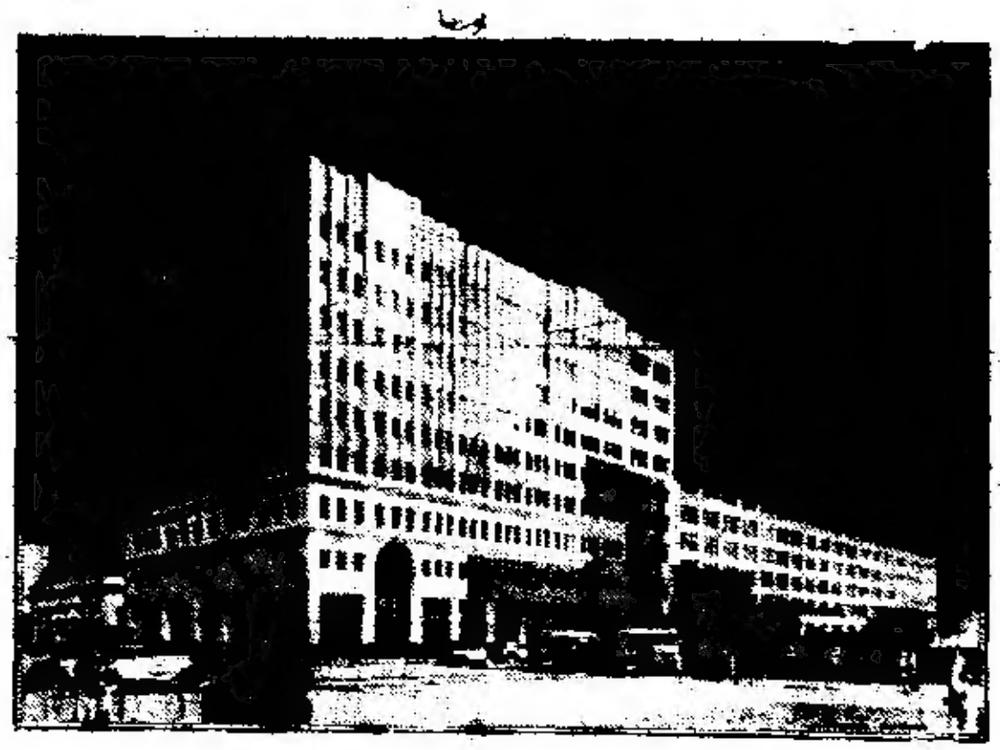
In an attempt to explain this, one great conductor visiting here has said that the public is not yet educated to Mahler's intricate harmonies. If this is so, why then do people acclaim with riotous ovation the more incomprehensible and more complex music of Stravinsky, Ravel, Reger and the later Schoenberg? Several have hesitatingly ventured that the "great Mahler" will never be appreciated enthusiastically because he was a Jew; people dislike glorifying a Jew. There is more or less truth in this explanation. But then, why do Jews themselves boast continually of a Felix Mendelssohn, a Halevy, a Meyerbeer, and forget Gustav Mahler, the dean of them all? It remains a problem.

Gustav Mahler was a Jew. Otherwise, he probably would never have written his music, subjected as he was to never-ceasing storm and strife; he, probably, would never have been able to laugh at all the agonizing obstacles and miseries that recurred every day of his short life; he, probably, would never have been able to hold up his head after his tragic advent to America—"a tragedy of culture," Hagemann called it. It was this Jewish perseverance, this Jewish idealism, this Jewish volcano of enthusiasm for his work that constituted that fiery personality which drew towards it the world famous "Mahler-clique" composed of musicians throughout entire Europe to whom Mahler was an untainted idol.

If Schumann is the poet of music then Mahler is its philosopher. Always repugnant to superficial pretty melodies and rosy harmony that exist for their own loveliness only, Mahler sought to express profundity in symphonic music. The Nine Symphonies—and Mengelberg hastens to remind us again and again that Mahler's Nine Symphonies are greater than Beethoven's—constitute one tireless struggle to learn the unknowable. With the aid of the grandiose effects of an immensely augmented orchestra, and the sublimity of human voices, Mahler asks: What is life? What is death? What is man? What is Nature? And, couched, as these universal problems are, in a symphonic form more elastic, more Titanic and more sweeping than Beethoven's, the Mahler symphony becomes an awe-inspiring utterance full of grandiloquence and majesty! He will yet be a recognized immortal.

The great virtuosi of musical history, however, have not so roseate a fate. For it is their fate to have their graves bury both their bodies and their fame. A world may be eager to strew roses and garlands on the brow of a great performer during his lifetime; but no sooner is he gone, to be supplanted by another dazzling virtuoso, then it forgets all its former enthusiasms. Only a frugal smattering of great performers of other times is remembered today, and only because time has given their names a legendary halo. Paganini, Rubinstein, De Reszkes, Tetrazzini. The rest—those who were adored and worshipped in their time, feted and celebrated—have descended to the vast limbo of forgotten names.

Undoubtedly, the most famous and greatest of all singers in the early nineteenth century was John Braham, whose rise from poverty and obscurity to world renown seems to be a thrilling, fictitious plot snatched from the covers of an Alger romance. He was born in London on March 20, 1777, with three cruel brands on his brow: that of an orphan, that of poverty, and that of a jew. They were enough to make his early life a cindered path of martyrdom. The boy suffered, as few suffer, and in suffering reached maturity before others learn the first essentials of living. He begged for his livelihood in the cruel and merciless streets of London. And so he dragged on the first ten miserable years of his life—begging, starving; neglected, alone. . .



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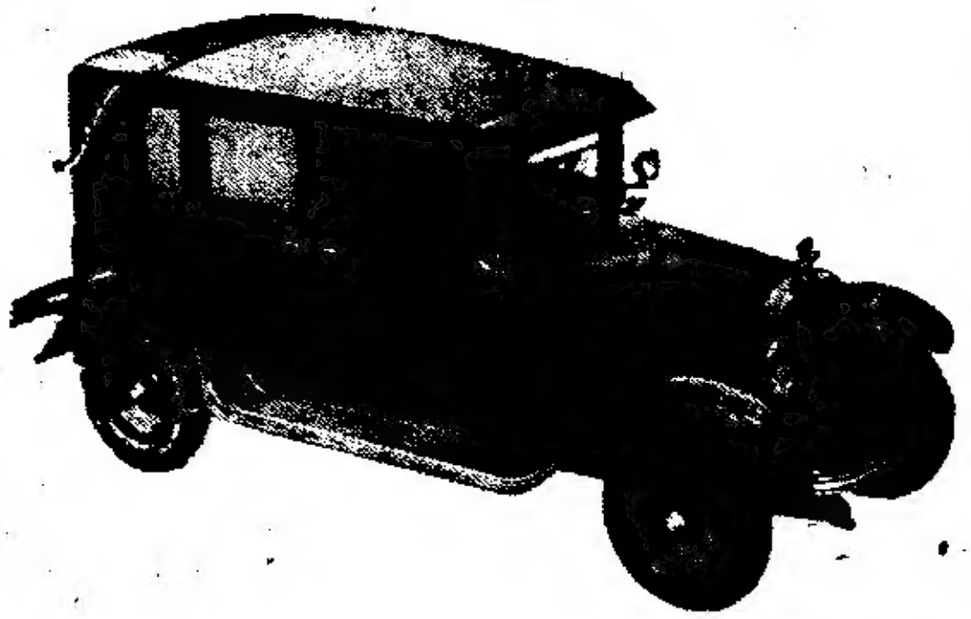

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And then one of those unforeseen, unexpected twists of Fate which make life so much stranger than fiction. A great Jewish singer, Leoni, was interested by this lad, by his pale, sunken cheeks, by his groping, fiery eyes, by his meek and docile behavior. And he spoke to him, learned about his history and asked the lad to visit him in his sumptuous apartment. The lad came . . . and then came again . . . . and then a third time. And after that, he was a vocal pupil of the great Leoni. Leoni discovered, much to his perturbed bewilderment, that the lad had an innate genius for singing!

When the boy was ten years old, he made his first public appearance on behalf of his master in Covent Garden. A short, abbreviated part was his but it brought him into public notice. "At the end of Act I," ran the item on the program, "the soldier tired of war's alarums will be sung by Mr. Braham, being his very first appearance on any stage." The next morning a kind newspaper commented on Master Braham's singing. "Yesterday we were surprised by a Master Abraham (sic), a young pupil of Mr. Leoni. He promises fair to attain perfection; possessing every requirement necessary to form a capital singer." Master John Braham's career as a singer was launched.

Then followed years of triumph. For two years he was engaged at the Royalty Theatre where he sang in an extensive operatic repertoire. At once he became one of the most loved singers of his time—although he was yet only a boy of fourteen. The exquisite delicacy and sensitivity of his voice, its sweet perfection was a thing of rarity and it evoked considerable laudation from huge audiences. London was having the queer sensation of seeing a mere boy of fourteen, who but a few years before was a beggar on its streets, pampered by all the music lovers of the city.

Josef Joachim, with his blended Jewish and Hungarian blood, set all Europe aflame through his personality and magic fiddle; and he was even more magnetic as a composer of world-wide reputation.

And the boy grew older. With age, the exquisite voice stiffened; the sweetness hardened. Young John Braham lost his beautifully sensitive voice. The world of garlands and laurels dimmed for him; instead, the world of reality gaped. He associated himself with Abraham Goldsmid, a Jewish patron, and under his guidance became a professor of pianoforte. It was not an artistically satisfying occupation but it was lucrative and that, for the present, sufficed as far as Braham was concerned. For two years, he labored with his pupils and the pianoforte and reconciled himself to following that profession for the rest of his life. And then one morning, while singing quietly to himself he was startled by a change in his voice.

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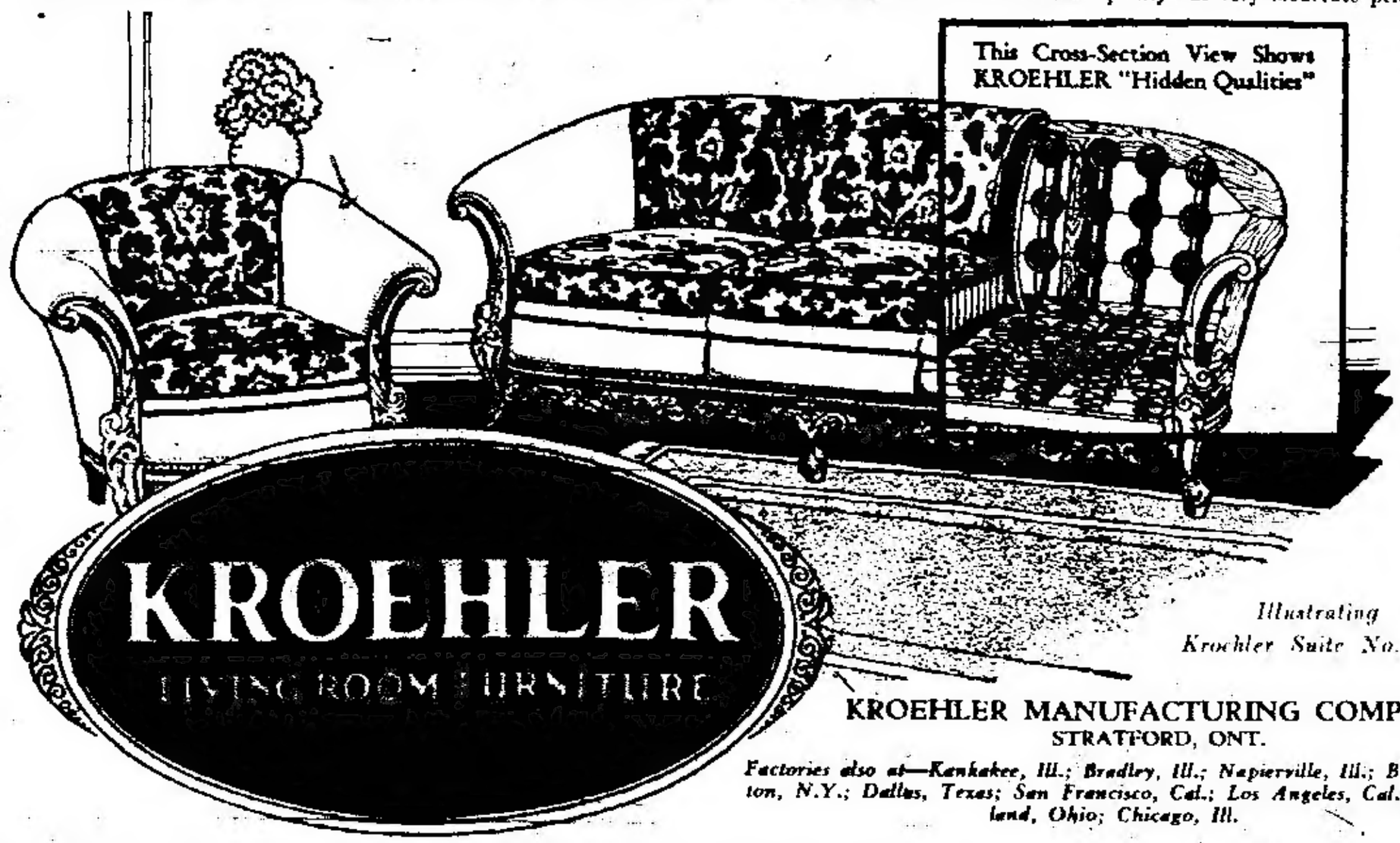

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Leoni was summoned. And to the bewilderment of both they discovered that the delicate voice of a young boy had been supplanted by one of the greatest tenor voices in musical history.

The rest was a series of successes for Braham. He travelled all over the world and everywhere was acclaimed as a phenomenal virtuoso. In Italy, Cimarosa—one of the fathers of Italian opera—expressly composed "Artemisia" for the great singer. Gloucester, Florence, Trieste, Hamburg all kotowed to the art of this man. His return to London was an overwhelming triumph. Covent Garden quivered with the cheers and plaudits of its overcome audience; the name of Braham echoed from every nook and corner of the theatre. In a few years, Braham was not only the great sensation of his day; he was also one of the richest men of London. He purchased the St. James Theatre where he sang to mobbed audiences. His popularity continued until his dying day—on February 17, 1856, when a whole world mourned at the bier of its most beloved singer. The end was a fitting close to a poignant human story. Thousands followed the body to the final resting place where eulogies, tears and flowers were heaped upon the fresh earth.

But the years roll on unmercifully and Time proceeds relentlessly and the fame of Braham has been crushed out of recollection. Men forget. The name of Braham is nothing more than a fragrant memory—and only to a handful of musical students.

Anton Rubinstein as a pianist was rivalled only by Liszt, and after Liszt's death by nobody of his day. Esteemed composer and conductor he wrote the biblical opera, "Moses" and an oratorio, "The Tower of Babel"

The dramatic-soprano whose name designates dramatic-soprano ly and under their massive weight parts at the French-Opéra—Marie Cornélie Falcon—is Jewish, although very few are aware of the fact. She was, in her time, one of the world's greatest sopranos. Born in Paris on January 28, 1814, she began studying vocalization at an early age and at once revealed a magnificently flexible soprano voice. In 1832 she made her debut at the Paris Opéra as Alice in *Robert*. She was an instantaneous success—so much so, that she remained with the Opéra until 1838. Her most famous role was that of Rachel in *La Juive*, where her musical intelligence, her racial blood combined to create a monumental interpretive role. Critics praised her performance to the skies; queues encircled the opera-house when she was scheduled to sing. She was a success. "Richly endowed by nature," wrote one newspaper, "beautiful, possessing a splendid voice, great intelligence and profound dramatic feeling, she makes every year remarkable by her progress and by the development of her talent."

And then, suddenly and unexpectedly, a tragedy. Her health became undermined and with it came the overwhelming tragedy of the loss of her beautiful voice. Heart-broken at this turn of destiny, Falcon escaped to Italy, hoping to cure there her failing health and her lost greatness. Her health returned slowly; her voice revived gradually. Hope kindled in her breast the warm flame of happiness.

In 1840 she returned to France and announced the startling news that she was prepared to sing once again. And on March 14, she sang in a benefit performance of her famous role, Rachel in *La Juive*. The audience was tense with expectation; whispering fluttered throughout the entire opera house. Suspense and anxiety until Rachel came on the stage . . . and then

breathless wonder. Was the incomparable Falcon the same as of yesteryear? The first *aria* and a heavy weight fell upon each one's heart. Gone was the eternal wealth of beauty in that voice; gone that crisp freshness, that lyrical fountain of emotion; that unequalled flexibility. Mme. Falcon was a sick woman . . . and her immortal voice was no more! Mme. Falcon realized her sad plight almost at once. Bravely she tried to finish the *aria*; she struggled to withhold her tears. But before the end could come she burst into violent weeping and then, exhausted and heart broken, fainted upon the stage. A climatic ending to the story of a great, great singer!

After that incident, Mme. Falcon retired. Her voice never returned . . . but her name lingers on perpetually in French opera. She died on February 27, 1897.

To Hermann Levi, a Jewish conductor, the world and, especially, Wagnerites should ever be grateful. That the persecution that Wagner suffered was mingled with some roses, is due to his tireless efforts to bring Wagner's music to the notice and appreciation of the musical world during Wagner's lifetime. Born in Giessen on November 7, 1839, Levi's first conductorial engagement was at Saabrücken, in 1859, from where he went to Rotterdam, becoming director of German opera. It was not until 1872, however, that he reached the acme of his career. Appointed the conductor of the Court Theatre of Munich he had reached the very peak of success. Throughout all these years, Levi persevered on behalf of his great admiration: Wagner. Under his skilful fingers *Tristan* and the *Ring* were performed again and again. Rebuffs, hisses did not swerve him from the path of duty. He had complete and unvacillating faith in the eternal greatness of Wagner's music. His faith is now justified. To Levi, incidentally, fell the enviable distinction of conducting the world's first performance of *Parsifal* in Bayreuth, on July 28, 1882. Shortly after that he was stricken by a mental disease which compelled him to surrender all his musical activities. But his work was already done. Wagner's greatness was recognized throughout Germany. Hermann Levi died in Munich on May 13, 1900.

In the field of the piano and fiddle, the Jew has ever been preeminent. Some of the names are dusty, others still are famous, synonymous for perfection in virtuoso playing. Ferdinand David . . . Heinrich Ernst . . . Josef Jossefy . . . Moscheles . . . Josef Joachim . . . Rubinstein . . . Taussig . . . What a galaxy of names! They summarize for us the history of great virtuoso playing. And they tell us emphatically that no amount of dust can altogether hide from us the full greatness of their names.

UNACCUSTOMED AS THEY WERE

A story James Waterman Wise loves to relate is one concerning a group that had invited him to lecture. The chairman was to introduce Mr. Wise. He was very cordial, but in his introductory remarks found it necessary to mention that during the preceding year the membership of the group had fallen off considerably. This, he continued, naturally had resulted in a depleted treasury, making it necessary to depart from their usual high standard and secure a very much inferior type of speaker for the current year, "the first of whom," beamed the chairman innocently, "I now have great pleasure in introducing."

NOW READ THIS ONE!

A poor and humble congregation, without a rabbi of its own, once got up its nerve and invited a certain famous and well-known rabbi to come and preach to it. The rabbi, of course, accepted, and the president of the congregation, when he introduced the distinguished guest, resolved to show the congregation's deep gratitude and modesty.

"We are but an insignificant congregation," he said deprecatingly, and smiling patronizingly at the guest rabbi beside him, "and a poorer speaker would have been good enough for us, but, though we tried, we couldn't find one."

IT ONCE KILLED A CAT

Mendelssohn, in his early youth, according to a legend, once needed money very badly. He knew that by writing the ordinary urgent letter to his father he would never get the required sum, so he finally hit upon a novel idea.

'Dearest Father,' he wrote, "you must send me the amount of money I need, or else I shall do something which no Jew or Christian will ever attempt to do."

The father got frightened and forthwith sent his son the money he desired, with the proviso that this terrible thing "which no Jew or Christian will ever attempt to do" be disclosed to him. Young Mendelssohn promptly answered: "I would have layed *tefilin* (phylacteries) on Sabbath day."

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The Dove of Peace Astray

"An Anxious World Eagerly Waits for the Wandering Dove to Return From Her Eternal Quest"

By STEFAN ZWEIG
Author of "Volpone," "Conflicts" and other Widely-Known Works
Translated from the German by Louis Rittenberg.
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With seer-like vision Stefan Zweig, although still one of the younger spirits of the New Germany, tears aside the veils of our present-day follies and penetrates to the heart of mankind's dream for a better world. In this sketch, which we are happy to present to our readers, he evokes anew—through an appealing allegory—the hope eternal in the heart of humanity for lasting peace among the nations of the earth.

In the Book of Genesis is told the tale of the first dove, as also of the second, sent forth from the Ark by our forefather Noah, "to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground." That was immediately as the floodgates of Heaven closed and the fountains of the deep were drained. But no one has ever revealed the fate of the third dove.

It is written that Noah's battered craft was finally stranded upon the summit of Mount Ararat and within its lap reposed the survival of the deluge by humankind and beasts. And as our forebear at the mast of the Ark glimpsed nothing but surging billows, endless stretches of water, he despatched a dove, the first dove, to ascertain whether or not land could be sighted anywhere under the cloud-lined heavens.

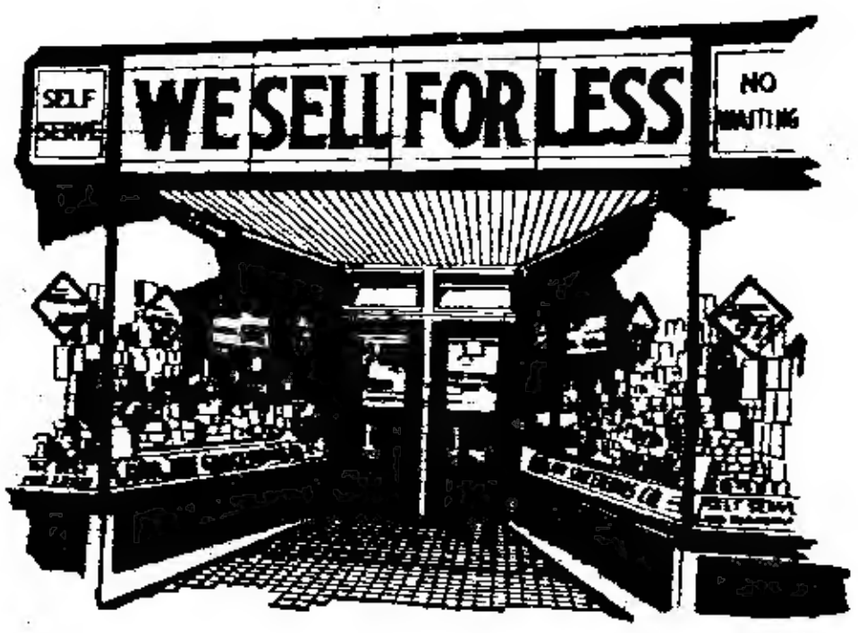
The first dove, so it is recorded, soared forth on outspread wings. She flew to the East, then to the West, but encountered water everywhere, no place to rest her weary feet; gradually her wings grew numb. Thereupon she returned to the one stable shelter in all the world, back to the Ark, fluttered about the vessel until Noah stretched forth his hand and took the dove onto himself within the Ark.

Thus he waited seven days; seven days during which it rained no longer and the waters receded. Then he took another dove, the second, and sent her on a journey of investigation. The dove flew forth in the morning and, upon returning at eventide, bore in her beak the first token of a liberated earth, an olive leaf. Hence Noah concluded that the tree-tops had already risen above the waters and that the proof of it promised permanence.

After the lapse of seven additional days, he despatched another dove, the third, to ascertain conditions, and this one flew out into the world. She had left in the morning, but did not return at sunset. Thus our ancestor knew that the earth was now free and the waters out of sight. But never again did Noah hear from this dove, the third. Nor has mankind. The legend of the third dove has not been revealed to this very day.

But following is the story of the journey and fate of the third dove. In the morning she flew out of the dark chamber of the vessel, in the darkness of which herded animals bellowed in sullen impatience. There was a crowding of hoofs and claws, a panicky din of roaring, whistling, hissing and haying. And so the dove had flown out of oppressive confinement into endless space, from darkness into light. But as she soared into the radiant, rain-scented air, she was suddenly overwhelmed by a sense of freedom and by the grace of the Infinite. Down in the depths below were shimmering waters, and dewy moss lent the forests a glint of green. From the meadows there arose early vapors and the fragrance of plants permeated the meadows. The glitter of a metallic sky was reflected from above; upon the mountain-tops played the rays of a rising sun in an endless variety of crimson. The seas were painted a bloody hue, while the blossoming earth was steaming like warm blood. It was sublime, this spectacle of reawakening. Blissfully the dove soared on outspread wings over a purple world, over land and sea, and flew as in a dream that gradually made her flight a dream itself. Like God Himself, she saw at last the liberated earth, and its fascination was overpowering.

(Continued on page 18)



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Immigrant Boy Now Runs Radio Corporation

Guiding the destinies of the Radio Corporation of America is a young man of thirty-seven. How he reached this position is the sort of success story for which readers in this country have a particular weakness. As it unfolds we find contrast, from poverty to riches, from obscurity to fame, and the proof that this is not only a land of promise but one of fulfilment says the New York World.

Another's hardships make good reading provided they lead to dazzling heights and a happy ending. No matter how often the story of a climb up the ladder is told, with ever so slight variations and with emphasis on the fact that hard work carried the victor there, we who look on prefer to believe that some secret short cut did the trick and that the first early struggles were more romantic than soul scarring.

David Sarnoff could neither speak nor understand a word of English when he walked down a third-class gangplank to the streets of New York, a nine-year-old Russian immigrant. To-day he sits behind the proverbial glass topped desk in the world's tallest office building, the operating head of the biggest corporation in the radio industry. Between the boy and the executive lie a quarter of a century, the making of a foreign tongue his own, the burden of supporting a mother and two small brothers, the knowledge of hunger, dealings with insistent landlords and ceaseless, grueling work.

When other children danced to hand organ tunes, David ran errands for a butcher, when other boys shot craps, he peddled papers, when the neighborhood kids were dreading September and the beginning of another school year, he was reading the life of Abraham Lincoln because the martyred President was an inspiration to one who had to get what education he could when others slept.

So the years somehow mercifully passed- years of getting up before dawn, doing a day's work before noon, another before supper, and still more work far into the night so that those dependent upon a child might eat. It was a childhood spent in the Ghetto of a big city, peddling papers in the sleet and in the heat, chasing to outlying districts to earn an extra half dollar—a childhood without ordinary comforts, with no time for play—a boy carrying the burden of a man. They were years of undernourishment, insufficient sleep, an existence made possible by dreams of a golden future, backed by a determination to seize the opportunities a new land offered. Such a childhood is pleasanter to look back upon than to face, more romantic to read about than to live.

The David Sarnoff of to-day is the exception which proves the rule that in order to mature properly, young people should have playgrounds, good food and plenty of sleep. The lack of them did not prevent him from becoming a healthy man, who, we suspect counts the calories and does the daily dozen. He is rotund, merry and unembittered. In fact, he reminded us of Nikita Balieff. While primarily a go-getter and a man who basks in comfort and efficiency to such an extent that his office is a masculine drawing room, underneath is a man who can laugh and is sufficiently observant to see and appreciate the foibles of others. He is too subtle to be a glad-hander and too intelligent to be a backslapper.

There were singularly few interruptions in the large, restful office commanding a fine river view. The telephone rang but once when Mr. Sarnoff spoke in tones and manner suggesting social intercourse. With the exception of our two voices you could have heard a pin drop, and not a single sheet of paper was visible. It was all quite theatrically perfect. Big leather couches and a table across one end of the room ready for a board meeting constituted the furnishings, while between two windows hung an autographed picture of Marconi and at the left a large engraving of Lincoln.

In front of us sat the one-time newsboy and telegraph operator in a dark business suit, which was too well tailored to proclaim its price and a plain white shirt. If he ever wore striped shirts, they were discarded, we feel sure, a long time ago. Presently Mr. Sarnoff opened a drawer out of which he took a box of cigars, lighted one and carefully replaced the box. The thought occurred to us that this man would seldom need to borrow a match, but always have a package convenient, and that into his perfect office he could come blindfolded and immediately lay his hand on the most minute memorandum.

"I am convinced that there is nothing unusual about me or where I have gotten," Mr. Sarnoff said. "If there were any secrets to my success, and there aren't any, they

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would lie in the fact that I have worked two or three times harder than the average man has. Any work I have accomplished is the result of a good deal of previous planning and thinking.

"When I was fifteen I realized that unless I was content to spend my life being a day laborer, or a dockhand, or a pushcart merchant, or a stevedore, I would have to break away from the narrow environment I had known, selling newspapers and getting what education I could. Before going out to look for a job I thought things over carefully, I realized that the people with whom I would have to compete in business could get a normal degree of success with a moderate amount of work. On account of my youth and meagre schooling, however, I would have to give at least 50 per cent. more effort if I expected to keep pace with them or pass them. I would have to be twice as efficient as the other fellow. This situation did not strike me as unfair; I accepted it as a necessary handicap.

"As newspapers were all I knew about, I thought that I might land a job in a newspaper office. So one Saturday afternoon in the spring of 1906 I dressed myself as neatly as I could and walked over to the old Herald plant at 35th Street and Broadway. The first man I saw was the manager of the Postal Telegraph and Commercial Cable office on the main floor. I asked him if he would tell me to whom I must apply for work. Instead, he offered me a job as messenger boy at $5 a week.

"As I glanced at the clicking telegraph sounder, I thought that perhaps while working as an office boy I could learn how to become an operator. So I jumped at the offer. The $5 a week was not enough for the family to live on, but I knew that by getting up at 4 o'clock I could still handle my morning routes, and my brothers were then old enough to take care of the afternoon business.

"With the first money that I was able to save, I bought a telegraph sending instrument for $2 and a book of instructions and codes. I studied the book during every spare minute and practised on the instrument an hour or so every night. The manager was kind enough to let me try my skill on the office instrument when nothing was coming over the lines. Within six months I had learned the Morse code and was able to operate with a fair degree of proficiency.

"Meanwhile a man down in the main office of the cable company had become interested in me and in the lulls between business we would send messages back and forth. To him I confided my hope of getting a job somewhere as an assistant telegraph operator. He advised me to go down to the Marconi Wireless office, as he knew they had advertised for a man."

When the fifteen-year-old boy applied for the job, the chief engineer smiled and offered instead the chance to be the office boy at $5.50 a week. It was accepted.

From then on radio gripped David Sarnoff and held his enthusiasm. The Marconi office boy sensed the future. He borrowed technical books and spent his week ends in the experimental shop which the company had on Front Street.

If radio is still considered in its infancy, in those days it was in its swaddling clothes. Only four seagoing vessels were equipped with wireless and the American Marconi Company, which was losing money, had but four coastal stations.

"I felt that the indispensable man of the future would be the one who knew all about radio from practical experience," he said. "It seemed to me that the operators out in the coastal stations and Jimmy Round in the shop were nearer to the heart of radio than the men who sat in the swivel chairs and gave directions."

Sarnoff's first experience as an operator was working a telegraph line connecting the main office with the Seagate station, but when he heard that an assistant wireless operator was needed at Siasconset, Nantucket Island, he applied for the job in order to get the benefit of a fine technical library that was there. The salary was $60 a month. He was only seventeen, but as it was difficult to get men who thought the library a sufficient inducement to stay in such a lonely, dreary place, the company sent him. He stayed two years, in which time he read all the books, became a full-fledged operator with a $10 raise. Forty of his earnings he sent home to his mother and paid $25 for his board at a farmhouse.

With no more books to study, the boy who believed in planning and thinking out one's life got himself transferred to the Seagate station.

"It was so hard to keep men at Siasconset that the word was sent back that if I came to New York I would have to accept a reduction back to $60 a month. But money wasn't what I was looking for—so I accepted."

When Wanamaker decided to equip his New York and Philadelphia stores with the most powerful radio stations yet equipped, David Sarnoff applied for the New York appointment. As usual he had his reason—it meant regular hours with his evenings free in which to take a special electrical engineering course at Pratt Institute.

(*Continued on page* 85)

The Rise of David Levinsky

A Novel by Abraham Cahan

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(Continued from last week)

As I now analyse my reminiscences of him I feel that he was a yearning, lonely man. He was in love with his wife and, in spite of her devotion to him, he was lovelorn. Poor Reb Sender! He was anything but a handsome man, while she was well built and pretty. And so it may be that she showed more reverence for his learning and piety than love for his person. He was continually referring to her, apparently thirsting to discuss her demeanor toward him.

"The Lord of the Universe has been exceptionally good to me," he once said to me. "May I not forfeit His kindness for my sins. He gives me health and my daily bread, and I have a worthy woman for a wife. Indeed, she is a woman of rare merits, so clever, so efficient, and so good. She nags me but seldom, very seldom." He paused to take snuff and then remained silent, apparently hesitating to come to the point. Finally he said: "In fact, she is so wise I sometimes wish I could read her thoughts. I should give anything to have a glimpse into her heart. She has so little to say to me. She thinks I am a fool. There is a sore in here"—pointing at his heart. "We have been married over twenty-two years, and yet—would you believe it?—I still feel shy in her presence, as if we were brought together for the first time, by a match-maker, don't you know. But then you are too young to understand these things. Nor, indeed, ought I to talk to you about them, for you are only a child. But I cannot help it. If I did not unburden my mind once in a while I might not be able to stand it."

That afternoon he composed what he called a "very sad tune" and hummed it to me. I failed to make out the tune, but I could feel its sadness.

I loved him passionately. As for the other men of the synagogue, if they did not share my ardent affection for him, they all, with one exception, liked him. The exception was a middle-aged little Talmudist with a tough little beard who held everybody in terror by his violent temper and pugnacity. He was a pious man, but his piety never manifested itself with such genuine fervor as when he exposed the impiety of others. He was forever picking quarrels, forever challenging people to debate with him, forever offering to show that their interpretation of this passage or that was all wrong. The sound of his acrimonious voice or venomous laughter grated on Reb Sender's nerves, but he bore him absolutely no ill-will. Nor did he ever utter a word of condemnation concerning a certain other scholar, an inveterate tale-bearer and gossip-monger, though a good-natured fellow, who not infrequently sought to embroil him with some of his farmest friends.

One Talmudist, a corpulent old man whose seat was next to Reb Sender's, was more inclined to chat than to study. Now and again he would break in upon my friend's reading with some piece of gossip; and the piteous air with which Reb Sender would listen to him, casting yearning glances at his book as he did so, was as touching as it was amusing.

My mother usually brought my dinner to the synagogue. She would make her entrance softly, so as to take me by surprise while I was absorbed in my studies. It did her heart good to see me read the holy book. As a result, I was never so diligent as I was at the hour when I expected her arrival with the dinner-pot. Very often I discovered her tiptoeing in or standing at a distance and watching me admiringly. Then I would take to singing and swaying to and fro with great gusto. She often encountered Reb Sender's wife at the synagogue. They did not take to each other.

On one occasion my mother found Reb Sender's daughter at the house of prayer. Having her father's figure and features, the girl was anything but prepossessing. My mother surveyed her from head to foot.

That evening when I was eating my supper at home my mother said:

"Look here, Davie. I want you to understand that Reb Sender's wife is up to some scheme about you. She wants you to marry that monkey of hers. That's what she is after."

I was not quite fifteen.

"Leave me alone," I retorted, coloring.

"Never mind blushing. It is she who tells Reb Sender to be so good to you. The foxy thing! She thinks I don't see through her. That scarecrow of a girl is old enough to be your mother, and she has not a penny to her marriage portion, either. A fine match for a boy like you! Why, you can get the best girl in town."

She said it aloud, by way of flaunting my future before our roommates. Two of the three families who shared the room with us, by the way, were the same as when I was a little boy. Moving was a rare event in the life of the average Antomir family.

Red Esther was still there. She was one of those who heard my mother's boastful warning to me. She grinned. After a little, as I was crossing the room, she sang out with a giggle:

"Bridegroom!"

"I'll break your bones," I returned, pausing.

She stuck out her tongue at me.

I still hated her, but, somehow, she did not seem to be the same as she had been before. The new lines that were developing in her growing little figure, and more particularly her own consciousness of them, were not lost upon me. A new element was stealing into my rancor for her—a feeling of forbidden curiosity. At night, when I lay in bed, before falling asleep, I would be alive to the fact that she was sleeping in the same room, only a few feet from me. Sometimes I would conjure up days of our childhood when Red Esther caused me to "sin" against my will, whereupon I would try to imagine the same scenes, but with the present fifteen-year-old Esther in place of the five-year-old one of yore.

The word "girl" had acquired a novel sound for me, one full of disquieting charm. The same was true of such words as "sister," "niece," or "bride," but not of "woman." Somehow sisters and nieces were all young girls, whereas a woman belonged to the realm of middle-aged humanity, not to my world.

Naphtali went to the same seminary. He was two grades ahead of me. He "ate days," for his father had died and his mother had married a man who refused to support him. He was my great chum at the seminary. The students called him Tidy Naphtali or simply the Tidy One. He was a slender, trim lad, his curly brown hair and his near-sighted eyes emphasizing his Talmudic appearance. He was the cleanliest and neatest boy at the yeshivah. This often aroused sardonic witticisms from some of the other students. Scrupulous tidiness was so uncommon a virtue among the poorer classes of Antomir that the painstaking care he bestowed upon his person and everything with which he came in contact struck many of the boys as a manifestation of girl-like squeamishness. As for me, it only added to my admiration of him. His conscience seemed to be as clean as his finger-nails. He wrote a beautiful hand, he could draw and carve, and he was a good singer. His interpretations were as clear-cut as his handwriting. He seemed to be a Jack of all trades and master of all. I admired and envied him. His reticence piqued me and intensified his power over me. I strove to emulate his cleanliness, his graceful Talmud gestures, and his handwriting. At one period I spent many hours a day practising calligraphy with some of his lines for a model.

"Oh, I shall never be able to write like you," I once said to him in despair.

"Let us swap, then," he replied, gaily. "Give me your mind for learning and I shall let you have my handwriting."

"Pshaw! Yours is a better mind than mine, too."

"No, it is not," he returned, and resumed his reading.

"Besides, you are ahead of me in piety and conduct."

He shook his head deprecatingly and went on reading.

He was one of the noted "men of diligence" at the seminary. With

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his near-sighted eyes close to the book he would read all day and far into the night in ringing, ardent singsongs that I thought fascinating. The other reticent Talmudists I knew usually read in an undertone, humming their recitatives quietly. He seldom did. Sparing as he was of his voice in conversation, he would use it extravagantly when intoning his Talmud.

It is with a peculiar sense of duality one reads this ancient work. While your mind is absorbed in the meaning of the words you utter, the melody in which you utter them tells your heart a tale of its own. You live in two distinct worlds at once. Naphtali had little to say to other people, but he seemed to have much to say to himself. His singsongs were full of meaning, of passion, of beauty. Quite often he would sing himself hoarse.

Regularly every Thursday night he and I had our vigil at the Preacher's Synagogue, where many other young men would gather for the same purpose. We would sit up reading, side by side, until the worshippers came to morning service. To spend a whole night by his side was one of the joys of my existence in those days.

Reb Sender was somewhat jealous of him.

Soon after graduation Naphtali left Antomir for a town in which lived some of his relatives. I missed him as I would a sweetheart.

CHAPTER II

I was nearly sixteen. I had graduated from the seminary and was pursuing my studies at the Preacher's Synagogue exclusively, as an "independent scholar." I was overborne with a sense of my dignity and freedom. I seemed to have suddenly grown much taller. If I caught myself walking fast or indulging in some boyish prank I would check myself, saying in my heart: "You must not forget that you are and independent scholar. You are a boy no longer."

I was free to loaf, but I worked harder than ever. I was either in an exalted state of mind of pining away under a spell of yearning and melancholy—of causeless, meaningless melancholy.

My Talmudic singsong reflected my moods. Sometimes it was a spirited recitative, ringing with cheery, self-consciousness and the joy of being a lad of sixteen; at other times it was a solemn song, aglow with devotional ecstasy. When I happened to be dejected in the commonplace sense of the word, it was a listless murmur, doleful or sullen. But then the very reading of the Talmud was apt to dispel my gloom. My voice would gradually rise and ring out, vibrating with intellectual passion.

The intonations of the other scholars, too, echoed the voices of their hearts, some of them sonorous with religious bliss others sda, still others happy-go-lucky. Although absorbed in my book, I would have a vague consciousness of the connection between the various singsongs and their respective performers. I would be aware that the bass voice with the flourishes in front of me belonged to the stuttering widower from Vitebsk, that the squeaky, jerky intonation to the right came from the red-headed fellow whom I loathed for his thick lips, or that the sweet, unassertive cadences that came floating from the east wall were being uttered by Reb Rachmiel, the "man of acumen" whose father-in-law had made a fortune as a war-contractor in the late conflict with Turkey. All these voices blended in a symphonic source of inspiration for me. It was divine music in more sense than one.

The ancient rabbis of the Talmud, the *Tannaim* of the earlier period and the *Amoraim* of later generations, were living men. I could almost see them, each of them individualized in my mind by some of his sayings, by his manner in debate, by some particular word he used or by some particular incident in which he figured. I pictured their faces, their beards, their voices. Some of them had won a warmer corner in my heart than others, but they were all superior human beings, godly, unearthly, denizens of a world that had been ages ago and would come back in the remote future when Messiah should make his appearance.

Added to the mystery of that world was the mystery of my own singsong. Who is there?—I seemed to be wondering, my tune or recitative sounding like the voice of some other fellow. It was as if somebody were hidden within me. What did he look like?

If you study the Talmud you please God even more than you do by praying or fasting. As you sit reading the great folio He looks down from heaven upon you. Sometimes I seemed to feel His gaze shining down upon me, as though casting a halo over my head.

My relations with God were of a personal and of a rather familiar character. He was interested in everything I did or said; He watched my every move or thought; He was always in heaven, yet, somehow, he was always near me, and I often spoke to Him as I might to Reb Sender.

If I caught myself slurring over some of my prayers or speaking ill of another boy or telling a falsehood, I would say to Him, audibly:

"Oh, forgive me once more. You know that I want to be good. I will be good. I know I will."

Sometimes I would continue to plead in this manner till I broke into sobs. At other times, as I read my Talmud, conscious of His approval of me, tears of bliss would come into my eyes.

I loved Him as one does a woman.

Often while saying my prayers I would fall into a veritable delirium of religious infatuation. Sometimes this fit of happiness and yearning would seize me as I walked in the street.

"O Master of the World! Master of the Universe! I love you so!" I would sigh. "Oh, how I love you!"

I also had talks with the Evil Spirit, or Satan. He, too, was always near me. But he was always trying to get me into trouble.

"You won't catch me again, scoundrel you," I would assure him with sneers and jeers. Or, "Get away from me, heartless mischief-maker you! You're wasting your time, I can tell you that."

My burst of piety usually lasted a week or two. Then there was apt to set in a period of apathy, which was sure to be replaced by days of penance and a new access of spiritual fervor.

One day, as Reb Sender and I were reading a page together, a very pretty girl entered the synagogue. She came to have a letter written for her by one of the scholars. I continued to read aloud, but I did so absently now, trailing along after my companion. My mind was upon the girl, and I was casting furtive glances.

Reb Sender paused, with evident annoyance. "What are you looking at, David?" he said, with a tug at my arm. "Shame! You are yielding to Satan." I colored.

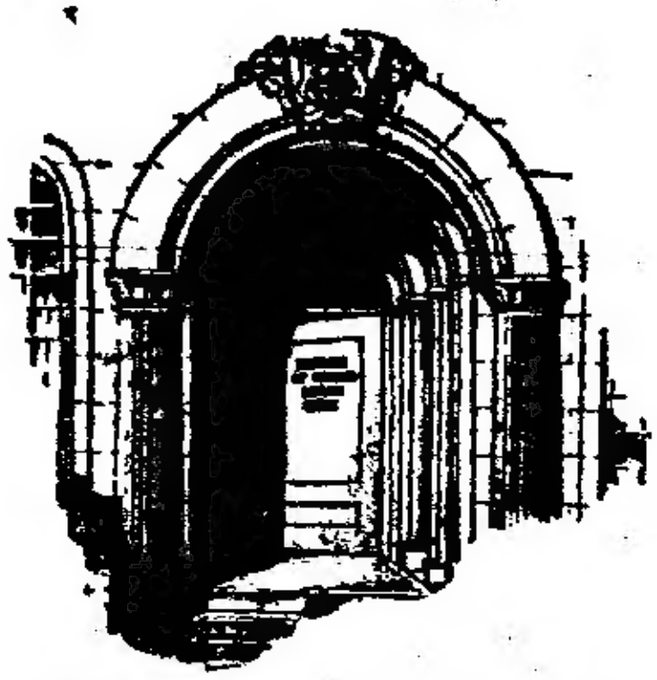
He was too deeply interested in the Talmudic argument under consideration to say more on the matter at this minute, but he returned to it as soon as we had reached the end of the section. He spoke earnestly, with fatherly concern:

"You are growing, David. You are a boy no longer. You are getting to be a man. This is just the time when one should be on his guard against Satan."

I sat, looking down, my brain in a daze of embarrassment.

"Remember, David, 'He who looks even at the little finger of a woman is as guilty as though he looked at a woman that is wholly naked.'" He quoted the Talmudic maxim in a tone of passionate sternness, beating the desk with his snuff-box at each word.

(Continued on page 75)



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At Harvard Clarence Dillon was called the Baron, just because his mates of the class of 1905 didn't cotton to his given name. How could you "Clarence" a fellow who'd sit up most of the night in a no-limit poker game, without benefit of tobacco or beer, and who'd win or lose (generally the former) the stiffest stakes in the Yard.

Despite a polite but decisive refusal to drink, the Baron enjoyed life to the full, though without wild gusto, and was always ready to join any expedition pointed toward adventure. He had a fine sense of humor and a friendly, disarming manner. Dillon had a flair for gambling. He was unusually successful in picking winners of horse races in the poolrooms, and he was a positive genius at poker. He roomed with another man in a frame house at 35 Bow Street. Pretty stiff games were played there or elsewhere. Often, when another player had raised him a few hundred, Dillon would expose his hand so all could see, and ask: "Do you think I am strong enough to call?"

Of course this was purely a rhetorical question, but the interlude afforded Dillon an opportunity to study his opponent's expression. That moment of appraisal almost invariably proved profitable to Dillon. In poker, Dillon's habit was to look them over in a nice, friendly, unworried fashion. He has not changed his custom now that he has become one of the biggest frogs in the Wall Street puddle.

The cool young president of Dillon, Read & Company is no storybook hero. We have no instance here of a man beginning at the bottom and straining painfully forward. Dillon isn't overfond of work and he has never strained at any task. His astonishing success can be accounted for only by a glib phrase: natural financial genius.

Dillon is an entirely new type to Wall Street. Many of his rivals, perplexed over the frictionless ease with which he directs great projects, admit his great ability, his sweeping grasp of financial problems, but are still inclined to set him down as a lucky accident. Dillon *was* plunged into the Wall Street game by accident. What his critics overlook, however, is the quality that keeps him in the game: imagination.

Dillon made his grandest gesture, incalculably valuable in personal prestige, three years ago when he wrote out a cheque for $146,000,000 and bought the vast automobile business of Dodge Brothers. It was the largest cash transaction in industrial history. The scratch of Dillon's pen was heralded round the world, and since then a sacerdotal aura, difficult to penetrate, has surrounded Dillon. Many interests and many individuals tossed millions into the pot represented by that $146,000,000 cheque, but Dillon organized the syndicate, and, having had the contributions certified in advance, his was the only name that appeared on the record-breaking document.

To the public, Dillon appeared to buy Dodge Brothers as casually as a housewife purchases a peck of potatoes. In reality he, A. Charles Schwartz, his friend and intermediary, his partners, and a shoal of experts devoted eight months to the deal. They were bitterly fought by a combination composed of J. P. Morgan & Company and General Motors. When sealed bids were opened it was found that the Dillon coalition had topped the Morgan-Motors offer by $14,000,000.

The Street was deeply stirred. Predictions were freely offered that the temerarious Dillon would soon be clipped good and proper and taught to keep off the grass. Dillon, however, still treads that part of the sward where the turf is most tender and lush. Moreover, he has mowed more pay hay than any of his rivals. Today, many people suspect that a partnership in his firm is worth more, financially if not in prestige, than a portfolio in either Morgan or Kuhn, Loeb & Company. Dillon, Read & Company have underwritten some three billion dollars of new securities in the past eight years, and maintain a comfortable lead in this respect over such financial units as Morgan; Kuhn, Loeb; Harris, Forbes; Chase Securities Corporation; National City Company; and the Guaranty Company.

After an administration of three years, Dillon, Read & Company recently sold Dodge Brothers, Inc., to the Chrysler Corporation. Again Dillon broke a record. Pad and pencil experts placed Dillon, Read's total profit, in their three years of Dodge financing and management, at upwards of $40,000,000.

Dillon was forty-three when he formed the Dodge syndicate. He had had only ten years of actual experience in Wall Street. A bare five years had elapsed since he had forced his way to the chieftainship of the solid and conservative banking house of William A. Read & Company, and changed its name to Dillon, Read & Company.

Clarence Dillon was born at

San Antonio, Texas, September 27, 1882. He was the only son of Samuel and Bertha (Steenback) Dillon. The father, it is said, was born Lapowski. An uncle, Dr. Boleslaw Lapowski, is a well-known New York physician. Samuel Dillon was a clothing merchant, in rather better than comfortable circumstances, and, in Dillon's childhood, he moved his family to Abilene, Texas, and opened a store. Though not much given to either sports or books, young Clarence at fifteen readily concurred in his father's decision to send him north to school and to Harvard, and in 1897 he entered Worcester Academy, in Worcester, Massachusetts.

Dillon was popular among his small group of intimates at both Worcester and Harvard. His mind was quick, he had a lively appreciation of absurdity and nonsense, but he had a certain reserve and was not given to back-slapping. His attainments in scholarship were nothing to boast about, and he was no athlete at all. At Harvard he went out for the debating team but didn't quite make the grade. Also he developed quite a penchant for painting and sketching.

Worcester Academy is not one of the more socially accepted Harvard preparatory schools such as Groton and St. Mark's. Dillon was not invited into the more powerful of the Harvard social clubs such as the Porcellian, "Gas House," or A. D.—clubs which have sheltered such of the elect as the Morgans, Venderbilts, Belmonts, and Astors. However, in his senior year, the boy from Abilene made the larger club known as the Institute of 1770. With the few who knew him well the Baron was immensely popular, and the delicate question of his racial strain never came up.

He emerged from Cambridge with an A.B. in 1905. His father had given him free rein as to choice of occupation. One of Dillon's undergraduate friends, Armin Schlesinger, begged him to settle in Milwaukee and take a job in one of the several companies controlled by the Schlesinger family. Dillon accepted the opportunity, and that summer held junior jobs with the Newport Mining Company and the Milwaukee Coke & Gas Company, concerns engaged in mining iron ore and coal and in making pig iron.

For two years he worked in various departments of these companies. Romance came into his life in 1907, when he was a weekend guest in the summer home of a wealthy and prominent family named Douglass. Early Monday morning, as Dillon stood on the platform of the suburban station waiting for the local train that was to carry him back to Milwaukee, a huge Newfoundland dog walked out on the tracks. An express train thundered through, struck the dog, and hurled the animal's heavy and lifeless body against Dillon, who fell to the ground unconscious and was taken to the Douglass home. For three weeks he was desperately ill; Anne McEldin Douglass, daughter of the house, nursed him back to health. They were married in 1908. Dillon's nervous system had been shaken by the accident, and he suffered a slight injury to the middle ear that still bothers him at times. The couple went abroad for a honeymoon and remained for two years. Living in Paris, artistic yearnings came to the surface in Dillon. He studied painting and architecture, but just for pleasure and never with the idea of becoming a professional painter or an architect.

Returning to Milwaukee, the young man joined his wife's brother, George A. Douglass, in the manufacture of machinery, and together they founded the Milwaukee Machine Tool Company. It grew into a prosperous business, and they sold out. Just at this time a relative of his wife died, and Dillon came East to look after the settlement of the estate. The attorney handling the matter was George W. Wickersham.

(Continued on page 88)

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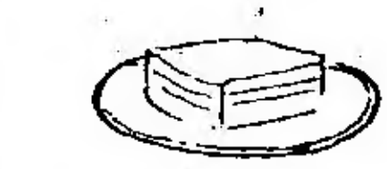

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The Dove of Peace Astray

(Continued from page 11)

The dove had long forgotten Noah, the greybeard of the Ark, and her mission; she had long forgotten to think of returning. For it was this, the whole world, that she felt to be her Fatherland, and the sky her most exclusive dwelling.

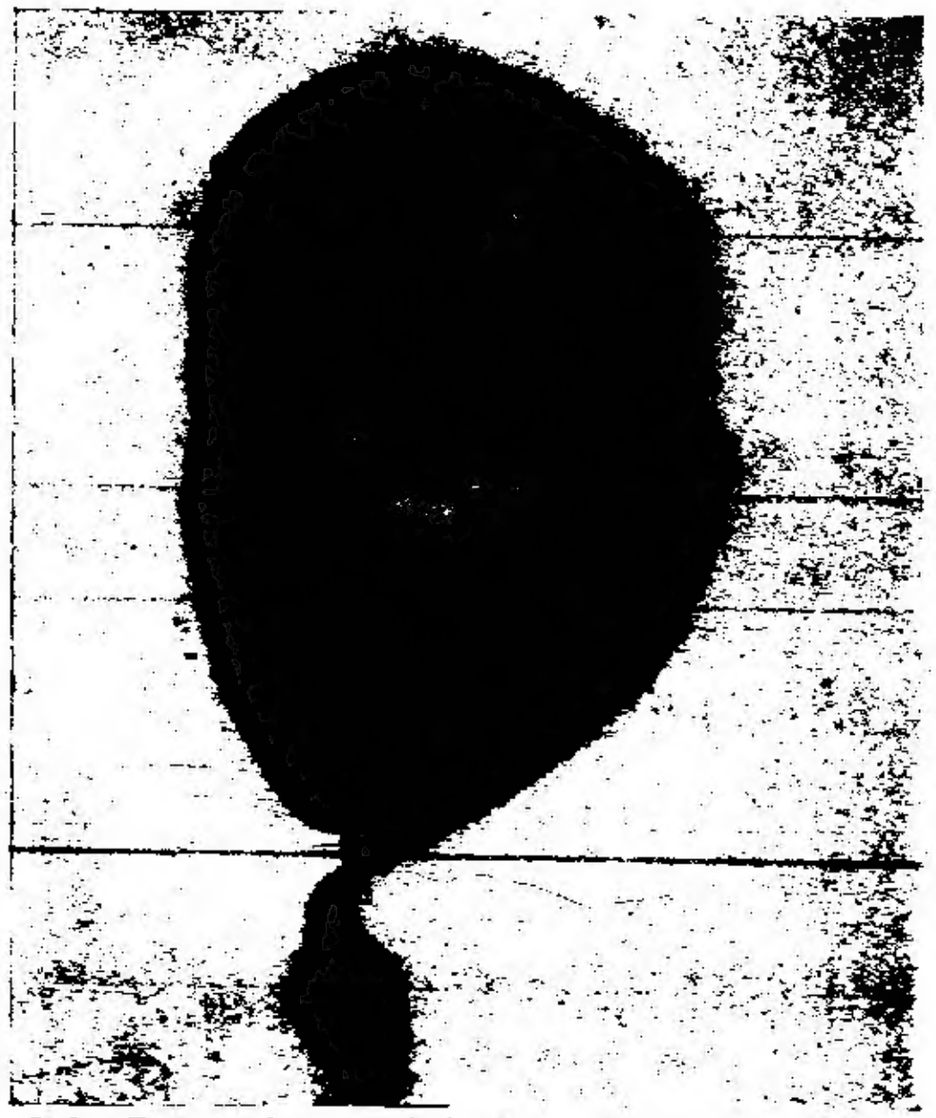
And so flew the third dove, faithless messenger of our forebear. On and on she soared over an empty world, swept on by the impetus of her good fortune, by the winds of her blissful restlessness. Farther and farther she flew until her wings grew numb and her feathers like lead. The earth began to draw her down to itself with irresistible force. Deeper and deeper sank her tired wings, so that they touched the moist peaks of the trees, and by sundown of the following day the dove permitted herself to descend somewhere deep in the woods, which were as yet nameless—like all else at the time. She hid in the dense foliage and sought respite from her exultant flight. She covered herself and was lulled to sleep by the wind. The foliage was cool by day, and warm was the dove's forest retreat at night. Presently she forgot the wind-swept skies and the lure of distance. The verdant vault enfolded her and time grew endlessly over her.

It was a forest of our immediate world that the lost dove had chosen as her haven, but at yet no human beings dwelt within it; and so this solitude gradually rendered her dream-like. She nestled in the darkness of green nights and the years sped by, so that Death itself overlooked her. For all animals of the species known to the world prior to the Deluge could not die, and they possessed no hunter who could invisibly remain hidden in the fathomless folds of earth-clothes, as did this dove in the forest depths.

To be sure, now and then thoughts of this dove would enter the minds of human beings of the present. The explosion of a firearm might reverberate a hundredfold from the green walls, wood-choppers might strike against the trunks, menacing the spell of the night; the laughter of lovers, furtively strolling through unbeaten paths, might re-echo familiarly through foliage. And the song of children, bent on bear hunting, dimly sounding in the distance. Now and then, the vanished dove, enmeshed in a world of foliage and dream, would hear these sounds of the outer world, but without perturbation; and so she remained in her darkness.

Then one day, in our own time, the whole forest began to rumble and thunder, as the earth was rent in twain. Black, metallic objects hurtled whizzing through the air and wherever they dropped, the earth leapt shattered in the air, and the trees crashed to earth like corn stalks. People in colored uniforms hurled death at each other and dreadful machines belched fire and blight. Shafts of lightning, accompanied by thunder, issued from the earth toward the

(Continued on page 33)



Stefan Zweig, a dramatist of the first rank and a poet of compelling power, is among the few contemporary German authors to achieve considerable recognition in America. The Theatre Guild's production of his adaptation of Ben Jonson's "Volpone" is justly regarded as among the outstanding dramatic offerings of the past and current season

The Children of the Gutter

By EPHRAIM GOLDBERG

For days at a time the Children of the Gutter—outcasts, filthy, ragged, halfbarefooted, with bewhiskered faces and hands thick with dirt—dig in the refuse cast on an isolated spot beyond the city limits. All, though at times there are gangs and at times but a few, are in search of diamonds; for they were told that one of their gang had found a big diamond amidst the refuse brought from the city to this isolated spot. He became rich and bought a ranch somewhere in Idaho.

So, for days they dig. They, too, hope to become rich suddenly. Digging, they find in the refuse rags, pieces of brass, rusted locks, and iron bars, which they assort and pile in separate heaps. At night comes the Jewish rag-peddler, "old Ike," with a wagon load of rags and old iron which he picked up on the road, bought in the neighborhood villages or on the farms. He stops at this diamond-seeking spot. He loads the rags and broken household objects which these diamond-seekers gathered, divided among his workers", as he calls them, a few cents, and grumbles that these piles of refuse are not worth the trouble of loading.

All, except John and Fred, take the few cents without a murmur. John and Fred, however, a dissatisfied with the "price". They look unkindly at "old Ike" and after he rides off, they talk to each other, saying that this Jew is a profiteer: that he becomes rich from their labor.

After a few days of fruitless toil, the search becomes tedious to most of them. They disappear somewhere on the other side of the high-piled yards of refuse. John and Fred remain. They do not give up the hope of finding diamonds: they remain there throughout the summer, while the rest of the gang come and go, as they will.

Late in Autumn when a biting wind pierces through the air and the sky is clouded and terrible, when the rest of the gang vanishes for good, John and Fred—rumbling in the refuse yards which are soaked through with heavy rainfall—are still searching. When they, too, become soaked with rain and shiver from cold and dampness, they repair to the booth they made of iron bars, furnished with old torn mattresses and roofed with pieces of tin and wornout oilcloth.

On one of those Autumn days, when the clouds—torn like pieces of coarse cloth—spread over the threatening sky. John and Fred were lying stretched out in the booth and were talking of deserting the place for a warmer climate.

Said John: "We have no luck. We search for diamonds, but we don't find any."

"It's becoming tedious to be poor," said Fred.

"I suppose you were a good-for-nothing before, just like me," murmured John.

"I would have been one of the richest farmers in the Dakotas," spoke Fred, as if to himself. "I would have owned so much that buyers would race for my stuff."

"Nonsense!" replied John. "We will die poor."

"If not for the 'Wild Rose'," continued Fred unheedfully.

"'Wild Rose'?" repeated John, burying his head in his clasped hands.

Fred got up quickly.

"What? Did you know my 'Wild Rose'? I thought I heard you say that you came from Texas."

"Oh, just so," replied John. "It's a nice name."

Fred's eyes blazed forth sparks of fire, his face became red. He said to John:

"Would you like to hear how 'Wild Rose' became false to me?"

(*Continued on page* 23)

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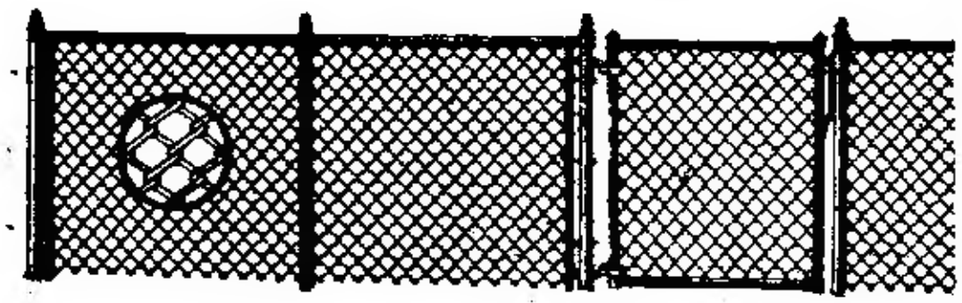

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Marquis of Reading

By P. W. WILSON

Fifty years ago, or thereabouts, a ship approached the mouth of the river Hoogly in India. It was early dawn, and at the masthead there might be seen a small boy straining his eyes as he searched the horizon for the first glimpse of land. Who would have thought that the lad, a runaway from school and home in London, would return to India, forty years later, to be saluted by guns and bands and flags as the first Viceroy and Governor-General of that vast Eastern Empire?

In the whole range of the Arabian Nights, there has been no career recorded, even as legend, more dramatic in its uncertainty than this. The son of a prosperous Jewish merchant, Rufus Isaacs was recaptured by his parents and sent to University College School in London and later to Brussels and Hanover. Thoroughly venturesome, he plunged into the Stock Exchange and, strange to say, there failed. Loaded with debt, he read for the bar, and at the age of twenty-seven he began his career as an advocate. He paid his debts in full, and in eleven years took silk—which means that he became a Queen's Counsel.

His success was astonishing. Tall and graceful in bearing and very handsome in features, he was blessed with a voice soft and musical, an exquisite vehicle of persuasion. No witness was ever bullied, no point was unfairly pressed. What Rufus Isaacs achieved was the reasonable in argument, and with him in court, it was always the other side which seemed to have left reason behind. But on this account he was all the more deadly, especially in commercial cases, where he knew every move of the game. In one famous case, he wove the web of guilt around Whittaker-Wright, the financier, who on conviction slipped poison into his mouth and fell dead within the very precincts of the tribunal. The only case at law in which I have been myself involved was an action for libel. David Llyod George was our solicitor, Rufus Isaacs was our counsel, and the damages were one farthing!

Perhaps the best remembered retort by Rufus Isaacs was inflicted on a recalcitrant witness. "Do you drink, sir?" asked Isaacs, and the man in the witness box replied angrily, "That is my business." Quick as a flash came the question, "Any other business?" After which the witness became reasonable.

Under Asquith as Prime Minister, Isaacs became a Law Officer of the Crown, that is, Solicitor-General, and afterwards Attorney-General. According to custom he received a knighthood, and with Lloyd George he developed the program of Social Liberalism. What he desired was a parliamentary career but, like many great advocates at the bar, he was not a great success in the House of Commons, where politics require something more drastic than "sweetness and light." Isaacs, therefore, looked forward to high judicial office. The late Sir George Jessel, a distinguished Jew in Gladstone's day, had been Master of the Rolls. But no adherent of his faith had held the position of Lord Chancellor, who, it must be remembered, is not only a judge but also a trustee for large ecclesiastical patronage in the Established Church of England. Rufus Isaacs thus looked forward to the purely judicial position of Lord Chief Justice.

But in public life there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. A brilliant prospect was suddenly overclouded by a truly amazing er-

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ror of judgment. Rufus Isaacs had a brother, Godfrey, and at the time, Godfrey was managing the Marconi companies. Shares were being placed, and they were offered to Rufus Isaacs, and through him to Lloyd George. The shares were in the American Company. But it happened that the British Company had a contract with the British Government, and amid the heat of politics, all kinds of rumors were spread abroad. There was the usual parliamentary inquiry, and the culprits were acquitted of all impropriety. But they learned the lesson that, in public life, there is no offense so serious as a harmless indiscretion.

Against Rufus Isaacs there arose a storm of prejudice. What saved him was one single circumstance. His own profession believed in him. Bench and bar knew that no more honorable lawyer had ever pleaded in the courts, and at a special banquet, Liberals and Conservatives, judges and barristers, united in a tribute to the new Lord Chief Justice. As a vindication it was without precedent.

On the bench, Lord Reading, as we must now call him, displayed a notable dignity. But the position did not suit him. Essentially, he is a man of initiative, and when the war broke out, the Lord Chief Justice was far too able an executive to be left in his crimson and ermine. He was told to lay aside his robes and assist the government in solving the financial and commercial problems which arose during the crisis. He had to visit the United States and arrange for credits. In due course, the Lord Chief Justice of England was thus found at Washington as Ambassador, a combination of appointments never before heard of and never likely to be seen in the future.

A little incident will explain his attitude. One day a British official, somewhat overzealous in his patriotism, brought the Ambassador an agreement in which advantage had been taken of the United States. Lord Reading quietly laid the document on his table and said he would look it over. In due course, he paid a private visit to an American statesman, to whom he pointed out the full meaning of the paper. He then asked permission to tear it up and a different bargain was negotiated, in which the American as well as the British interest was equitably defined.

At the Armistice, India was seething with unrest. For the first time in her long history, the Asiatic sub-continent had realized her unity. Hindus and Moslems, hitherto at variance with one another, were associated in a movement of nationalism which was uncompromising in its hostility to British rule. There was more than a suggestion that the trouble had been inflamed by Russian propaganda. There were boycotts. There were fasts. There were riots. There were arrests. The turmoil was the more deplorable because a government had endeavored to launch a constitution, based upon the franchise, in which for the first time Indians would play an effective part in the management of their country.

It was at this decisive moment that Lloyd George, as Prime Minister, entrusted the destinies of India to Lord Reading. The little stowaway at the masthead thus arrived as the representative of King George V and ascended the viceregal throne at Delhi. If ever a man was subjected to a supreme test, it was Lord Reading.

For five years he faced the storm. Once more, he revealed his resources of patience, and reason. One day, Gandhi would be in prison. Another day, Gandhi and the Viceroy would be talking things over. Gradually, the hurricane spent itself. The hostility which marked the visit of the Prince of Wales to India abated. Grievances were removed, and with the resurgent rivalry between Moslem and Hindu, it began to be seen once more that, as Gandhi admitted, British rule was the only alternative to chaos. In a sentence, Lord Reading saved that situation.

(*Continued on page 81*)

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THE CHILDREN OF THE GUTTER

(*Continued from page* 19)

"Go ahead and tell, if you have pleasure in telling it," replied John.

Fred began to tell his story:

"For years I nursed the thought that 'Wild Rose', my neighbor's daughter, with whom I had been chums since childhood, belonged to me; that no one would dare come between us. She was full of life, passionate, sharp-eyed, as an Indian, swift as a devil; she never played the game of throwing horseshoes or ball, but was passionately interested in hunting. So we would shoulder guns, and be off on our hunt. She rode her "broncho' without saddle or lines, but, holding on to the horse's mass of black hair, she rode so wildly over hill and plain that it was impossible to catch her. She was a good shot, rarely missing her aim. She did not shoot at rabbits or skunks, but at deer and buffaloes.

"And after the chase, when we came to the 'rodeo', the young men envied me. They almost burned me up from sheer jealousy. She always joined in the ridebet and would always win. We would then go to the 'road house' and drink to her health. The result was that we started to fight over her. Proud was 'Wild Rose' to see me giving the fellows blow after blow. She would stand aside and smile, seeing how I came out the victor. And late at night, when we rode home on our swift horses, she would bend towards me and dig into my flesh with passionate kissing. The horses sped swiftly, while we were sitting on them with head bent to head and arm clasped in arm.

"But the 'cow-puncher', Jim, came between us, and made an end to my happiness. Jim was a good horseman. Once he won the ridebet off 'Wild Rose'. All were astonished at his victory. I, of course, was vexed. Yet I suppressed my feeling, and went up to 'Wild Rose" to console her, saying that in spite of her losing the bet she was dearer to me now than ever before. But my consolation was useless, for since then she became cold towards me. She was in love with Jim. So, once, in the 'roadhouse', when she was dancing with Jim, swirling with him over the floor like a whirlwind, my blood began to boil. I jumped into the dancing crowd and pulled her away from him. A tumult set in. We began to fight. I pulled out my revolver and fired at him. A cry. A scream. 'Wild Rose' threw herself down at his writhing body and kissed him passionately. I don't know if I killed him, but I ran out, jumped on my horse and ran off. The horsemen followed me, but I was brisker than they. I rode away into the prairie, left my horse there and wandered around ever since."

By the time Fred had ended his story, John was fast asleep; his snoring resounded in every corner of the booth.

Fred scowled at him, called him a "dirty dog" and lay down beside him, listening to the rain on the tin-roofed booth.

It was dark when John awoke. Fred also got up. Both came out of the booth and looked for a while at the cloudy sky. Again they dug into the refuse.

"Maybe we will yet find diamonds before was leave," said John.

Suddenly John stopped digging.

"What's the matter, John?" asked Fred. "Did you find something valuable?"

"Listen!" said John quietly, as if he had a secret to tell him. "Maybe it would be a good idea to get rich quickly other than by searching for diamonds."

"How?" asked Fred, looking sternly at his pal.

John leaned toward Fred and said:

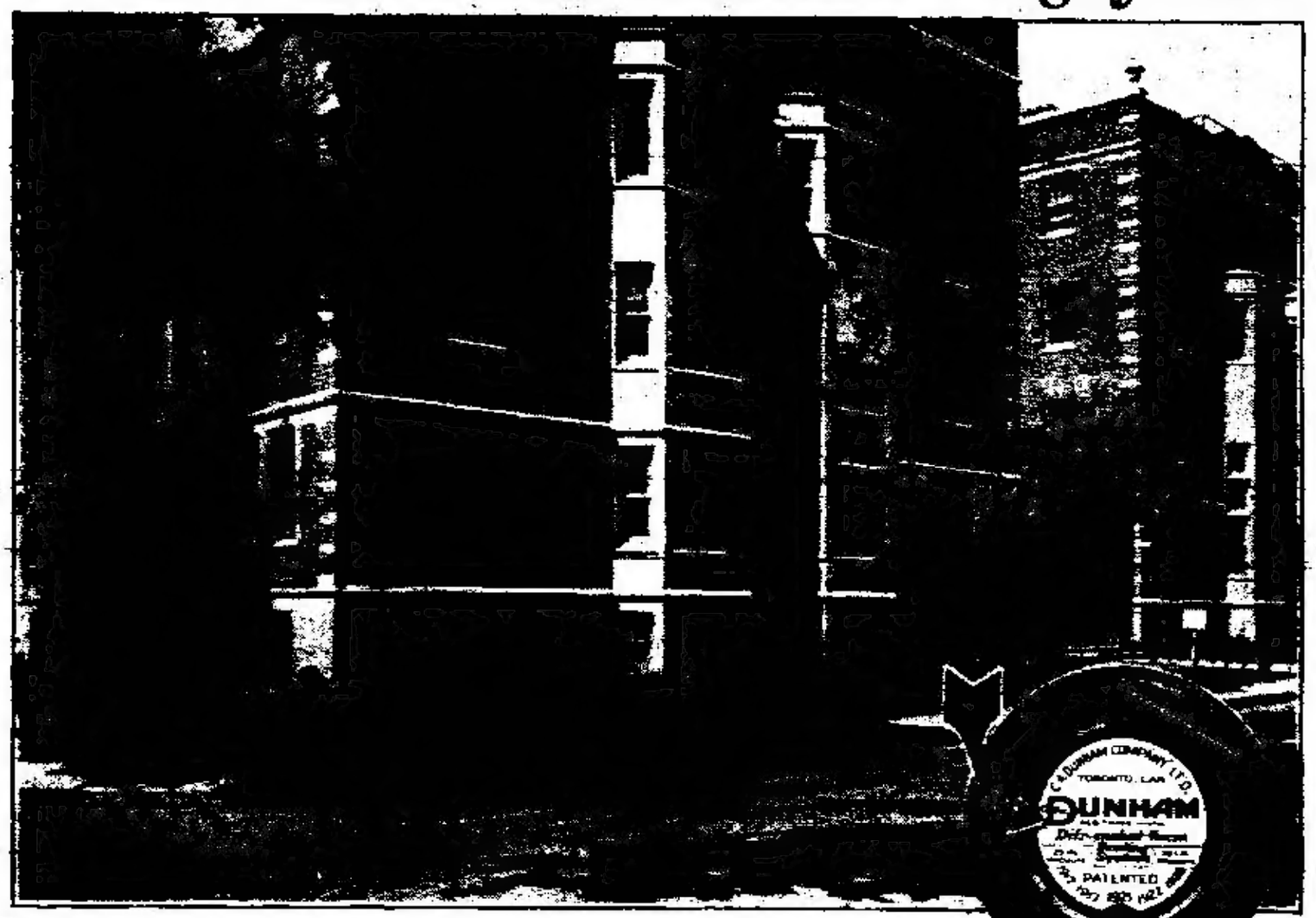
"You know that every Jew is rich, as rich as Rockefeller."

"So, what of it?" asked Fred.

"Well, we will kill the Jew

(*Continued on page* 26)

The Dunham Differential Vacuum Heating System



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The Happy Man

By PAUL ELDRIDGE

The ladies and gentlemen were discussing the means of making mankind happy. Each phase of life, society, art, was touched upon. The discussion changed from phrases thrown at random to heated expostulations, then wearied, it turned again to loose phrases and periodless remarks, becoming at last the means of hiding a yawn and an excuse for not leaving yet, for outside, an icy snow blew obliquely into the face and cut it—a sarcastic Giant spitting at man and things.

A gentleman who had hitherto been silent asked suddenly—"Ladies and gentlemen, may I also have a share in this discussion?"

The questioner had the reputation of wit and a poet, and the company assented, delighted.

The gentlemen began: "I cannot conceive a humanity happy. In fact I don't know what a happy humanity means. That we could so arrange a world in which every individual at any given moment shall be approximately as happy as his neighbor, seems to me an insane illusion, and dreadfully dull besides—a glowing picture with no background, a treeless earth, a shadeless summer."

A murmur of consent and dissent mingled together and soon possed off, like some stray dust a vehicle has raised—and the speaker resumed. "There was a time when I could not imagine even an individual happy, I mean consistently happy for any length of time—but I have since changed my—mind. I know it is possible for a man to be happy. Indeed, I myself have made a man happy . . .

"About ten years ago one could still see at one of the cafes downtown, on the site of which they have erected a gigantic department store—an elderly man, long-haired, sitting at a corner table and sipping loudly a glass of tea or reading some poem.

"Nature endowed him with a strong physique and a good steady hand. He could have become a splendid carpenter, earned fine wages, married a good woman—in short, he could have been one of millions of individuals that Life revels in—mediocre in happiness, mediocre in pain, mediocre in aspirations—as near to perfection as possible. But I don't know what freakish wind blew into his ear: 'You are a poet!' Unfortunately he believed it. He starved his body, he learned but badly his trade, he forgot to seek a wife—all to write atrocious poems. I don't think I have ever read such bad verse or known such prosaic execution in all my life—except, perhaps, love poems eighteen year old Romeos write to their sixteen year old Juliettes.

"Perhaps, the man had poetry in his soul—who can tell? So many have deserts in their souls and yet gardens of poetry. But his words were see-saw monotony, ending in rhymes, always rhymes. If rhymes had not existed, I half believe he would not have written—but rhymes told him to stop the line and suggested what to write as the following one.

"For a long time he frequented the cafe, where many, many of us young writers and artists came to display our work and our vanity. His long hair and beard meant nothing to us. We were too much engrossed in our little selves to be anxious to make anybody's acquaintance that would not be a direct stepping-stone to our fame . . .

"One day, as I was sitting alone at a table looking out of the window, this man approached me, pressed into my hands a heavy roll of manuscripts, and ran out. I felt

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flattered to be singled out as a critic or as a confidant of a man who might be one of those taciturn or half-mad geniuses and began to read his verses.

"At first I criticized seriously this line and that, this idea and the other, but it soon became evident that I had in my hands the worst poetry I had ever read; and that meant a great deal, for at that time I was the assistant editor of a little magazine of verse, and we received enough shrieking sonnets and hoarse nightingales to deafen the world. At first, I was going to return the manuscripts with the customary remarks, and ever after refuse to see others by the same author. But I don't know what clownish thought impelled me, and I decided to make this man the scape-goat of my ennui . . . I called some of my friends around me, showed them the manuscripts and we discussed ways and means of amusing ourselves at the expense of the unfortunate author.

"The author vanished for a week—a week of mad anxiety as he afterwards told me; and our anxiety was hardly less. At last, one evening he came. As soon as I saw him, I ran to him, and called out loudly enough to be heard by everybody in the cafe:

" 'My compliments, Sir, my congratulations. You have produced the only immortal poems of this generation.' And then turning to the public:

" 'Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you the greatest poet of our time.'

"Those who were in the secret, bowed deeply, while the others looked in amazement at the shivering man. Then, one by one, my companions came forward and shook hands with him, solemnly as though he had been a god who had descended for a while to our cafe.

" 'You must read us a few of your poems, sir, you must!' I begged him, he implored me to excuse him; but I insisted, and the others applauded. The poor man stammered through three unintelligible poems, the worst of all, that I chose for him.

"My friends, applauded uproariously, stamped their feet, struck their empty cups against the tables, while I exclaimed: 'Wonderful! Wonderful! Maestro!

"The strangers understood very soon that we were mocking the man, and joined us in our exclamations. How ready man is to laugh at man! Our poet was divinely serious. I had him read more poems, begged to emphasize the rhymes, particularly some which were farfetched, and the people applauded, shouted enthusiastically. You might have thought we had been mad for amusement, dead with ennui—and now, our soul were refreshed, resurrected.

"I whispered into the ear of one of my waiters: 'A bouquet of flowers, Joe.' He understood me. In a few minutes I held a bouquet in my hands, and from its stem dangled a card. To the greatest poet!"

"I presented the bouquet to our dazed scapegoat. At a signal of mine, everybody rose, and applauded. The poet bowed a hundred times this way and that, as he had probably seen some virtuoso do, deeply, with one hand upon his stomach.

"This comedy lasted for a few hours. Toasts were drunk in his honor. A card was passed around on which each one signed his name; one—an atheist—had the audacity to make a long prayer in a broken Latin, that the life of the author might be long, and his poems many.

"At last, exhausted and hoarse, the public dispersed, each one bowing himself out, as he would have done out of a royal chamber, and the poor poet, answering each salutation deeply, majestically.

"I suggested to my friend that we escort the maestro to his home. The latter begged us, implored us not to do so. We insisted, and a dozen or more, grave, silent men, marched in step after the poor man, haggard with happiness, until we reached his poverty-stricken home. There we shouted in unison: 'Long live the poet,' and bowed, and left.

"At a safe distance, we began to roar with laughter, as gods must be laughing at men, when they make him their sport. The situation appeared still more excruciatingly funny when we looked at it from a distance, and imitated the words and the gestures. Drunk with the spirit of mockery, we decided to continue the game, to make believe we were to print poems, to hire a hall, and have the poor man lecture on poetry, and recite his own works. . .

"The next morning as I was going out of the house, I saw our victim waiting at my door. I greeted him profoundly. He grasped my hands in his and held them tightly. His eyes filled with tears.

"My dear sir, you have made me so happy, so happy—I would be an ingrate if I did not come to thank you personally. I have been waiting here since daybreak. I could not sleep of course, after what had taken place last night. You have made me so happy, that all the years of misery are as nothing to me now.

"The mood of raillery had vanished. I was on the point of confessing, and begging forgiveness, but an idea struck me. 'You have made a man happy—why not continue to make him happy?'

(*Continued on page* 81)

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THE CHILDREN OF THE GUTTER

(*Continued from page* 23)

peddler when he comes here tonight and take away his money," whispered John into Fred's ear.

"To kill?" repeated Fred, scratching his bewildered jaw, which suddenly began to itch.

"Yes," said John. "With a piece of iron I will hit him on his head. He will not even give forth a sigh; then you will empty his pockets. He has, perhaps, a hundred dollars, a thousand dollars, possibly diamonds."

Fred turned his back to John, muttering to himself.

"I will become rich," spoke John, as if apologizing for his daring attempt. "I will go away from this stinking rubbish. I will go to Texas, back to my home, to my home. I will be a rich man. No one will dare say that I am a good-for-nothing. If I'll be asked where I got so much money, I will say I got it by dealing with diamonds."

"Suppose we only bind him and just cover his mouth," said Fred turning around to face his pal. "I wouldn't want to have another murder on my conscience. Supposing we are caught? Then the punishment will not be so severe. B-r-r-r. . . I wouldn't want to swing on the scaffold."

"You are a coward!" replied John.

Then silence.

The stillness was interrupted by the sound of the screaking wheels of "Old Ike's" wagon approaching from behind a heap of refuse. The rag peddler halted, got off the wagon and placed a bag with feed over the horse's head.

"Old Ike" asked them if they had picked many rags and old iron. His eyes gazed at the gathered heaps. They did pick enough. Then he looked at the two ragged outcasts with pity, saying to them, business like:

"Perhaps it would be a good idea if you would move into my basement for the winter months. Every morning I'd bring you here with my horse and wagon and take you back in the evening."

John looked at him gloomily. Then he burst into laughter. He said:

"What do you mean, Jew? Do you think we are also rag-pickers like you?"

"Old Ike" was silent and astonished.

"Oh, no! We are not rag-pickers!" came Fred to John's assistance.

"We are diamond seekers!" called out John proudly.

"And we will yet be rich," helped out Fred.

"Old Ike" looked at them, shaking his head in wonderment.

"Old Ike" began to load the piles of rags and old iron, while John and Fred took apart the booth and brought "Old Ike" all the rags, pieces of wood, tin and iron bars which they used for putting up the booth.

"Here, accept a prseent from us," said John. "And know that you have dealt with MEN!"

"Old Ike" took their gift and bade them farewell.

Later from the seat on the wagon he asked them when they would come back again.

"Maybe next spring," said Fred.

"Maybe not," said his pal.

When "Old Ike" was off a short distance, John ran after him with a piece of iron in his hand, calling:

"Hey, you Jew, wait a minute!" waving high the piece of iron.

"Old Ike" halted.

John came up to him breathlessly, and said:

"It's a pity to leave such a good piece of iron behind. Here, take it along. For we are going away from here and somebody else may pick it up."

By the time John threw the piece of iron on the wagon, Fred caught up with him.

"Good night, Jew," said John and Fred.

"Good night to you," replied "Old Ike."

And John and Fred disappeared somewhere in the dark.—

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ZIONIST NEWS

Joseph Cohen, K.C., will be the guest of the Jewish community of Sherbrooke at the opening of the United Palestine Appeal Sunday, April 21st. Mr. Cohen is one of the two Jewish members of the Quebec Legislative Assembly, and a member of the National Council of the Zionist Organization of Canada. A new lodge of the Zionist Order Habonim was formally installed in St. John, N. B., April 9th, when a delegation from Montreal by Moe M. Schacther, Grand Nassi of the Maccabaean Lodge; Leon Greatchl, Senior Steward of Geulah Lodge, and Nathan Gaisin, of the Knights of Judaea and general secretary of the Order. A banquet followed. Charter members of Ezra Lodge, are: Rev. A. Babb, Rev. L. Spiro, I. Ellman, Sr., I. Ellman, Jr., Meyer Cohen, M. Newfield, Myer Budovich, J. Perchanock, D. Kunitsky, M. Grossveiner, A. Rozovsky, N. Meltzer, A. Brownberg, Harry Jacobson and H. Davis.

MAYOR RECALLS DEBT TO JEWS

The debt of Canada to the Jewish race, and the part the members have played in the development of the Dominion, were outlined by Mayor Camillien Houde, M.L.A., in an address before the Sons of Israel at Kupchick's restaurant, St. Catherine street west.

The audience listened to a description of the camp for girls conducted by the lodge at Shawbridge, where 120 underprivileged children were cared for last season. Max Siegler, in charge of the work, showed how Bnai Brith had taken care of 600 boys last year and illustrated the need for similar provision for the girls.

H. L. Sourkes, president, occupied the chair and introduced the speakers. A watch was presented to Mr. Seigler by the Mayor. The part in Canadian progress played by the Hart family of Three Rivers was recalled by the speaker who described the local Hebrew community as "useful, sober and industrious citizens."

CABARET DANCE

Tel Aviv Girls of Young Judaea are holding a dance and cabaret at the Y.M.H.A. Sunday, April 28th. Preparations are being made for an elaborate program. Proceeds go to the Canadian Young Judaea Hebrew University Scholarship Campaign Fund. Tickets at the Judaean Library or from Miss Goldie Yellin, Crescent 7019.

PUPILS GIVE RECITAL

A piano recital by pupils of Boris Berlin took place Saturday, April 13. On the programme were Eleanor Pinzer, David Yolles, Joy Bernatein, Shirley Shapiro, Vernon Bernatein, Minnie Goldman, Rowenna Hill, Mary Watts, Sydney Frankfort, Luba Shabsay, Sylvia Zaretsky, Laura Markovitz, Garfield Smith, Leon Magner, Gloria Morgan, Helen Potash, Helen Levy, Laurie Morgan, Louis Applebaum, Charlotte Turofsky, Sydney Harris, Marion Jacobs, Annette Granatstein, Winnie Goldman, Sylvia Yolles, Reva Appleby, Fanny Goldman, Ruby Yolles, Harriet Samuels, Irene Alexandor, Sarah Blinick, Boris Shapiro, Irene Esser, Bernice Dunkelman, Edward Dorfman, Zelda Dunkelman, Sydney Hermant, Judith Snitman and Olga Vigod.

MELSAB CLUB

Melsab Club met at the home of Miss Reba Gross Monday, April 8th. A paper on Greek literature was read by Miss Fannie Shapiro. The play, "Which," by Frances Fenwick Williams, was read and discussed. Charity musicale the end of May or the beginning of June.

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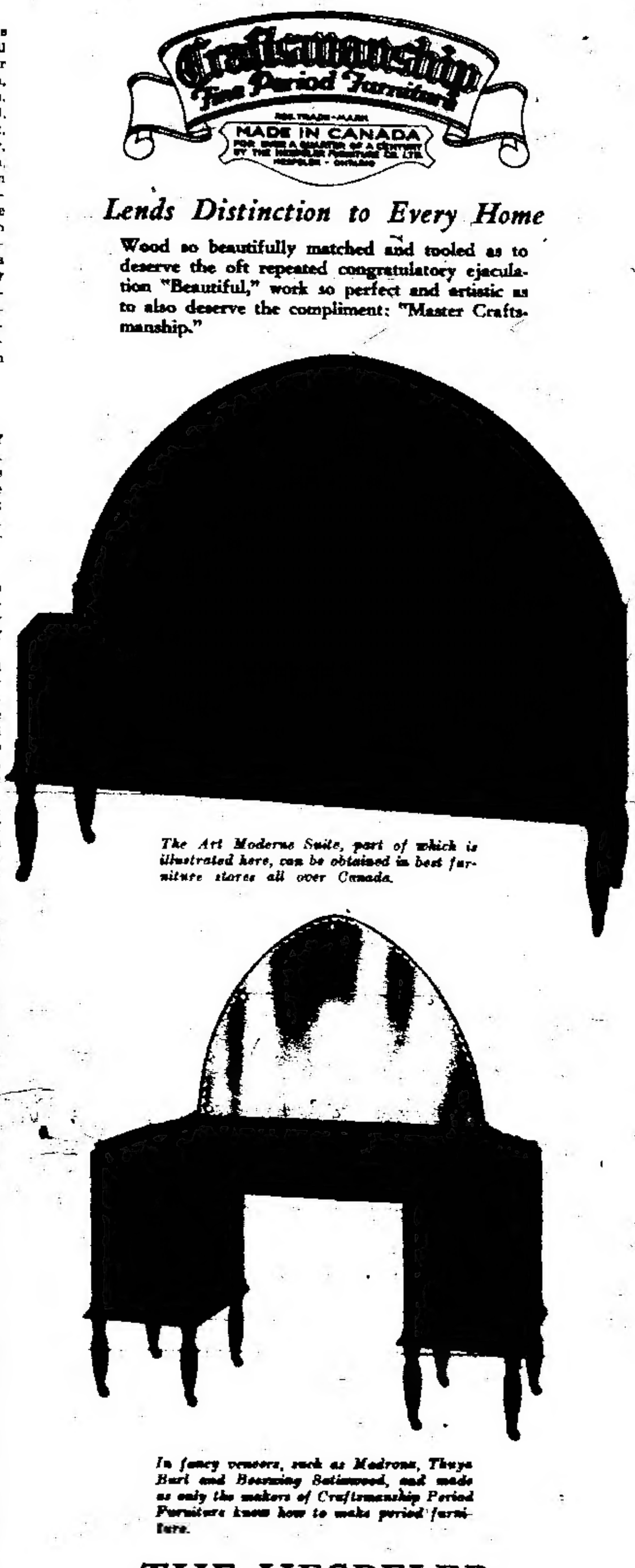

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Miss Muriel Vineberg, Roslyn Avenue, is visiting in New York, and Cedarhurst, Long Island.

Miss Rose Silverman, of Brooklyn, N.Y., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Holstein, Strathcona Avenue.

Miss Sayra Gross, Laurier Avenue West, is spending two weeks in New York, and Atlantic City.

M. Raisman, of Manchester, England, is a guest in town.

Mrs. D. Bloomfield, and daughter, Violet, Redfern Avenue, have returned from a motor trip to New York.

Miss Lillian Beckow, of Ottawa Ladies' College, who was visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Beckow, Lajoie Avenue, has returned.

John Beckow, of Stanstead College, Quebec, who was visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Beckow, Lajoie Avenue, has returned.

Mrs. Charles Samit, Churchill Avenue, is back from California, where she spent the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Sommer, and daughter, Ruth, of Newark, N.J., who stopped at the Mount Royal Hotel and spent a few days in Quebec, have gone home.

Mrs. M. Laing, 550 Marcil Avenue, has returned home after spending two months at Miami Beach, Florida.

Mrs. S. Dashiff, left for Ottawa after spending a week with Mrs. B. Shapiro, 335 Girouard Avenue.

Mrs. B. Shapiro, Girouard Avenue, is back from a two months stay at Miami Beach, Florida.

Mrs. N. Amdur, Clarke Street, is visiting in New York.

Mrs. J. A. Dobrofsky and son, Peter, Parkman Place, are home from New York.

Mrs. J. Katz, of New York, who was visiting her daughter, Mrs. Norman Viner, Bishop Street, has returned.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lustgarten, 272 St. Joseph Boulevard West, have moved to their own home at 5320 Jeanne Mance Street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. U. Cohen, Hutchison Street, spent several days in New York. On their return they left immediately for Quebec where they will spend several weeks at the Chateau Frontenac.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Steinman, Park Avenue, have moved to their new home at 638 Davaar Avenue, Outremont.

Mr. and Mrs. Calman Wolfson, of Toronto, who were visiting Mrs. P. Lewis, Bishop Street, have returned.

Mrs. Moe Albert, Victoria Avenue, has returned to town after spending several weeks in Rochester.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Zeitcovitz, Hutchison Street, have returned from a two weeks' stay with their daughter and son-in-law Mr. and Mrs. David B. Harris, of White Plains, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Donon, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. Pickleman, have left to live in Detroit.

Mrs. S. L. Agnos, accompanied by her daughter, Blanche, is spending Pesach holidays with her sister, Mrs. M. Goodkowsky, Mount Pleasant Avenue.

Mrs. H. Nathans, Park Avenue, was hostess at bridge, Saturday, April 13, to Mesdames A. Cohen, S. Mendelson, J. Martin, M. Spivack, F. Spivack, J. Natmovitch, D. Sheffler, and I. Felsenstein. Prizes were won by Mesdames J. Martin and F. Spivack.

Miss Annie Needleman, Hutchison Street, entertained at three tables of bridge Thursday, April 11, as a courtesy to Mrs. J. Altman, (née Fred Millman.) Mesdames J. Etcovitch, H. Dorfman, and Misses Regina Simack, Mary Gross, Fanny Platt, Etta Venitsky, Celia Weinstein, Pauline Sussman, Jennie Switzman, Jennie Braslow and Bessie Orlean were there.

Misses Freda and Leola Lewis, Bishop Street, entertained at an evening, April 13, to compliment Mr. and Mrs. Calman Wolfson, of Toronto. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Hershell Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Al Greenberg, Mrs. P. Lewis, and Misses Pauline Kanigsberg, Sally Freeman, Esther Lewis; and Dave Silverstone, Monty Raisman, Chief Dubeau, George Anderson, and Colman J. Lewis. Supper was served by midnight. The rooms were decorated with spring flowers.

Misses Bea and Lottie Cooperman gave a linen shower and bridge Wednesday, April 10, in honor of Miss Freda Cohen, a bride-elect of June 23, welcoming Mesdames T. Breslow, H. Hershorn, L. Greenspon, I. Hislop, J. Weiner, J. Cooperman, A. Baker, J. Goldapple, B. Light, J. Aizer, J. Mazur, J. Cohen, D. Krukin and Misses Lillian Cohen, Leah Itel, Claire Liebling, Ethel Merovitz, Lily Merovitz, Lily Nearntan, Annie Pinksy, Hilda Sherman, Leah Sadler, Betty Plotnick, Lily Cohen, Betty Ghent, Jennie Smilovitz, Diana Weiner, Ida Weiner, Bea Cooperman, Lottie Cooperman, Bea Goldapple, Bella Goodkowsky, Anne Galarde, Mollie Vilner, Irene Light, Rose Rothblatt, Mollie Urtick, Lottie Levine, Freda Cohen and Libby Cohen. Prizes were won by Mesdames H. Hershorn, J. Goldapple, J. Mazur, B. Light and Misses Leah Sadler, Libby Cohen, Bella Goodkowsky, Annie Pinsky, Claire Liebling, Mollie Urtick, and Betty Ghent.

Mr. and Mrs. Hershell Lewis, Guy Street, entertained at a formal evening party, in honor of their first wedding anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. Calman Wolfson, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Leon Rubinovich, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Caplan, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rosenberg, Mrs. H. Lewis, Misses Freda Rubinovich, Esther, Freda and Leola Lewis; and Eddie Cossman, Sam Heft, Monty Raisman, and Calman C. Lewis.

Misses Goldie and Gertie Cohen, Drolet St., gave a surprise stocking shower and bridge Wednesday evening, April 10, in compliment to Miss Betty Halickman, bride-elect of June. Those present were, Misses Annie Winokur, Mary Gurovitch, Lillian Berson, Ray Rocket, Rose Berson, Annie Pollack, Bessie Kossy, Sarah Denburg, Belle Leiboff, Ada Frank, Ada Rosenburg, Louise Denburg, Jennie Rosenzweig, Mattie Litwack, Ada Berson, Bea Litwack, Fay Winokur, Mollie Cohen, Mary Udaskin, Mesdames S. Cohen, H. Halickman, H. Moscovitch, J. Nissenson, F. Kossy, Epstein, L. Berson, and W. Udaskin. Prize-winners: Misses Annie Winokur, Ann Pollack, Belle Leiboff, Jennie Rosenzweig, Mesdames H. Halickman, S. Kossy and Epstein.

Miss Betty Rosen was bridge hostess Tuesday, April 9, in compliment to Miss Ettie Tilner, a bride-elect of June. Prizes were won by Misses Celia Winer, Pauline Morantz, Lillian Borin, Becky Levitt and Mrs. H. Rosen. Attending were Mesdames A. Arshoff, H. Rosen, G. Rosen and Misses Betty Nadigel, Ida Winer, Phae Fleishman, Sybil Doublet, Bessie Marcus, Pauline Morantz, Dorothy Solomon, Ray Coss, Lillian Borin, Celia Glassberg, Lilyan Itcovitch, Sarah Rosenthal, Becky Levitt, Ann Kaplan, Libby Schachter, Ann Sommer, Bertha Schwartz, Celia Winer, and Lily Rosen.

Mrs. S. G. Tritt, Davaar Avenue, Outremont, entertained at the tea hour Wednesday, April 10, in honor of her sister, Miss Sylvia Binnie Gross, whose marriage to Berel Schwartz, takes place June 9. The tea table was decorated with spring flowers, the color scheme being car-

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ried out in yellow. Mesdames M. Segal and L. Richstone and Misses Freda Besner, Jennie Tritt, Anna Tritt and Goldye Tritt assisted the hostess in serving Mesdames J. Adelstein, J. A. Besner, Joseph Cohen, N. Godine, Charles Kahn, Maurice Kahn, M. Poyaner, H. Sourkes, H. Lassner, H. Rabinovitch, M. Rabinovitch, L. Caplan, H. Bronfman, A. Bronfman, B. Aaron, H. L. Druxerman, M. Tritt, H. Schwartz, C. J. Gross, H. Gross, M. Sherzer, B. Gradinger, A. Abrahamson, L. Richstone, B. Segal, J. Lecker, D. Pearson, M. Gardner, Cantor I. Kirschberg, M. Borkowitz, M. Schwartz, S. Goodstone, S. G. Bernstein, H. Ripstein, H. Reich, S. Abrahamson, J. Rost, J. Solomon, S. Blumenthal, B. Hayes, J. Rosenbaum, Samuel Phillips, Shapiro and M. Wiseman, and Misses Ida Schwartz, Jennie Tritt, Sarah Feen, Fanny Abrahamson and Ann Caplan.

Misses Molly and Ida Wener were joint hostesses at a bridge and linen shower Sunday, April 7, at the home of Mrs. Max Wener, 5263 Hutchison Street, in honor of Miss Diane Wener, a bride-elect of June 16. Guests were Mesdames B. Wener, J. Cohen, S. Kornblath, D. Elizaoph, M. Goldenberg, D. Miller, A. Schecter, W. Wener, S. Cohen, F. Seidman, A. Gruman, H. Evan, N. Feldstein, L. Segal, J. Hecht, H. Segal, B. Seltzer, L. Schwartz, H. Finkelstein, S. Davis, A. Hislop, J. Colton, H. Rothblatt, S. Schnerer, D. Cohen, A. Silverman, S. Greenspon, S. Leckner, L. Leiberman, J. Randolph, S. Schwartz, F. Leckner, and Misses Molly Urtich, Rose Rothblatt, Freda Cohen, Libbie Cohen, Kate Mazur, Dorothy Goldenberg, Seema Pervin, Bertha Pervin, Becky Yanofsky, Gertrude Leckner, Irene Leckner, Lottie Levine, Esther Randolph, Fay Lecker, Sarah Share, Annie Belinsky, Becky Segal, Fanny Segal, Ida Frank, Hilda Brownstein, Fanny Brownstein and Dora Seidman. Dr. W. Wener, of Norwich, Conn., sent a wire of congratulation to the bride-elect.

Mrs. A. Bieber and daughter, Bertha, Marcil Avenue, have returned from New York and Atlantic City.

Miss Bea Goldapple was hostess at two tables of bridge Tuesday, April 9th., in honour of Bella Galardeau, a bride-elect of April, welcoming Misses Lottie Cooperman, Betty Plotnick, Miss Bea Bercovitch, Bea Goldapple, Molly Vilner. Bridge prizes were won by Misses Galardeau and Bercovitch.

To honor Miss Rae Hartman, whose marriage to Harry Heft took place Sunday, April 14, Mrs. E. Heft gave a miscellaneous shower at Horn's Cafeteria; Mrs. N. Goldman and Misses Rhoda Com and Bessie Leiderman, miscellaneous shower at the Carmen Sylva; Miss Sompaine, Jeanne Mance Street, stocking and handkerchief shower and Miss Rae Bercovitch, St. Urbain Street, evening, Wednesday, April 10.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Glickman and daughter, Muriel, Western Avenue, have returned after spending two months in New York and Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Gilletz, 712 McEachran Avenue, entertained at a dinner of twenty covers Sunday, April 14, in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Alex Boudin, (née Frances Ronicker).

Miss Hattie Diamond, New York City, is the guest of Mrs. Fanny Miller, Peel St.

C. Felcher, New York City, who was at the Mount Royal Hotel, has returned.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Hartman and Miss Jean Monsin, of Ottawa, motored here to attend the Heft-Hartman wedding and were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Hartman, Laval Avenue.

Mrs. H. Hirsch, St. Urbain St., was hostess Thursday afternoon, April 11, at a bridge and tea as a courtesy to Miss Elizabeth Brodie, of Brooklyn, N.Y. The house was decorated with daffodils. Miss Clare Solomon assisted the hostess in serving Mesdames A. Vaughan, L. Fleishman, H. Tanner, M. Franklin, W. Levitt, J. Korn, A. Greenberg, I. Potechin, N. Bernstein, L. Bronstein, L. Gothelf, and R. Bercovitch. Prizes were won by Miss Elizabeth Brodie and Mesdames I. Potechin and L. Bronstein.

Arthur Rudolph, Strathcona Avenue, sailed for Europe on board the "Albertic" from New York, Saturday, April 6, to spend two and a half months in England and on the continent.

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Mr. and Mrs. M. Benoway and family, Clarke Street, have left to live in Ottawa.

Mrs. B. Brodie and daughter, Vera, Melville Avenue, have returned from Atlantic City.

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Mrs. L. Pokrass, Bagg Avenue, was hostess at a surprise farewell party, Saturday, April 13, to honor Mrs. M. Benoway, who has left for Ottawa. The honouree was presented with two silver pieces. Guests were Mesdames A. Herman, of North Bay, J. Nerenberg, J. Hoffer, D. Feldman, M. Rosen, H. Hiamovitch, B. Sybells, and B. Goldman. Bridge prizes were won by Mesdames A. Herman and B. Sybells.

J. A. Franklin, special representative of the New York Life Insurance Company, was a guest of honor at a complimentary dinner tendered by his associates in Montreal at the Windsor Hotel April 8, to celebrate his twenty years of continuous service with the New York Life Insurance Co. Mr. Franklin is a member of the Senior Nylic Club and his associates presented him with a gold-mounted cane.

Miss Bea Cooperman was hostess at her home, 4227 Laval Avenue, Sunday evening, April 14th, to Misses Betty Plotnick, Leah Sadler, Sally Levine; Lou Goldschlager, Jimmy Plotnick, Maurice Gold and Harry Bregman at two tables of bridge. Prizes were won by Betty and Jimmy Plotnick.

(Additional social on page 38)

WINS RAFFLE

The drawing of the raffle made by the Bachelorettes in aid of a poor family for Pesach, was held Tuesday, April 9. Winner, Nellie Oshansky, 3680 Laval Avenue, Raffle 187.

BENEFIT ENTERTAINMENT

Mhoh Alumni Society of the Montreal Hebrew Orphans' Home are sponsoring an entertainment to be given at the His Majesty's Theatre Saturday evening, June 9th to establish an educational fund, for orphans in Montreal. An operetta, directed by Ben Walt and Alexander Levine, several aesthetic dance numbers, potboilers, a sketch to by the Y. M. H. A. Players directed by Alexander Levine, and a minstrel show are on the program. Officers are: president, Moses Mayoff; vice-president, Ida Kaufman; secretary, Celia Dubin; treasurer, H. Irving Azeroff.

400 ATTEND CONCERT

Over 400 members of the King Edward Benefit Association, accompanied by their families, attended the entertainment and concert Sunday, prepared by the committee, under the chairmanship of H. Reubins. President Louis Levine, Charles Brotman, M. Nadler, L. Polsky and M. Rabinovitch, spoke. Programme: Miss Dora Levine and I. Levine, duet and selections; Fannie Polson, piano; Judith Lozinski, violin accompanied by Mrs. E. Lozinski; Misses Sylvia Sloven and Sara Katz, songs. Louis Levine thanked the entertainers.

The Lithuanian government alloted 26,000 lei in the budget for Jewish theatres. Twenty thousand lit of this sum is to go to the Yiddish theatres and six thousand for the Hebrew studios.

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extends heartiest Passover greetings to his Jewish Clientele and wishes to announce that he is supervising the

Bellevue Restaurant

which is now re-opened.

CLUB RAFFLE

The Little Bachelor Club, formerly The Social Sewing Club, raffled a tea set in aid of a poor family. The drawing took place at the home of Miss Sarah Tucker, Prince Arthur Apartments, Sunday, April 14. The winning number, number 8, was won by L. Axeff, St. Urbain Street. Miss Pearl Rumanik was awarded a prize of handkerchiefs for selling most raffles. Mrs. S. N. Gillman and Miss Fay Shapiro assisted in serving.

1,000 MEMBERS SECURED

The closing rally of the Campaign for members under the auspices of the Young Hebrew Malhish Arumim Society took place at the Mount Royal Hotel. Upwards of 700 members and friends attended. L. Dacks, president; B. Gradinger, honorary chairman, and D. L. Bernstein, presided. Mr. Bernstein, on behalf of the campaign reported that about 1,000 new members had been secured with in two weeks. On April 7th, 500 children were clothed. Bob Gradinger, honorary chairman introduced Rabbi H. J. Stern. Alderman Mercure, L. B. Daniels, M. Tager, L. Glazer, B.C.L., P. Caplan, M. Deskins and Mesdames Jos. Mercure, F. Caplan, Frederick, P. Carlinsky, and M. Victor. L. B. Daniels installed Bob Gradinger as first honorary president of the society. The following members received presentations; Mrs. M. Victor a silver loving cup donated by D. L. Bernstein, and presented by Louis Glazer; Messrs. Bloom and Bercovitch, silver cuff links; Mrs. Frederick, silver fruit dish; Mrs. P. Carlinsky, silver vases. Engraved testimonials were presented to those who had secured 25 members or over. Program: violin solos by Messrs. Bloom and Smokin; songs, Young Hornstein, accompanied by Miss Wall.

CLUB ENTERTAINS

Young Men's Athletic Club held a social gathering at the home of the Knight Owls Club, Park Ave., Saturday evening, April 13. Present were Misses Minnie Schulman, Jennie Fox, Tobie Applebaum, Jennie Rotchtin, Doris Bly, Gertie Aaron, Mary Deskin, Miriam Simon, and Ettie Taply. Members present were Jack Ehrenstat, Morris Applebaum, Adam L. M. Wittes, Al Richstone, Hymie Seleroff, Alec Issenman, Bernard Lefkovitch, Saul Davidovitch, and Joe Closner. Entertainment consisted of violin and banjo solos with saxaphone accompaniment. M. Applebaum and A. J. M. Wittes were the committee.

L. M. FINGARD ELECTED DIRECTOR OF QUATSINO COPPER

L. M. Fingard, president of L. M. Fingard & Company, Limited, Montreal Mining Brokers, has been elected to the Directorate of the Quatsino Copper-Gold Mines, Limited.

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The society received the following donations for Pesach provisions: through Mesdames P. Goldblatt and A. Goldblatt, $75; through Mesdames A. Boulkis and B. Gibson $12.75; Concordia Club, Cornwall, Ont., $50; through Mrs. J. L. Greenspon, from B. Aron, Bronfman Interests, $25; Consolidated Smelters Coast Copper through Mrs. Strausberg, $22.25, and through Mrs. V. J. Klein, $22.15.

(Additional Montreal news on page 103)

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georgette gown and carried a bouquet of roses. I. Stenzler was best man. Tootsie Gilman, the flower girl, wore a green crepe romaine frock and carried a basket of flowers. Mrs. Silver, mother of the bride, wore a black crepe romaine and lace and Mrs. Engel, mother of the groom, black satin. They wore hats to match their gowns and corsages of roses. Dinner was served to sixty guests at the Carmen Sylva. Misses Eve and Claire Rosenthal, of Toronto, were the only out-of-town guests. Mr. and Mrs. Engel spent their honeymoon at Ste. Agathe.

Boudin-Ronicker

The marriage of Frances, daughter of Mrs. C. Ronicker, to Alex Boudin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Goldberg, was solemnized, Thursday, April 11, at Carmen Sylva, Rabbi Rothblatt officiating. The bride was given away by her grandfather, G. Robins. She wore a gown of white georgette with chiffon flounces fashioned longer in the back and trimmed with a rhinestone buckle. Her veil of net was held by a cap of lace and orange blossoms and she carried pink roses, lilies and lilies-of-the-valley. Miss Beckie Boudin, maid of honor, wore a draped model of maise satin with a rhinestone buckle and large bow at the side. She carried a bouquet of pink roses. Ben Hamet was the best man. Mrs. B. Aaronson, who attended the bride and groom, wore a period gown of mauve satin with a frilled skirt edged with gold and corsage of roses. Mrs. Ronicker, mother of the bride, wore a navy blue georgette ensemble trimmed with fawn and Mrs. Goldberg, mother of the groom, wore black lace. Their hats matched and their corsages were of American Beauties. Mrs. Robins, grandmother of the bride, wore grey canton with a corsage of American Beauties. Mr. and Mrs. L. Gurovitch, sister and brother-in-law of the groom, were also attendants, the latter wearing a gown of black georgette. Dinner was served to 140 guests. Mr. and Mrs. Boudin will live at 5354 Casgrain Street.

Rosenbloom-Kardonsky

The marriage of Miss Anna Kardonsky, daughter of M. Kardonsky, to Moe Rosenbloom was solemnized Sunday, April 7, at the Austrian Hungarian Synagogue. Mr. and Mrs. Rosenbloom are spending their honeymoon in New York, Atlantic City, Philadelphia and Washington, and will live at 337 St. Joseph Blvd., Apartment 1.

Heft-Hartman

The marriage of Rae, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Hartman, to Harry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Elias Heft, was solemnized Sunday April 14, at Beth Yehuda Synagogue, Rabbi Levitsky officiating. The bride was given away by her father. Over a bouffant gown of white satin with tulle frills, her veil of net was arranged from a cap of filet lace and clusters of orange blossoms. Her shower bouquet was of pink roses, lilies and lilies-of-the valley. Miss Rae Bercovitch, maid of honor, wore a green beaded georgette gown and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Samuel Heft was the best man. The bridesmaids were Misses Claire Herscovitch, Sarah Heft, Rhoda Com, Bessie Leiderman, Anne Heft, of New York, and Kate Wagner. The groomsmen were Abe Heft, Morris Fellshman, Morris Heft, Lou Heft and Hy Heft. Mrs. Hartman, mother of the bride, and Mrs. Heft, mother of the groom, both were black lace gowns. Their corsages were of red roses. Mrs. N. Goldman, sister of the bride, was in a beige lace gown and tulle turban; Mrs. J. Malkin, royal blue lace and turban to match. Dinner was served to 250 guests. From out of town were Mr. and Mrs. I. Hartman and Miss Jean Mossin, of Ottawa; and Miss Anne Heft, of New York.

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Marriages

Engel-Silver

The marriage of Nettie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Silver, to Harry, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Engel, was solemnized Sunday, March 31, at Bnai Jacob Synagogue with Rabbi Katzman officiating. Miss Nell Markman sang "O Promise Me" at the ceremony. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father wore a white satin gown. Her veil of net was fashioned in cap effect with orange blossoms on either side and she carried a bouquet of Ophelia roses, lilies and lilies-of-the-valley. Mrs. I. Stenzler, matron of honor, wore a fawn lace and

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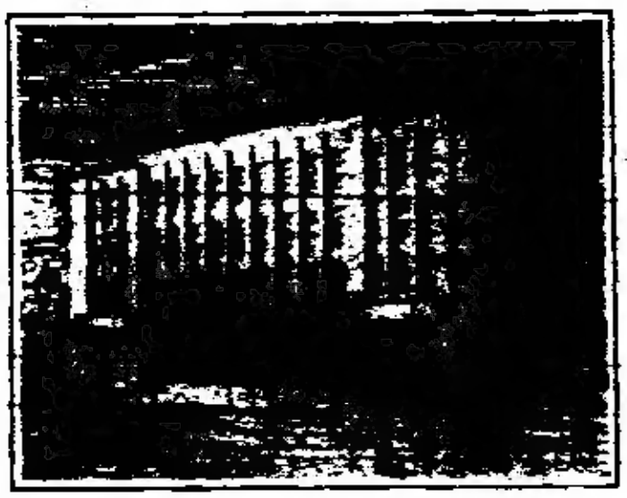
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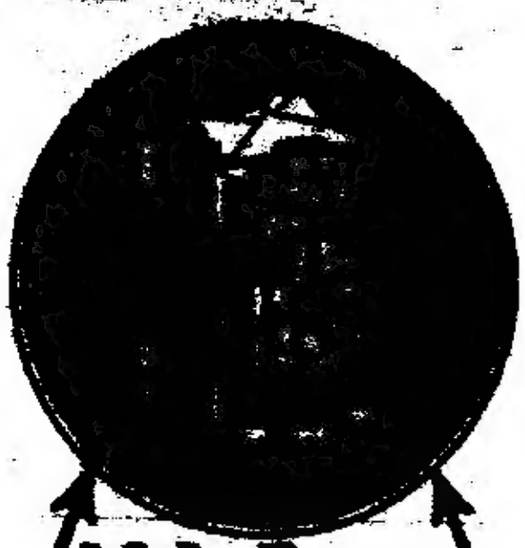

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Hart-Fraid

The marriage of Norma Bernice, daughter of N. J. Fraid, to Edward Henry Hart, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alan J. Hart, was solemnized Tuesday, April 16, at 5.30 p.m. in the chapel of Shaar Hashomayim Synagogue. Rabbi H. Abramowitz officiated. During the ceremony Miss B. Kellert sang "O Promise Me." The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown made with ivory satin bodice with inserts of lace and a skirt of veil of tulle fell from a cap of lace and clusters of orange blossoms and she carried a shower bouquet of Butterfly roses and lilies of the valley. Miss Dorothy Fraid, sister of the bride was maid of honor and Miss Alma Hart, the bridesmaid. They were gowned alike in pale pink chiffon with jackets to match. Their crepe de chine shoes and mohair hats matched their gowns and they carried bouquets of mauve and pink sweet peas. Gordon Hart, brother of the groom, was bestman. Lawrence Hart was the groomsman. Ushers were Norman Friedman, Bertram Fraid, Arthur Cohen, and Robert Cohen. Mrs. Hart, mother of the groom, wore a beige lace gown with hat to match and a corsage of red roses. A family dinner was held in the dining room of the synagogue. Mr. and Mrs. Hart have left for a month's motor trip through the States. Going away the bride wore a fawn and brown ensemble. Couple will live at 48 Academy Road.

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Fels-Solomon

The marriage of Freda, daughter of Mrs. David Solomon, and the late David Solomon, to Sol Sidney Fels, son of A. Fels and the late Mrs. A. Fels, took place Sunday, April 14, at the Windsor Hotel. Rabbi Berger officiated. After the benediction Miss Jennie Erdrich sang "Because." The bride was given away by her brother, Dr. Myer Splomon. Her gown was of white moiré satin. Her veil of tulle was arranged in cap fashion with a cluster of orange blossoms and she carried a shower bouquet of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley. She was attended by her sister Mrs. Nat. W. Jacobs, who wore pink georgette with matching hat and shoes. She carried a bouquet of Columbia roses and sweet peas. The bridesmaids were Misses Sara Solomon and Eileen Fels, both dressed in green flowered chiffon with hats and shoes to match and Misses Florence Solomon and Sadye Abrahamson both dressed in pink flowered chiffon with hats and shoes to match. They all carried bouquets of palest pink roses. M. A. Fels, brother of the groom, was best man. Ushers were Arthur Jacobs, Maxwell Ellison, Albert Ellison, Harry Laurie, Isidore J. Rapp and Gerald Wolfe. Mrs. David Solomon, mother of the bride, wore a black lace gown with matching hat and shoes and a corsage of American Beauty roses and lilies-of-the-valley. Mrs. E. Bois, grandmother of the groom, was in a black lace gown, hat and shoes to match, with a corsage of American Beauty roses and lilies-of-the-valley.

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Rabbi Harry J. Stern

Friday evening, April 19th, sermon "The Mystic Element in Religion." Saturday morning, sermonette, "The Great Sabbath." Pesach services, Wednesday, April 24th, at 7 p.m. Seder supper at 7:30 in the Lecture Hall. Pesach Thursday morning, April 25th, at 10:30, sermon, "A Passover Message."

The final meeting of the Brotherhood takes place Wednesday evening, May 8th. Nomination and election. Arthur L. Reinhart, National Executive Secretary of Temple Brotherhoods will be guest speaker.

Next Sunday morning religious School Assembly will be in charge of class two, Miss Silberman, teacher. Last Sunday morning, the following were on the program: piano solo, Esther Rosnick; recitation, Constance Reichback; music, Emmy Helm; declamation, Phyllis Fitch. Pesach melodies were sung under the leadership of Miss Benjamin, instructor of music. Felix Lewis entertained with character recitations. Religious School sold the largest number of tickets for the Hebrew University Scholarship, Fund Campaign, conducted by Young Judaea. Pesach entertainment and tea Sunday, April 28th, at 3 p.m. in the Lecture Hall of the Temple. Music, dramatics and dancing. Sisterhood committee in charge: Mrs. Margolick and Mrs. Leo Neumann. Faculty committee in charge, Mr. Rosen and Mrs. Wasserman. Faculty meeting was held Sunday morning to plan closing exercises of the school. Members of this year's confirmation class are trying for prizes offered

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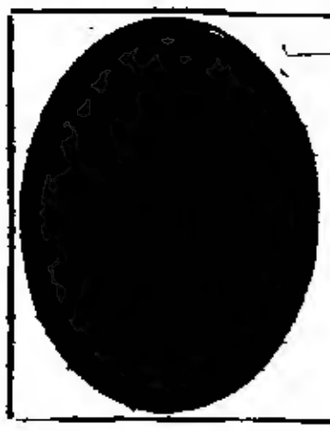

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Rabbi's speaking engagements: Montreal Psychology Club, Monday, April 15th, "Religious Fellowship;" Mother's Club, Wednesday, April 17th., "Passover Ceremonials;" Men's Club of St. Andrews United Church, April 22nd., "Seeing Soviet Russia."

Convener of the Sisterhood Seder supper is Mrs. M. Silverstein, 'phone WA 4281.

Bar-Mitzvahs

Bernard Kahn, son of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Kahn, 415 Stuart Avenue, Outremont was bar mitzvah at Bnai Jacob Synagogue, Saturday, April 13. Mr. and Mrs. Kahn entertained at a dinner Sunday, April 14, Mr. and Mrs. S. Kahn, Mr. and Mrs. C. Kahn, Mr. and Mrs. P. Goldblatt, Mr. and Mrs. M. Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Solomon, Mr. and Mrs. S. Wittes, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Zacks, Mr. and Mrs. M. Poyaner, Mr. and Mrs. S. Guttman, Dr. and Mrs. H. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. M. Auerbach, Mr. and Mrs. S. Brodsky, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Greenwood, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Sourkes, Mr. and Mrs. J. Rockstein, Mr. and Mrs. S. Ruckenstein, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rabin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Garmaise, Mr. and Mrs. S. Albert, Mr. and Mrs. A. Raginsky, Mr. and Mrs. J. Shattner, Mrs. S. Moscovitch, Dr. B. Benjamin, Mrs. J. Benjamin, Gerald Kahn, Alton Kahn, Miss Anette Kahn, Marvin Kahn, and Phyllis Kahn, Mesdames Charles Kahn and S. Guttman assisted the hostess in receiving.

Isidore Mouckley, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Mouckley, Kinsley Apartments, St. Joseph Blvd. West, was bar-mitzvah Saturday, April 13, at Bnai Jacob Synagogue. Reception was held Sunday, April 14. Rabbi Singer spoke. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. L. Rosovitch, Mr. and Mrs. I. Issenberg, Mr. and Mrs. L. Mayper, Mr. and Mrs. H. Levine, Mr. and Mrs. A. Mouckley, Mrs. Fanny Miller, and Misses Shirley Barnett, Hattie Diamond, of New York; Sadie Miller, Sylvia Gelgoot, Esther Bernstein; and Howard and Dave Barnett, George Rotsky, Dr. B. Payne, Ben Bernfeld, Dave Miller, Allan Stencer, T. Kelly, Ben Englestein, Joe Ostro, Dave Finklestein, S. Davis, Leo King, Jack Silver, and C. Felcher, of New York.

The bar-mitzvah of Ben, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Dutch, Esplanade Avenue, took place Saturday, April 13 at Young Israel Synagogue.

The bar-mitzvah of Alex, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Abramovitch, 5470 Hutchison Street, will be celebrated April 20th, at New Adath Jeshurun Synagogue, St. Urbain St.

Engagements

Mr. and Mrs. A. Rudner announce the engagement of their daughter, Frieda, to Dr. David H. Muhlstock, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Muhlstock. Wedding June 25.

Deaths

Friday, April 12, Shirley Rita died, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Notkin, aged 19 days.

School Rosenhek, of Hamilton, N.B., age 53, died at Montreal General Hospital, Saturday, April 6, following an illness of ten weeks. He is survived by his wife and three sons, Clarence, Moses and Jack.

Born

To Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Knight, Thursday, April 11, at Royal Victoria Hospital, a daughter.

OPEN MEETING

The last open literary meeting under the auspices of the Baron de Hirsch Book Club, takes place Sunday, April 21st., at 8 p.m. Professor S. I. Krieger, mathematician will lecture. Musical program.

DONATE RAFFLES

The Hebrew Ladies Relief Society met Sunday afternoon, April 14, at the Montefiore Hebrew Orphans Home. Mrs. R. Kaufman presided. Raffles donated: by Mrs. M. Strausberg, silk bed light; Mrs. R. Levenstein, diamond ring; Mrs. R. Boulkis, pair of bedroom slippers. $353.60 was collected at this meeting. The raffle, a leather hand bag, donated by Mrs. W. Barish, netted $9.15 and was won by Mrs. D. Rabow, who donated $1.

The name of Dr. Sigmund Freud was suggested as one of the two representatives allocated to the Jewish community of Austria on the extended Jewish Agency for Palestine, in the recommendation of the Austrian Zionist Commission for designating non-Zionist representatives to the Agency. As an alternative for Prof. Freud, Dr. Knoepfmacher was named. Both are leading members of the Independent Order Bnai Brith lodge in Austria.

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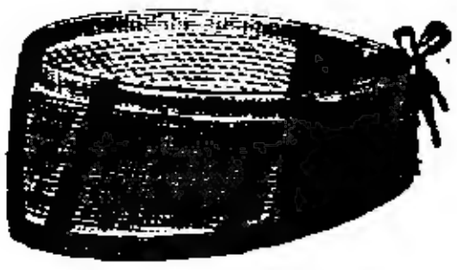
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Editor,

Canadian Jewish Review,

I can hardly hope that the few spurts of my hurried pen shall have the effect of a full and direct answer to the letter of S. H. Abraham, which appeared in your REVIEW a short time ago. Yet, as one of the speakers at the Young Israel banquet (though not one of the two "eminent" theologians) to which he refers, I should like to deal with a few of the leading questions which have a pertinent bearing upon Jewish life in general. The particular local problem of Montreal is but a reflection of the universal Jewish problem that perplexes and confounds every Jewish community.

Let us see wherein lies the problem. Traditional Judaism insists upon an acceptance of all the theological dogma and precepts that are found in the "Shulhan Aruk." It insists upon the conception of a personal deity who, out of his wisdom, created ex nihilo this world and all that is in it, mineral, plant and animal life. All the laws in the Bible which are of divine origin and the laws of our Rabbis which are permeated by a touch of the divine cannot be abrogated; they are immutable, eternal, under all conditions and under all circumstances. The modern mind refuses to regard the past but looks to the present and to the future for the answer to its religious problems. It cannot conceive of a personal God and regard the world as governed by a fixed order of natural law operating in accordance with its own essence. It regards the Bible as a redaction of the works of different authors living at different times. The laws are not universal and are meant only for a certain people living in a certain definite age. With the evolution of the human spirit and the consequent change of laws, both moral and religious. Thus the Rabbinic attitude towards the status of woman in society and the laws resulting from such an attitude can no longer be accepted today.

The question that interests us at once is, can we reconcile orthodox Judaism with the modern mind? Can a man practice the faith of his fathers and yet remain a modern man of the world, sound in mind and intellectually honest? We know that every age has been faced with these same perplexities and every age has produced its philosophico-apologetic literature in a determined effort to reconcile these apparently independent and contradictory sources of truth. All our medieval Jewish philosophy, from its inception with Saadia to the time it reached its high water mark with Maimonides, a period of about three hundred years, is nothing but a rationalization of Jewish dogma and a harmonization of religion and philosophy. Practically all our "Judaica" today is but a reflection of this medieval spirit (Farbridge's "Judaism and the Modern Mind") and the birth of a "Yeshiva College" is an indication that the need for harmonization is still felt as a vital issue. The apologetic nature, however, of this method spells its own doom. For when you defend revelation by reason it is tantamount to an admission that revelation is inferior to reason; when you show that the conclusions of the Bible do not contradict the conclusions of philosophy and science you are affirming that the latter are superior. If that is the attitude that traditional Judaism will continue to adopt it can never meet with the approval of the modern mind.

Wherein, we now ask ourselves, has Reform Judaism contributed to the solution of the problem? Reform Judaism has endeavored to reconcile the ancient faith with the modern attitude by utterly casting off the ancient faith. The traditions of the past belong to the past and are interesting only from an historical point of view— like an Egyptian mummy. The dogma of the Rabbis have no relevance in our lives today. Today it is incumbent upon us to be good citizens of the United States, of Canada, of Germany, of whatever country it may be our fortune to be a part, and be true to the ideals of that particular country. We must be

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loyal and patriotic, we must go to war when she is at war (right or wrong) and talk of peace when she is at peace. It is true that we are Jews but that is merely due to the accident of our having come from a Semitic stock, but first we are Canadians Americans, Germans, then we are Jews—after a fashion. It is ignoble and unworthy of us to think that we are a nation and that we can posses a land of our own, (though of late many Reform Rabbis have been flirting with Zionism and Palestine). Just as a fox terrier and a Belgian police dog lose their distinction when we realize that they belong to the larger canine family so the different creeds and cults, Christian, Mohammedan, Jewish, are identical when we think of them as belonging to the larger human race. . . . That is the contribution of Reform and therein is the problem of Judaism solved—by draining the fountain of living water of its life-giving qualities and substituting a pale, colorless, insipid mixture.

If, then, traditional Judaism has become nothing but a feeble, spiritless, old man who seeks to apologize for his faith, and if Reform Judaism has become a surgeon who castrates his own powers of productivity, we are faced with the burning question, can Judaism be preserved at all? And the answer is that Judaism, by its very nature, is already preserved. We must remember that just as Judaism belongs to us we belong to Judaism. The grind of the centuries has carved into our hearts and souls a Jewish consciousness that cannot be deleted by a mere act of the will. The rhythmic pulsation of nature, relentless and inexorable as it is, mirrors the rhythmic beat of the Jewish heart, a heart that is steadfast and eternal. Deeper than all party prejudices, deeper far than any conscious religious emotion, is the spirit of the Jew that burns with an undying glow. No Jew can repudiate his religion without a long and determined effort on his part, an effort which generally meets with failure. He may have given up all practice, he may have abandoned all ritual, but somewhere there flickers, dimly perhaps, a spark of Jewishness that kindles under misfortune and unjust setbacks. And we must remember that Judaism, per se, is well worth preserving, for does it not represent the accumulated experiences of a people who have existed longer than any other people? Have not these experiences been gathered from contact with every civilized country on the face of the earth? These experiences, purged of the imperfections, the superstitions, the irrelevancies, which were inevitable under the circumstances, comprise a culture that is superior in almost every respect to that of its Nordic neighbour. Are we to relinquish that culture so that we may become good citizens of a country whose culture is largely borrowed from ours?

Judaism, to-day is coping with the problem of ideas. Science has opened the portals of a new world with new ideas, a world that is strange to the eyes of him who has been accustomed to look at a God-beridden universe and he finds himself in a quandry as to what to do with his old ideas and how to make them fit into this new world. The problem, then is the readjustment of old, Jewish ideas, a readjustment which must preserve the essential spirit of these ideas and at the same time give us a sense of the reality of the present. Zionism is one of the important links in this chain of readjustment, but it must not be mistaken, as it is by many, for the whole chain. Zionism is one of the elements in the Jewish culture that gives us a vivid sense of our relation to this world and helps us define our position in it. A study of Torah, of Rabbinic literature, is that important link which binds us to the past and fills us with its dominant spirit. It is this combination of past and present which solves the religious problems of the modern mind. The application of this combination must be carefully studied by experts, by men fully equipped from the standpoint of scholarship and that of character, and the results which will give us the

Sincerely,
MAX J. ROUTTENBERG.

Editor:
Canadian Jewish Review,—

Allow me to use your columns as a medium of expression for thoughts provoked by a letter written to you by S. H. Abraham, in issue of March 29th. Without any attempt or intention of glorifying my intellectual achievements, I would like to say that I have won medals and prizes, both at Sunday School and at the University (McGill) on subjects of Jewish interest ranging from Hebrew history, philosophy and ceremonial law to Semitic Anthropology.

I have attended religious services in Reform, Conservative and Orthodox synagogues besides occasional attendance at Roman Catholic and Protestant churches, not to mention a year's education at a Roman Catholic boy's convent and a year's attendance at an Anglican Sunday School. Besides all this I was brought up by Orthodox parents, had the usual Hebrew education by a private Rebbe, and was duly Bar-Mitzvaed.

From the above expose of my training and education, I can deem myself a representative Jewish youth who is now arrived at the stage where he can take stock of himself and find out what his religious beliefs are.

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And what do I find? I am a philosophical anarchist. As far as I am concerned. S. H. Abraham, to quote your own words: "The present phase of Jewish thinking is philosophical anarchism."

Judaism, as it is now, does not appeal to me. Orthodoxy is too narrow in its interpretations; Conservatism is but a slight lifting of the veil of Orthodoxy and in Reform I find a general lack of sincerity, too much of a trend towards fashionableness."

Its Rabbi's seemingly too eager "to sell Judaism."

I profess, then, no particular religion, I hold only to the 10 Commandments, because it is applicable to humanity in general — and not as an integral part of Judaism. In my moral dealings with the external world, I follow only the dictates of my mind, — (perverted though it may seem to some) — that only is right or wrong which my worldly consciousness tells me is so.

I do not go to other religions for solace, because in the main they present the same difficulties that Judaism does.

If Rabbis, priests, wiser and older men than I, were to argue with me, tell me that I have the wrong conception of religion and attempt to point out that theirs is the true interpretation. I would find that logical though their arguments would be, they would still be refuting each other. But I must not forget that they would all agree that

1. There is one God.

2. There are moral laws such as the 10 Commandments and the Brotherhood of Man which are universal in application. There are principles which are inherently right or wrong.

The above two facts or principles then would seem to be the basic concepts of a true religion.

It is up to us now to thank past ages and religions for bringing us up to our present level, thank them for the universal moral principles they have given us and take advantage of them to evolve a new faith. But it is not necessary to continue the ancient fetishes and rites which no longer have a place in the conditions of the world of to-day.

Perhaps the ideas I have expressed are vague, perhaps they seem but the incoherent mutterings of a mind rendered dangerous by a little bit of learning, but this I do see very clearly by actual experience and observation and that is that Judaism in all its three phases, be it Orthodox, Conservative or Reform, has completely lost its essential meaning to practically all the intellectual youth of Jewry. A wide statement to make but one that can scarcely be denied!

Jewish youth goes to shul not to seek moral guidance but to show off their nice clothes.

As far as Judaism is concerned I can only see a complete re-organization of its precepts and tenets effected when Jews are established in Palestine, when the name Jew will be associated as a national of Palestine, it will then be able to legislate on the needed changes, and these changes will be recognized and adopted as such by Jewry still outside Palestine —who will by then recognise the legislative powers in Palestine as authoritative and supreme. We will then have one Judaism and not Orthodox, Conservative or Reform.

Sincerely,
LOUIS A. DE ZWIREK.

Editor,
Canadian Jewish Review,

Rabbi Isserman, as is well known, preaches liberal Judaism in Toronto. He has nothing against other religions but he resents their sending missionaries to the Jews and the noxious methods this last ones employ in their endeavor to gain their purpose.

Sunday, two weeks ago, he gave expression to his ideas in that direction to a grand audience who, as usual, came to hear him in his temple, in consequence of which a nice and very interesting little pen tournament was stirred up in the local press.

Easter holiday, you know, the Christian spirit is quickened by the "good tidings", it bears them. Pro and con girded their loins and without bitterness at all, but rather sportsmenlike they did their best to hit home their darts dipped in ink.

The laurels were finally won, in my opinion, by Dr. Inkster pastor of Knox Church who, since nothing else can help, promised to pray for the rabbi's conversion. That effected, his flock would follow, as a matter of course, one may cogently judge. Thank goodness, we live in better days, Jews are no more coerced into line by ostracism pogroms or yellow badge. But exorcism by prayer is resorted to for that holy purpose. Heaven is implored to help unbend the mind of the stiff-necked Jew that he may see the truth. And what is the truth? As the pastor of the church sees it! Good, that is as it should be, would, that the good gentleman's plan be emulated all over the world wherever Jews abide. Let them pray. He who prays for another, his own need for that matter is supplied "him first," say the ancient sages.

Prayer, by the way, is a very essential expedient in the life of mankind. If it can not, under certain conditions, bring help from without it brings aid from within, it affords solace and quietude to the afflicted soul of the supplicant. There is, however, prayer that is doomed to failure from its inception. Wise providence can not grant it because it is foolish. How can a man make twice two sum up five by ardent prayer? Or can something that is based on a myth from the past be made authentic history by supplication ever so devotional? One might fast and pray, bend his head like a bulrush and afflict his soul ever so much and ever so long. All in vain. History can not recede, and what has not occurred can not be

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grafted unto the past, no matter how many millions of honest people believe it to be an actual fact. Is anything too hard for the Lord? Of course not. But that is not the point. The question is: has a certain event taken place at a certain time in a certain country? Contemporary natives know nothing about it. Here prayer is puerile and barren.

There is another aspect to prayer. When we hear a man pray, we know what he wants. No man prays for what he is possessed of. If he has the means, he does not pray, but procures what he wishes for. In times of drought we pray for rain because we can't obtain it. Could we get it we would not pray but get it.

We don't pray for electricity or steam power but produce it as good as we know how and enjoy it thankfully.

They who still pray for the Jew's conversion do so, because, thanks to a wise and just rule under the British flag, they are deprived of another means wherewith to procure that conversion. Had they it in their power to enforce their wish, would they pray? Consult history and get the answer.

I have once asked a clergyman what he would do if he had the right to enforce his pious injunctions. He told me frankly what he would do. A quotation that made me feel creepy in parts of the anatomy, and I thanked heaven and the powers that be for withholding from him that right. Reverend gentlemen can pray, but they can ply the knout too, history informs.

Civilization will be a step nearer completion when the Jew will be accepted as he is, without an endeavor made to convert him not even through prayer.

M. Geldzaeler

Toronto

Montreal Social

Miss Freda Lewis, Bishop Street, entertained at the tea hour, Tuesday, April 9, receiving Mesdames H. H. Livingstone, M. H. Cohen, P. Lewis, H. Lewis, J. Apps, H. Furlong, and Misses Leola Lewis and Sarah Feen. Miss Leola Lewis sang accompanied by C. J. Lewis. The room was decorated with yellow roses.

Mrs. R. Laing, 550 Marcil Avenue, was hostess at bridge and tea in honor of Mrs. S. Dashiff, of Ottawa. Mesdames J. Josefo, S. Shapiro, L. Caplan, J. Corry, J. Laing, S. Laing, I. Laing, M. Laing, Sam Laing, J. L. Sabbath and Miss Ruth Laing were there. Prizes were won by Mesdames J. Josefo, J. Laing and S. Shapiro.

Mr. and Mrs. Lew Kouloy, Durocher Avenue, entertained at bridge Saturday, April 6, Mr. and Mrs. William Costiner, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Goief, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Margolese, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Diamond, Miss Lillian Costiner and Leon Costiner. Prizes were won by Mrs. S. Margolese and W. Costiner.

Miss Betty Plotnick entertained at her home 5384 St. Urbain St., Bea Goldapple, Leah Sadler, Sally Levine, Anne Engel, Sally Plotnick, Jack Quint, Moe Claiman, Maurice Gold, Jimmy Plotnick, Lou Westrich and Lou Plotnick. Bridge. Prizes were won by Sally Levine and Moe Claiman; booby prizes by Bea Goldapple and Anne Engel. Sally Plotnick assisted in serving.

Mrs. Solly Solomon gave a surprise tea and four tables of bridge, complimenting Miss Bee Silverman, whose engagement has been announced to Alex Solomon. Present were Mesdames S. Morantz, A. Solomon, S. Silverman, J. Nameroff, N. Wolfe, W. Maltz, A. Solomon, J. Solomon, H. Schneider, E. Landau, Tempkin, A. Solomon, S. Schneider, H. Glassman, Levin and Misses Fay Solomon, Lottie Maltz, Mary Solomon, Fanny Solomon. Prizes were won by Mesdames N. Wolfe, S. Morantz, H. Glassman and Miss Fanny Solomon.

Mesdames M. Rubin and J. Goldstein gave a kitchen and linen shower and bridge at the Edinburgh Cafe, Tuesday, April 9, in honor of Miss Lillian Schachter, a bride-elect of May. Guests were Mesdames M. Hopmeyer, H. Hopmeyer, H. Marcovitch, S. Simkovitch, Scharf, P. Lupu, S. Myers, M. Finkelstein, S. Simkover, M. Melnick, B. Yates, J. Yates, H. Shapiro, S. Berman, M. Goldstein, J. Leibovitch, Drake, N. Brecher, N. Watterman, N. Solomon, I. Fortus, A. Sigler, E. Cohen, T. Habamovitch, S. Klein and Misses Eva Ornstein, S. Norris, Ray Mendelsohn, and Anna Steinman. Prizes were won by Mesdames J. Leibovitch, N. Solomon, J. Yates, I. Fortus, T. Habamovitch, and Misses Eva Ornstein, S. Norris and Lillian Schachter.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Baranoff, Boyer Street, gave a party for their daughter Ruth's sixteenth birthday, Tuesday, April 9. Covers were laid for thirty. The table was decorated in Japanese style with blue, orange

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and green streamers and balloons. The house decorations were carried out in lilies, daffodils and hyacinths. Mrs. Bironoff received. The following entertained: H. Rosen, piano; J. Rosen, violin; N. Rosen, mandolin; Miss Thelma Baranoff, piano; H. Greenberg, whistled and Miss Tillie Goldberg gave sketches. The following won prizes: Mesdames R. Katzoff, S. Rosen, S. Dianond, Misses. Shirley Chernoff, Mona Vineberg, and Ray Gelmanovitch. Guests were Mesdames Sam Spivack, Sol Diamond, Jack Diamond, Ben Frager, R. Katzoff, J. Bell, J. Vineberg, and Sam Rosen and Misses Tillie Goldberg, Muriel Levy, Nettie Godfrey, Ray Gelmanovitch, Dorothy Vineberg, Mona Vineberg, Gertrude Wolfstein, Lily Baranoff, Annie Baranoff, Shirley Chernoff, Leah Gelmanovitch, Mary Gross, Betty Steinman, Annie Diamond, Jennie Diamond, and Hyman Richman, Moe Williams, Henry Rose, Hyman Greenberg and S. Vineberg. Souvenirs.

CANADIANS IN LOS ANGELES

Mrs. Naomi Glickman, West Eighth St., entertained at her home Wednesday at a bridge luncheon, complimenting Mr. Block and daughter, Rose, of Montreal. Table decorations were in orchid and yellow, with a centrepiece of sweet peas and jonquils. Covers were laid for sixteen. Those present included Mrs. Block, Miss Rose Block, Montreal; Mesdames W. Aronson, R. E. Heilig, A. Goulden, Don Martin, Otto Kerner, B. Balos, Wiseman, A. Silver, H. Singer, H. Genser, P. Ogulnik, Montreal; Aron Block, R. Miller.

Mrs. R. E. Heilig, Orange Ave. was at home at the tea hour Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Tannenbaum, Montreal, who spent the past five months in Los Angeles have left for their home, returning by the Pacific Cost route through the Canadian Rockies. En route they will visit San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, Winnipeg and Victoria.

P. Ogulnik, who spent a few days in San Diego, has returned.

Mrs. H. Singer, Pasadina, was hostess at a birthday luncheon and party, in honor of the fourteenth birthday of her daughter, Lillian. Covers were laid for eight.

Miss Weingarten entertained at two tables of bridge.

Miss Abrams gave a theatre party in honor of Mrs. Charles Samit, of Montreal.

Mrs. N. Lippman was hostess at an evening.

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REALTY NEWS

CÔTE ST. LUC ROAD TO BE MAIN ARTERY N.D.G. CITY TRAFFIC

That a third main artery for traffic for the district of Notre Dame de Grace will be constructed was made known by Alderman Biggar at a meeting held recently by citizens of the Snowdon district. The alderman stated that Cote St. Luc Road, probably as historical as the old Lachine Road, will soon become a main traffic highway and will go direct from Sortin Park, just west of Montreal West, through Notre Dame de Grace and will eventually link up with Westmount Boulevard.

Such a proposition will take some time, but plans have been arranged whereby the highway will be straightened out at several acute angles and it will run horizontal with Sherbrooke Street and Monkland Ave. The highway will therefore replace the old farm road, which was the connecting link with many old time farms such as the Decaries,' the Hall's etc. An up-to-date pavement will be constructed and will undoubtedly do much to develop the northern district.

The citizens of the northern sector met to discuss matters of a municipal nature pertaining to their part of the ward.

In addition to the Cote St. Luc matter, the question of improving several streets, expropriations to open new ones, commercialization of others, and other matters were on the agenda.

The alderman, speaking of the extension of Melrose avenue, drew some comment of a controversial nature from Owen Roberts, well-known local builder.

Mr. Roberts wanted to know, why a price of fifty cents a foot had been paid for farm land to extend Melrose avenue, when a price of only thirty cents a foot was paid for developed land on Monkland avenue when that street was being put through.

Mr. Biggar did not answer, but referred Mr. Roberts to Mr. A. Beaudry, Chairman of Expropriations, for an answer to his query.

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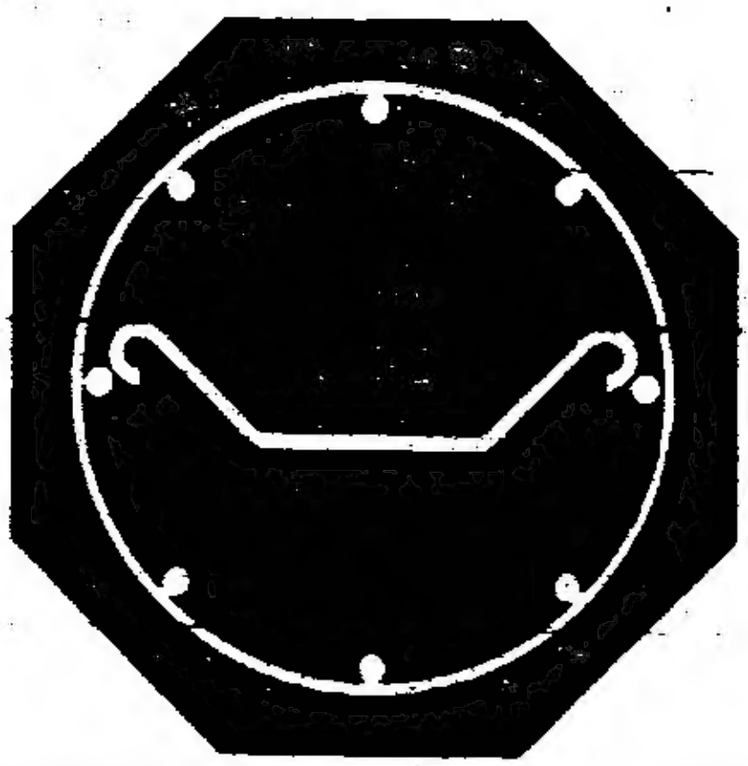

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A. Leonard sold to S. Abrahamson et al northwest part of 4678-47, 4678-48, southeast part 4678-49, City of Verdun, measuring 3,078 feet, with buildings Nos. 678 to 680 Egan street, for $18,800.

D. Kahansky sold to D. Chevrier lots Nos. 15-1167a-1169 St. Jean Baptiste ward, with buildings Nos. 4302 to 5312 Laval Ave., for $14,500.

L. S. Margolese sold to A. Ouellette et al lots Nos. 1726-y-7, 1726-y-8, St. Andrew ward, measuring 2,800 feet with buildings No. 29, Cote des Neiges road, for $271,000. (Laurentian Apartments).

A. Ouellette sold to L. S. Margolese lot 88-1, part 88, St Louis ward, measuring 7,006 feet, with buildings fronting on Lagauchetiere and St. Dominique streets, for $30,000.

L. Broñevetzky sold to H. Goldenblatt et al the northwest part of lot No. 37, Laurier ward, measuring 21.3 by 93½ feet, with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 4821 to 4825, fronting on Clark street, for $3,500.

West End Development Co. sold to F. Bindoff lots Nos. 1720-145, 164, St. Andrew's ward, with buildings bearing the civic No. 3450, fronting on Atwater avenue, for $23,500.

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B. Leznoff, sold to J. Abramson lot No. 433-12 St. Jean Baptist Ward, with buildings Nos. 3991, 3993 Clarke street and No. 30 Duluth street, for $11,000.

Mrs. H. Horwitz sold to Mrs. I. Weiminger lot No. 12-1-81, Laurier ward, measuring 20.10 by 91 feet, with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 4684 to 4688 fronting on Hutchison street, for $15,200.

The Congregation Theferith Israel sold to the Congregation Beth Israel lots Nos. 753-280, 281 City of Lachine, with buildings fronting on the Public Road, for $2,100.

J. M. Labonte sold to S. Sokolovsky et al lots Nos. 33-356, 357, City of Outremont measuring 100 x 76 feet, with buildings Nos. 1081 to 1099 Van Horne avenue, for $10,000.

L. Broñevetzky sold to H. Goldenblatt et al the northwest part of lot No. 37, Laurier ward, measuring 21.3 by 93½ feet, with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 4821 to 4825, fronting on Clark street, for $3,500.

Mrs. J. Pollock sold to M. Shierman and uxor, lot No. 434-43, St. Jean Baptiste ward, measuring 20½ by 80 feet, with buildings, bearing the civic Nos. 79 to 83, fronting on Bagg street, for $11,500.

J. N. Biron sold to Mrs. O. Mayer lot No. 1a-8, 9, Maisonneuve ward, measuring 54 by 100 feet, with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 3001 to 3007 fronting on Notre Dame street, and Nos. 507 to 509a fronting on Theodore street, for $2,000 and other considerations.

M. Gameroff sold to A. Rothschild lot No. 138-e-32, town of Montreal West, measuring 4,900 feet, without buildings and fronting on Eastern avenue, for $2,000.

S. Rosner et uxor sold to Mrs. R. Rauch lot No. 159-7, St. Denis ward, with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 257,359, fronting on Mount Royal avenue east, for $11,500.

H. W. Freedman sold to Max Miller lots Nos. 709-424, city of Lachine, with buildings fronting on 12th avenue, for $7,200.

L. Huzmarov sold to L. Pereiman lot No. 918-29, St. Louis ward, measuring 20 x 95½ feet, with buildings No. 3837 De Bullion Street, for $3,400.

Edgar C. Levey, of San Francisco, was elected Speaker of the State Assembly at the opening session in Sacramento, Calif. Mr. Levy served as Speaker of the assembly during the last session.

J. Gersovitz sold to Mrs. R. C. Murray lot No. 1654-72-1, St. Andrew ward, measuring 56 x 115 feet, with buildings Nos. 1500, 1506 (apartment house) St. Mark Street, for $64,700.

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Jewish Burial

By NAHUM SOKOLOW

Kilitzki and Lilinfeld— by these names we shall call them—were the two oldest doctors in Warsaw. Kilitzki was about ninety years of age, and Lilinfeld about eighty. Both were assimilated Jews. For how was it possible to imagine a doctor who was not assimilated, in the generation just past? Neither one spoke in Yiddish to their patients. And when a patient spoke to them in Yiddish, they would pretend they do not understand the language; and when this disguise failed, or they would be moved to pity, they would permit the patients to speak in Yiddish, they trying hard to understand them.

Both Kilitzki and Lilinfeld felt as proud and haughty as noblemen. They rallied to their defense the facts that they graduated together from the university, that they are seniors to all other practitioners in the medical field, and that they are kind and good natured.

Kilitzki, though ninety, still practised his profession. He was renowned for his knowledge and skill, and had pleasing and interesting memoirs: he served under Napoleon the First, and received a medal from him. He was honored by Jews and non-Jews alike, forgetting he was a Jew because of his non-Jewish name. Nor was his house kept with the strict Jewish laws. When he was in the middle age yet, his sons and daughters deserted the Jewish faith; and the older he grew the more apostates he had around him. Whether he was thus satisfied inwardly, no one knows.

Lilinfeld, too, was a renowned doctor. He was on the staff of a Jewish hospital. Like Kilitzki, he, too, was one of the first Jewish doctors in Warsaw. He had graduated from a foreign university because at that time no Jew was permitted to attend the university in Poland. However, when they both graduated from foreign universities, they came to Poland for examinations and also for license to practice. Lilinfeld, studying in Germany, became very much like the Germans.

Regarding their Judaism there was little difference between him and Kilitzki. The most holiest of traditions of the Jewish religion he kept more so than Kilitzki due, perhaps, to his Jewish rearing which still bore traces in him; or possibly due to an inclination to belie more on his part than that of his colleague. In other matters, however, he was like Kilitzki. He, too, was esteemed like all doctors and lawyers, especially when he was fortunate in amassing wealth.

In rearing their children, however, there was a great difference between them. Kilitzki, being a doctor in Napoleon's army and with a Polish name and far from searching for a belief, was closer attached to the Gentiles. Lilinfeld, on the other hand, was a doctor in a Jewish hopital, and if he were not to like the Jews he could not, under these circumstances, keep away from them; especially when he did like his own people. On the contrary, he was proud of his ancestors, besides he felt an inward longing for his religion. He often attended the services in the synagogue, and very often, during the year, he would hum the musical tones of the prayers.

While Kilitzki's children were drifting further and further away from their people, the children of Lilinfeld held on fast to the belief of their father, though down in their hearts, perhaps, they loved the Jews as much as Kilitzki's children did.

Both doctors were intimate friends for about forty or fifty years. They were both tall, never sick or weak or nervous. But since they were human beings, their end must come.

Kilitzki's butler once came to Lilinfeld asking him to come to his master's house. He hurriedly complied with Kilitzki's request and immediately started out for his friend's house. When he arrived he found Kilitzki at his writing desk.

Kilitzki was a widower for the past thirty years. With him, in his house, also lived his daughter, a widow, who was not in the house just then when Lilinfeld arrived.

Lilinfeld approached him and, taking hold of his hand, he greeted him in Polish: "Good morning! How are you?"

Kilitzki was seated calmly. And looking up to Lilinfeld, he answered in Yiddish: "Put away the Polish, and be seated."

At first Lilinfeld could not understand why he spoke to him in Yiddish. He thought Kilitzki was mocking at him, but on second thought Lilinfeld understood that it was impossible to accuse his friend of derision.

Lilinfeld sat down near him, and said in Polish: "I beg of you not to twist your head in an unnatural position, for there is nothing the matter with you."

Kilitzki picked up again his head, and said very clearly to Lilinfeld, who recollected his grandfather's accent in the following words, in Yiddish, of Kilitzki:

"Mortcha! (Lilinfeld did not hear that name for a number of years) sit down right here!"

Lilinfeld sat down near him, and reminding himself that he was a doctor, he wanted to feel his pulse. Kilitzki, however, guessed his

(Continued on page 59)

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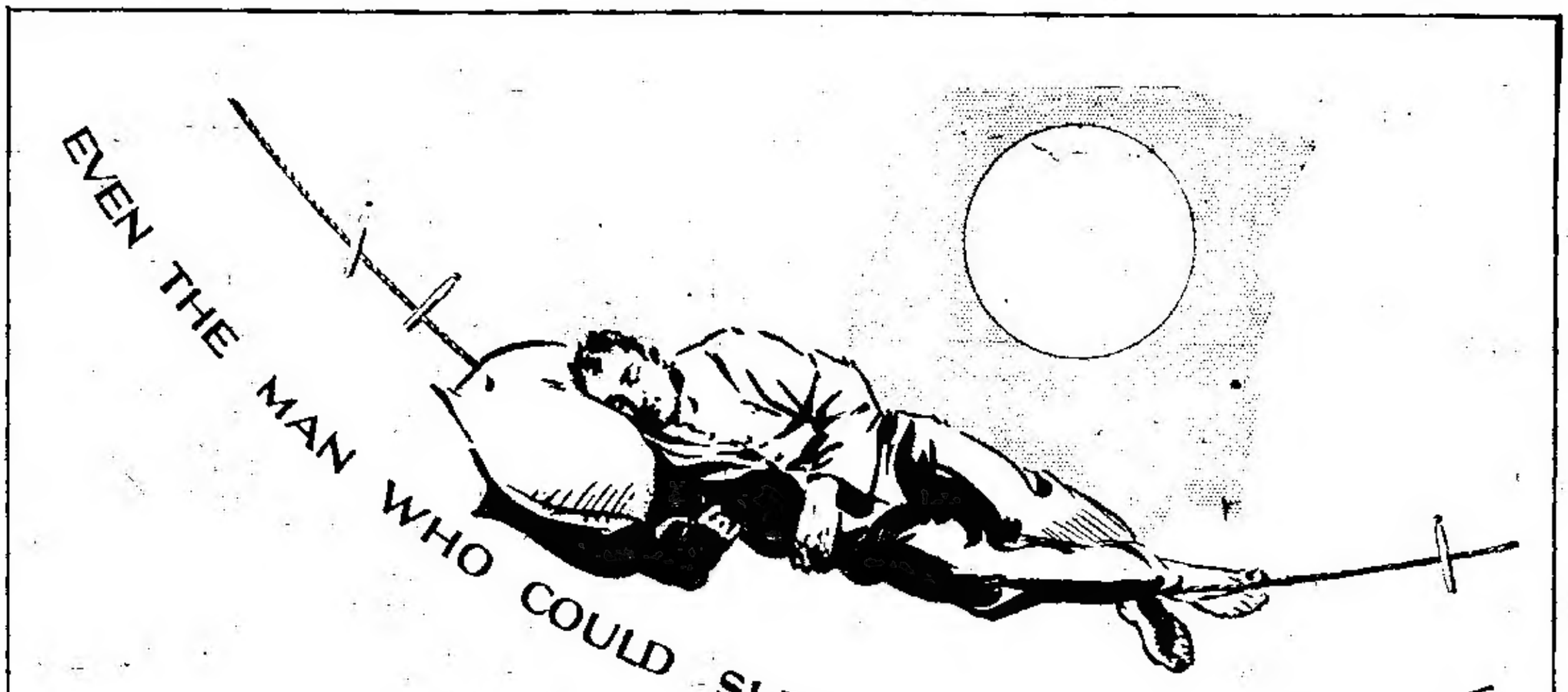


- - - will revel in the luxury of this super-mattress

THE sleep-inducing qualities of Beautyrest have never been equalled. Every hour spent upon it is sixty minutes of perfect unbroken slumber

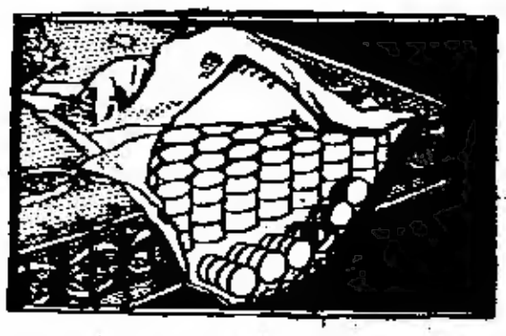
. . . the kind you need these high-pressure days when all too few hours are devoted to sleep.

Take no chances with your rest. Too much depends upon it . . . business success, social enjoyment, health.

Sleep on Beautyrest and plumb new depths of perfect repose. Relax completely as never before on this wonderful spring-filled mattress, so buoyant, so luxurious to body and nerves.

Five or six hours on Beautyrest equal eight on an ordinary mattress.

Put an end to soggy mornings; listless afternoons; dragging evenings. Get your proper rest on Beautyrest.



Hundreds of sensitive little coil springs buried between layers of pure new cotton are permanently attached to the firm pocket edge created by Simmons and found only on Beautyrest: ventilated sidewalls. Rich Jacquard Damasks now cover the new Beautyrest $39.50

Beautyrest MATTRESS
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Photographs

New numbers:
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FOR THE CHILD . . .

AN IDEAL SHOE

Why hazard the physical well-being of your child with shoes that may permanently distort and afflict the feet? Injuries during the period of development may prove to be serious handicaps later on.

The ideal shoe for your child is the

Cantilever Shoe

It is constructed on scientific lines that permit the feet to exercise and grow strong and perfectly shaped.

The Children's Cantilever Shoe

They fit better, wear better, and look better than any other shoe you can buy, but most of all they build for the future.

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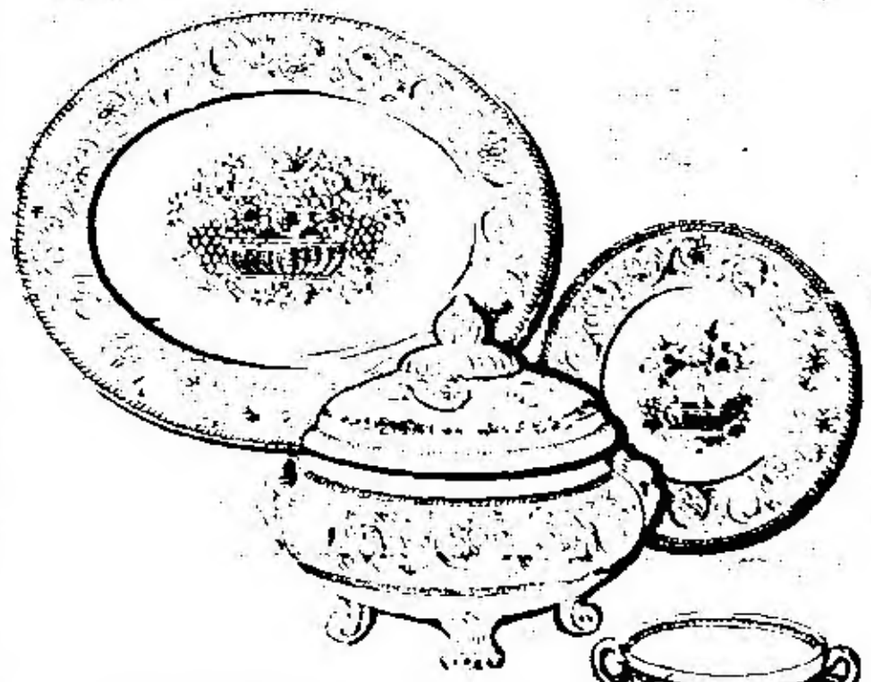

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A new service that the most exacting hostess will love to see on her table

Stock pattern dinner plates $15 a doz.

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OUR CHILDREN

Subscribers of THE CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW are invited to send in pictures of their lovely children. Give the full name, age, address and names of his parents. There is no age limit for children. Pictures will be returned in good condition. They will appear in THE REVIEW in the order in which they are received in this office.

MARION
Five-year-old daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Harry Friefeld, 3581 St. Famille Street, Montreal.

WHAT THE CHILDREN SAY

Subscribers of the CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW are invited to send in little stories about their youngsters or children they know, what they say and do in interesting situations. Write down what your little one said to-day and mail it to the What-the-Children-Say Editor, REVIEW office, in Toronto or Montreal. Give the child's full name, age, address and the name of his parents. One dollar will be paid for every story printed.

Phyllis Goldfarb, six-year-old daughter of Mrs. L. Goldfarb, 4126 St. Urbain Street, Montreal, was left at home sleeping, while her mother went out one evening to see friends. Her mother had left word to be called home if anything important turned up. She was called home with the excuse that Phyllis was not feeling well. The next day, her mother expecting a friend to call and see her, said to Phyllis: "Phyllis, if anybody should call and ask if you were sick last night say yes." Phyllis answered: "But mother, I don't want to tell a lie. I'll tell you what, I'll make myself shy and not talk."

RITA SMITH
three-and-a-half-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. Smith, 4868 St. Urbain Street, Montreal.

SYLVIA DECKELBAUM
age seven years and seven months, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Deckelbaum, 1093 St. Viateur Street West. Photo taken at the age of six years by Bernstein's Studios.

FORCASTS FOR THE GOLFING SEASON

The Eyes of the World will watch you from a Fashionable Club House, and your success for the season is measured not only by your stance and swing, but by your correct Sports Apparel.

SWEATERS

Modernistic Moods are translated in to an eccentric but facinating design, in black on a Kashmere wool pullover of Silver Wing and Dove Grey 20.00

SKIRTS

The skirt should match the sweater for the style of the ensemble of Sportswear is aimed at. This smart pleated skirt of Flat Crepe comes in grey. 19.50

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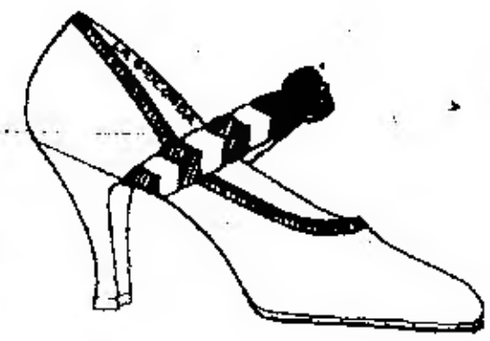

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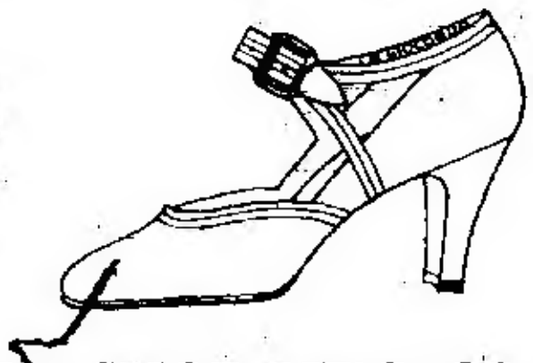

LA GIOCONDA SHOE MF'G. CO.

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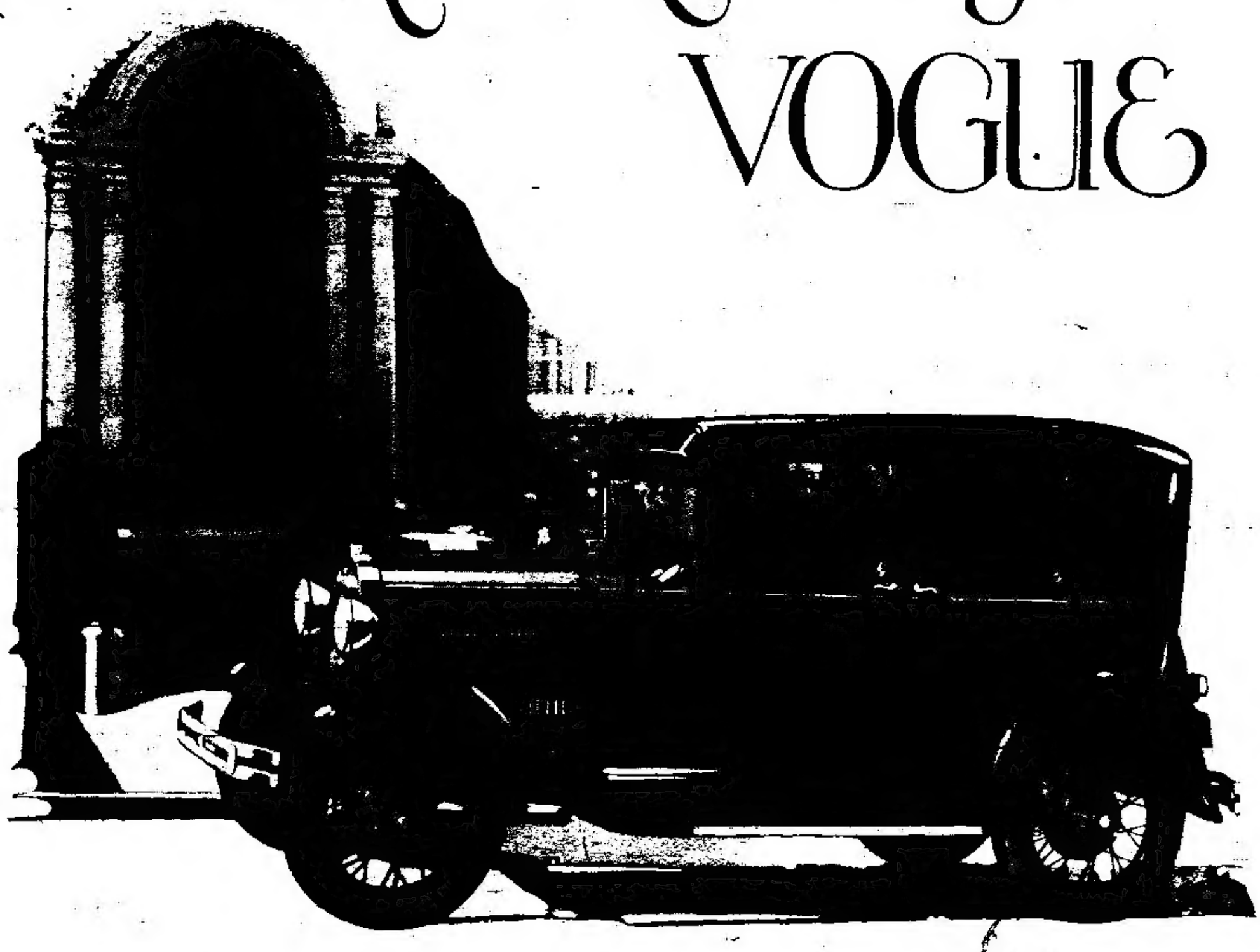
A. D. SEBASTIANI, Proprietor

META
Five-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Levin, 636 Belmont Avenue, Westmount, Montreal.
Photo by Bire Studio

DAVID AND KALMAN
Nine-year-old David (left) as he was at the age of five, and Kalman (right), as he was at the age of four, now nine and eight years old, are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Faber, 356 Cote Ste. Antoine Road, Westmount, Montreal.

The New Motoring VOGUE



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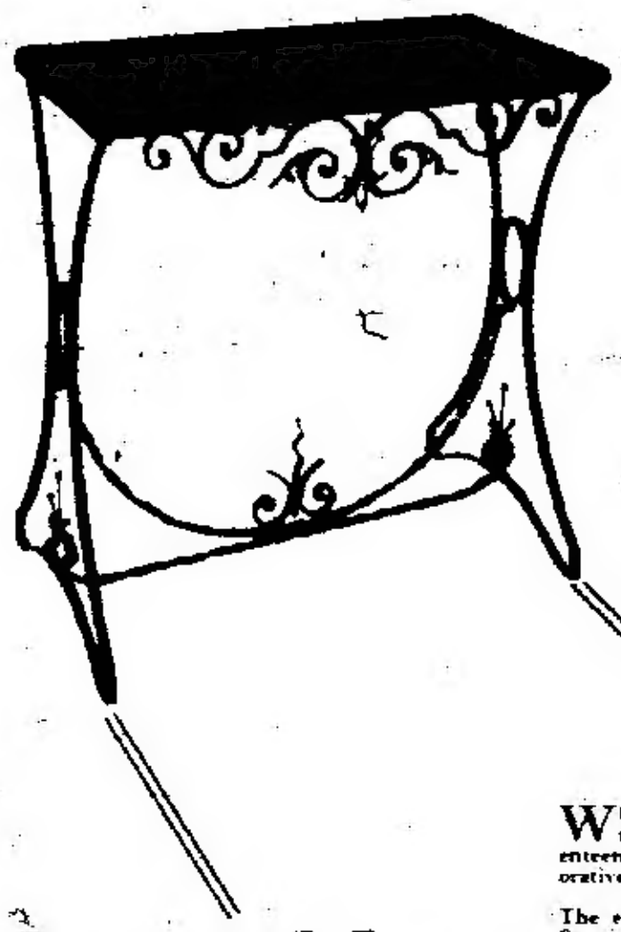

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The austere beauty of hand worked iron permits of your individual expression of good taste.

Sketch designs of your modern interior in iron will be gladly furnished

Mrs. Joseph Kruger, Honorary President of Temple Emanu-El Sisterhood, who recently attended the Temple Sisterhood Convention in Los Angeles. Photo by MacAdam

Mayor Camillien Houde

Montreal

ON the occasion of the Feast of Passover Mayor Camillien Houde of Montreal extends his hearty greetings to his Jewish fellow-citizens throughout Canada.

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65 stores in Montreal
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Ruby Soobis, four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Soobis, 4854 Park Avenue, Montreal.

BERNARD, MARTHA AND MORTON
Children of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Pesner, 1363 Lajoie Avenue, Outremont, Montreal.

Photo by Jacoby.

AVRUM

Six-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Faber, 356 Cote Ste. Antoine Road, Westmount, Montreal. Photo taken at the age of three.

NATALIE RACHEL BAUM,

8 months old, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Baum, of New Rochelle, N. Y. (née Adele Wolfe, of Ottawa).

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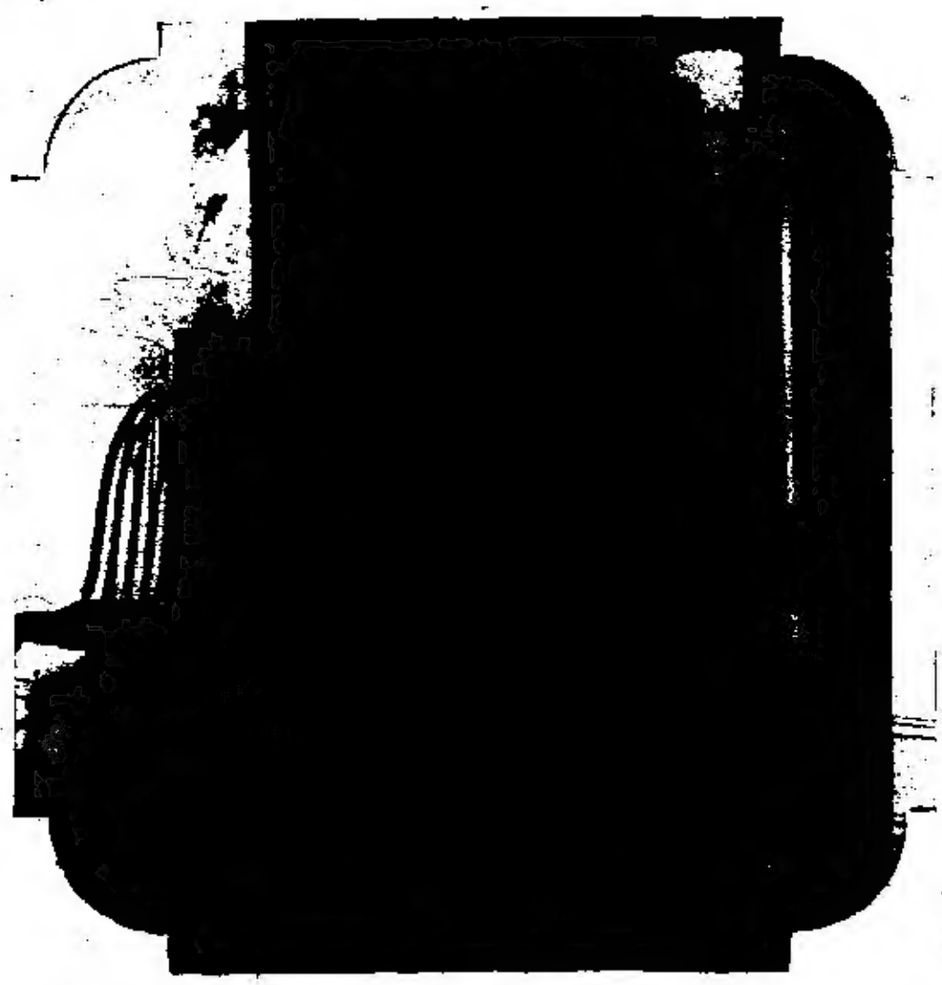

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Radiola

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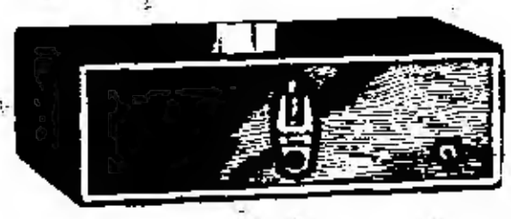

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Radiola 51 with its built-in loudspeaker offers you the last word in quality reception and beauty of cabinet. Like all Batteryless Radiolas it merely plugs into any electric outlet.

Radiola 18 is famous from one end of Canada to the other, and at its low price of $165 offers wonderful value. Hear it with C.G.E. Loudspeaker 100-A or the Dynamic Loudspeaker 103, and you will realize why it is the most popular receiving set made.

Finest of all Radiolas is the Super-Heterodyne and to appreciate it you should have a demonstration at your dealer's of Radiola 60. Its tone, power and selectivity is unrivalled.

Radiola 60
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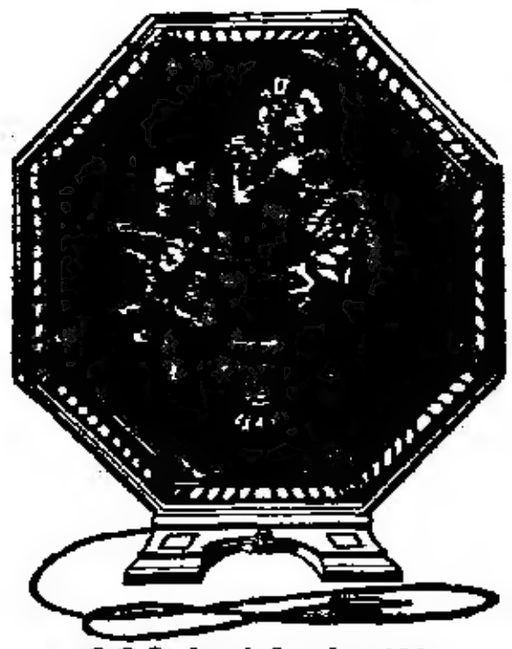
C.G.E. Loud Speaker 100-A
$39.50



C.G.E. Loud Speaker 103
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Red Indian Motor Oil
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Helen Steinman, age six and a half years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Steinman, 638 Davaar Avenue, Outremont.

BEN-ZION
age ten months, son of Mr. and Mrs. MyerJosefsky, 4421 Esplanade Avenue.

MRS. SAMUEL BLUMER.
formerly Nancy Joseph, whose marriage took place December 16. Photo by MacAdam

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THE MODERN
WALL TEXTURE

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12

DURALITH
PERFECTED BY ARCHITECTS

Please send me information on how to get a free color scheme for my home.

Name.....

Address.....

Gerald Yancovitch, age 11 months, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Yancovitch, 714 McEachran Avenue, Outremont.

Hershel Pesner, age two years, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Pesner, 742 Stuart Avenue, taken at the age of one year. Photo by Kiddygraph Studio, Park Ave.

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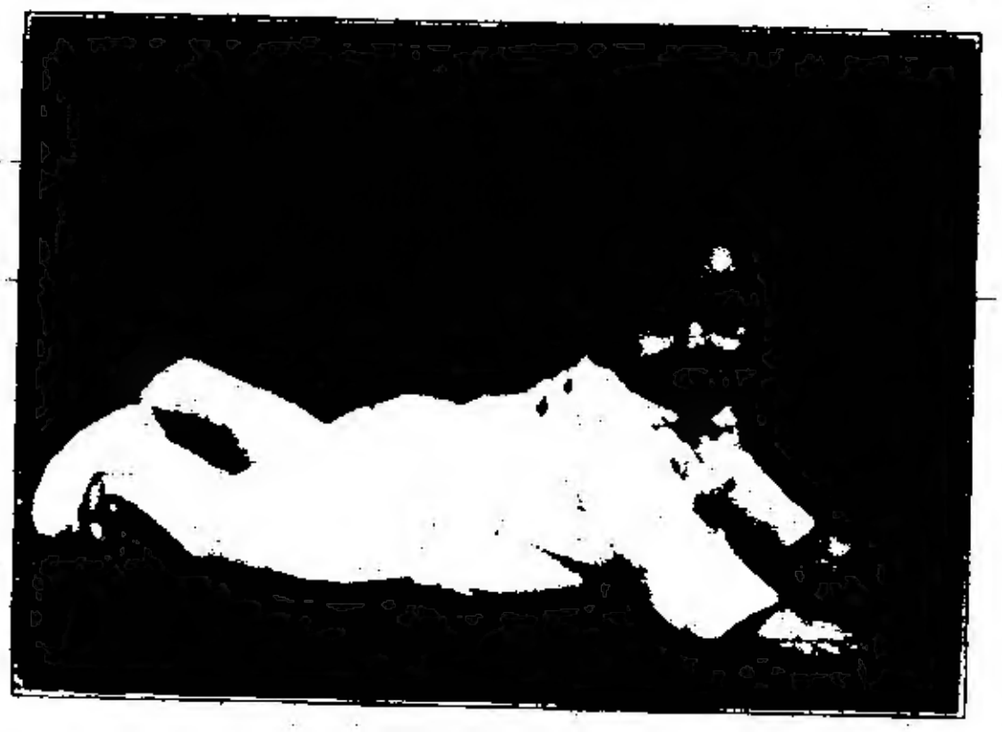
MARTIN GILBERT and JULE HERBERT
aged three and one year, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Paskowitz, 278 Montrose Ave., Toronto.



ROBERT STEIN
son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Stein, Atwater Ave., Montreal, taken at nine months by Associated Screen News Limited

Wilfrid, age three, son of Mr. and Mrs. I. Revansky, 704 Queen Street West, Toronto

Phillip and Bernard, nine year old, twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. J. Mosoff, 423 Palmerston Boulevard, Toronto.

MOSES
age ten months, son of Mr. and Mrs. Shiar Mendelson, 95 Oxford Street, Toronto. Photo by Lyonde.

OUR CHILDREN

Subscribers of THE CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW are invited to send in pictures of their lovely children. Give the full name, age, address and names of his parents. There is no age limit for children. Pictures will be returned in good condition. They will appear in THE REVIEW in the order in which they are received in this office.

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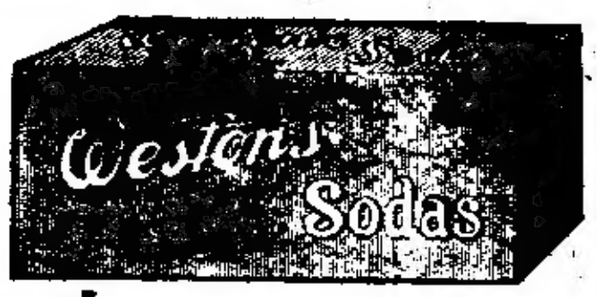

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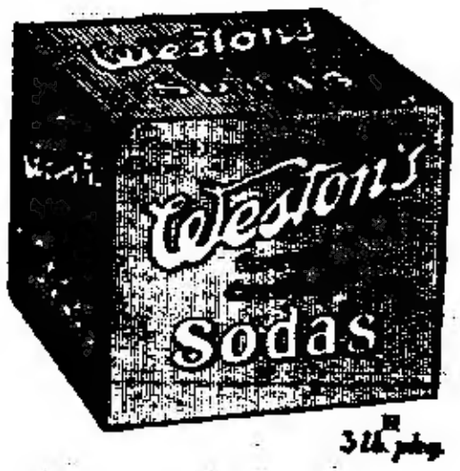
Soda Wafers



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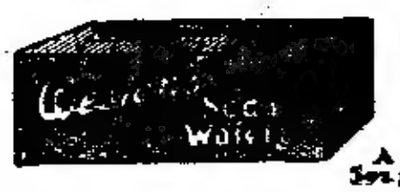
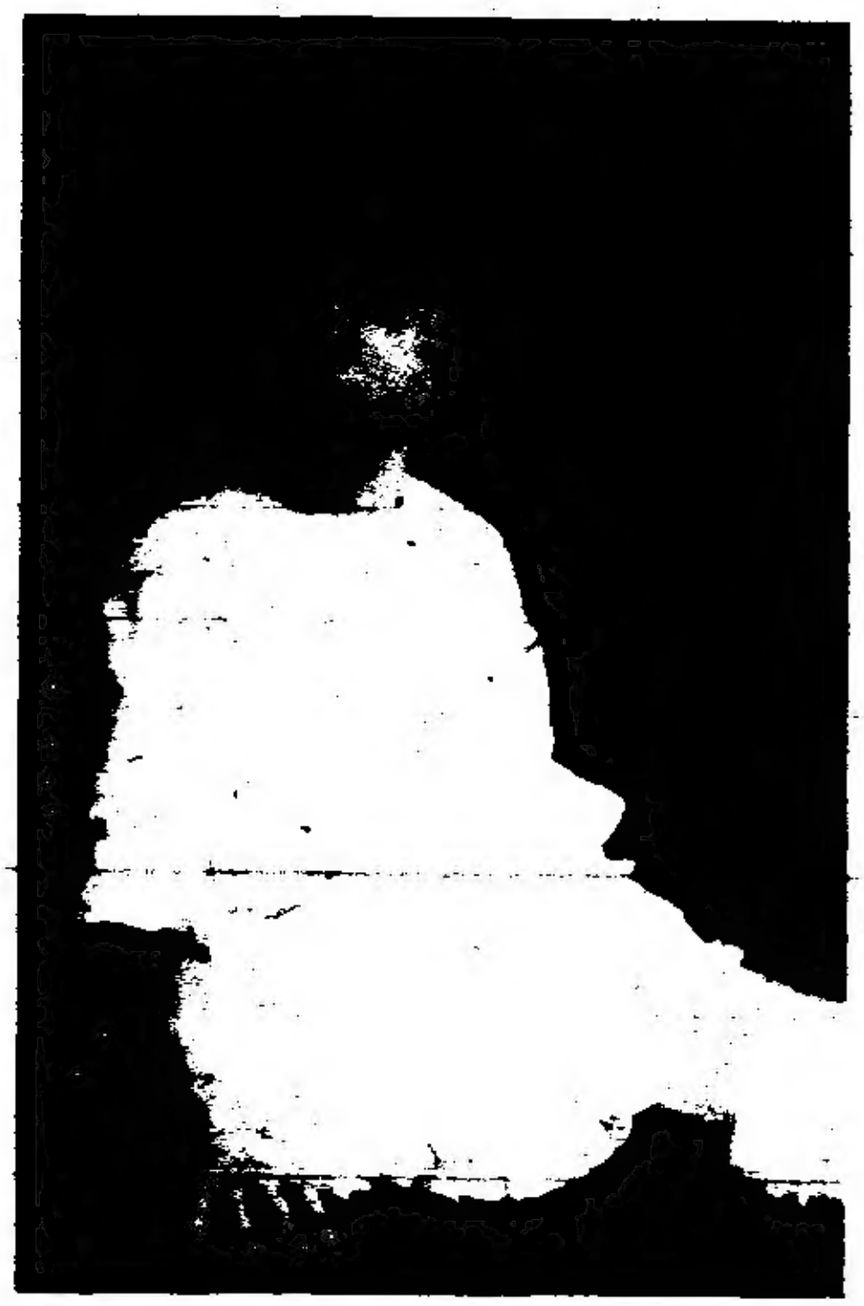


JACQUELINE HAZEL STEINBERG

age six years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Max Steinberg, 4880 Hutchison Street, Montreal.



JOYCE LEONORA POSTNER,

two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Postner, 15 Duverger Avenue, Outremont. Photo by Kiddygraph Studio, Park Avenue.

ALICE AND LILA GUNTER,
daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gunter, 153 Gibson Avenue, Hamilton, Ont.

GEORGE DECKELBAUM,
age four years, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Deckelbaum, 1083 St. Viateur Street West. Photo taken at the age of 2½ years by Bernstein's Studios.

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Lingerie New and Very Chic

At all times in the intimate little shop for French lingerie... gowns, slips, vests bloomers, bridal and trousseau sets of such exquisite charm and beauty that they win the heart of the most fastidious.

Spring shipments are complete and the French Lingerie Shop is brimming over with suggestions for the April and June bride—of this or recent years.

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Have You Heard the Scarf news this Season?

That scarfs never before have had such importance in the make up of the ensemble! They give the jaunty, individual finish to a costume. Parisian dressmakers have designed such clever models and they can be worn in such flattering ways. We have exact copies of these French Scarfs in heavy flat crepe in bi-color or tri-color effects that are extremely smart. This particular model costs.

$6.95

The Smartest Gloves!

Gloves from the finest French manufacturers in kid with the newest ideas in cuffs.—Cuffs with little bands of kid braiding in contrasting colors in cut work and embroidery. Colors to suit any ensemble. Also washable suede pull on gloves in Suntan, soft Greys and off white shades.

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Store Hours: 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

LUCILLE ESTELLE,
age 6, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Lavene, of Detroit, formerly of Toronto. Photo by Bachrach.

OUR CHILDREN

Subscribers of THE CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW are invited to send in pictures of their lovely children. Give the full name, age, address and names of his parents. There is no age limit for children. Pictures will be returned in good condition. They will appear in THE REVIEW in the order in which they are received in this office.

JEWISH BURIAL

(*Continued from page 42*)

friend's intention, spoke to him again in Yiddish:

"Mortcha, of what use are all the pretentions? Life ends right here and soon, too."

Lilinfeld wished to convince him that life does not end here and soon, but it was impossible to convince him. For he, too, was an old and renowned doctor who knew the body.

"Mortcha, give me your hand!" said Kilitzki.

Lilinfeld obeyed, giving his hand automatically. And Kilitzki, in a weak voice, said to him:

"Mortcha, you will not turn away from me . . . You understand . . . the fellows around here . . . I shiver, Mortcha, do you promise me that I will be buried with Jewish rituals . . . that I will be placed in the tomb of Israel?"

Lilinfeld did not comprehend Kilitzki's fear. Of whom is he afraid of? he thought to himself, but did not want to ask him. Lilinfeld vowed to do the bid of the dying man.

"Mortcha," said Kilitzki in a very weak voice, "Mortcha, there on the shelf lies a holy book. Take it down and read to me some words of Hebrew."

Lilinfeld repaired to the shelf, took down the holy book, located some suitable prayers, and sat down near him as he recited the words of Hebrew, Kilitzki repeating word for word.

Suddenly Lilinfeld reminded himself again that he was a doctor. He dropped abruptly the reciting of the prayers, and wished to fetch him some water, some medicine—to try to save his friend, Kilitzki, however, perceived his intentions, pointed with his finger, and said:

"You see, there on the table stands many bottles of water, medicine; but they are of use to me now. Proceed with the reading."

Lilinfeld read on and on. Suddenly Kilitzki dropped his head, snorted, and all was over with. He was dead.

His daughter, the widow, ran into the room and, seeing her father dead, began to cry.

A few minutes later there gathered all the children and relatives of the deceased. Lilinfeld did not turn away. He talked with the people who were there. He replied calmly to their queries as to how the death of Kilitzki came about. And when they began to deliberate about the funeral, about the flowers to be placed near the deceased, Lilinfeld arose, and said:

"I beg pardon. In accordance with the will of the deceased, which lies here now, I am the head of his house. I shall take complete charge of the funeral arrangements and the procession!"

Lilinfeld despatched a messenger to the congregation, asking them to have some Jews stand near the deceased, and to arrange a funeral—a Jewish funeral.

(Translated from the Yiddish by Ephraim Goldberg.)

Rabbi Rubinstein, member of the Polish Senate and leader of the Mizrachi, orthodox Zionist organization in Poland, was approved as Chief Rabbi of Vilna by the Minister of Religions.

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Interest is paid on all Savings Deposits.

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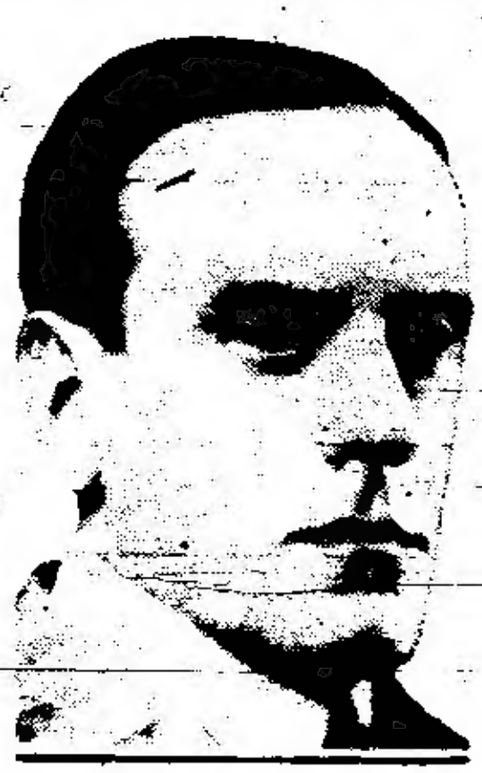
It Came to Pass That——

—By Dr. Cecil Roth, of London, England, fellow of the Royal Historical Society.

APRIL 19TH.

Recurrent anniversary of massacre throughout the Jewish world from the eleventh century to the twentieth. The record is begun by a massacre at Cordova—the first experience of the sort suffered by the Jews in Moorish Spain—when Al Haqim, one of the pretenders to the Caliphate, stormed the city in 1013. Precisely one hundred and seventy years later, being the seventh day of Passover, 1283, a Blood Accusation took place at Mayence. In spite of the efforts of Archbishop Werner, the Jewish quarter was attacked and ten persons were murdered. Simultaneously, twenty-six Jews were being massacred at Bacharach. After an interval of sixty years, Saturday, April 19th., 1343, marked the inception at Wachenheim of a series of outbreaks which devastated, before the week was over, several of the neighbouring communities. In 1506, the scene reverts to the Peninsula. The fatal date happened that year to be Easter Sunday. A New Christian who had entered a church in Lisbon doubted the recent miracle of a crucifix which was said to have become luminous. The populace, still unruly as a result of the riots of ten days previous, vented their anger on all of the culprit's fellows in disbelief: so that, within two days, over two thousand persons were killed. This was the notorious 'matanca dos christaos novos', or slaying of the New Christians. Finally, in our own times, the terrible pogrom at Kishinev began on April 19th., being Easter Sunday, the last day of Passover, 1906. As was common, an accusation of ritual murder was the pretext for the disorders: but in fact they took place under semi-official encouragement, if not organisation. It was only after the conscience of Europe had been shocked by three days' continuous rioting accompanied by considerable bloodshed that orders arrived from St. Petersburg to put an end to the disorders. Thus this baneful anniversary, April 19th., is marked throughout our history by a trail of blood. Other outrages, recorded or unrecorded, may have taken place upon the day, which can hardly be rivalled by any other for



Hon. Athanase David
Provincial Secretary

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its tragic recollections. It serves as a synopsis of Jewish history so forceful in its horror as to be unforgettable.

APRIL 20TH.

Martyrdom of Nicholas Antoine at Geneva, 1632. Born of Catholic parentage in Lorraine in 1602 or 1603, he had studied for the priesthood under the Jesuits. At the age of twenty, he became converted to Protestantism. His study of the Bible, however, convinced him that truth was to be found only in the Old Testament. Accordingly, he went to Italy to be admitted to Judaism: but neither the community of Venice or that of Padua, where apostasy was a capital crime, would give him any encouragement. Accordingly, he endeavoured to master his doubts and proceeded to Geneva, ultimately becoming pastor at a small village in the neighbourhood. Even now, he could not rid himself of his convictions. In private, he observed a Jewish life, saying his prayers in Hebrew and observing all of the Mosaic rites. In public worship he pronounced the name of Jesus as little as possible, read the dogmatic portions of the service almost inaudibly, and preached on non-sectarian lines, though most eloquently. His peasant congregants were perfectly satisfied with his administrations: but the lord of an adjoining manor denounced him. He was arrested and conveyed to Geneva. All attempts to make him recant failed. At his trial, which began on April 11th., he openly proclaimed his adherence to Judaism. Nine days later, when all hope to make him change his attitude had passed, he was condemned to be loaded with chains, strangled, and then burned at the stake. The sentence was executed on the same day, and he died imploring the mercy of the God of Abraham.

APRIL 21ST.

New Christians forbidden to leave Portugal, 1499. On the same day thirteen years later (April 21st., 1512) there was extended for a further sixteen years a measure dating from the earlier period (May 30th., 1497) providing that no enquiries should be made into the conduct of persons of this class for twenty years to come. These two regulations taken in conjunction go far to explain the strength of crypto-Judaism in Portugal, where it was far more deeply rooted than in Spain. In the first instance, the Jews were baptised by force in enormous masses, without even having the choice of martyrdom. Thereafter, they were forbidden to leave the realm, lest they should revert to their ancestral faith. Nevertheless, for a very considerable time to come no enquiries were made into their conduct, so that they continued their traditional manner of life and belief with impunity. By the time that the Portuguese Inquisition was finally established, in 1540, Marranism had become so firmly rooted in the country that it was henceforth utterly impossible to exterminate it, with the result that a pathetic remnant is returning to Judaism in our own days after four centuries of subterfuge

APRIL 22ND.

Birth of Uriah Phillips Levy, perhaps the first modern naval commander, 1792. A native of Philadelphia, he early evinced a liking for the sea, and became a cabin-boy before he was eleven years old. In the war of 1812, he served as sailing-master. While in command of a prize, he was captured by the British, and remained imprisoned in England until the Peace of Ghent. His later career, whether because of his native sensitiveness or of the unpopularity of his race, was chequered. He fought at least one duel, was tried six times by court-martial, and lost his rank of Captain. Before his death, however, he became commodore, and was made a freeman of New York. His tombstone, in the Cyprus Hills Cemetery of the Shearith Israel Congregation of New York, states that he was 'father of the law for the abolition of the barbarous practice of corporal punishment in the United States Navy.' He died on March 22nd., 1862.

APRIL 23RD.

Anti-Jewish edict of Louis XIII, 1615. A few Jews had begun to re-establish themselves in France, in spite of the repeated expulsions of the fourteenth century. One of the first acts of the son of the tolerant Henri Quatre was to chase them out again. All Jews, whether declared or secret, were ordered to leave the realm within one month under pain of death: and Christians were prohibited to harbour them or converse with them. In spite of the phrasing of this decree, it does not seem that the Marranos of the Spain and Portugal who had established themselves at Bordeaux and Bayonne under a transparent disguise of Christianity were disturbed. Ten years later, indeed, the Jurats of the former city petitioned the King not to deprive them to the services of these loyal fellow-citizens, of whom they spoke in the highest terms.

APRIL 24TH.

Holocaust of Jews at Troyes, 1288. In this small city of Champagne, immortalised in the annals of Hebrew literature by its connection with Rashi, a ritual murder accusation had taken place in the previous month. On Good Friday itself, the seventh day of the Passover, there had been discovered in the house of Haquin Chatelain, one of the wealthiest members of the community, a corpse which had been deliberately placed there by a jealous Christian. On the following night, his house was sacked and he was arrested with all of his family. The whole community was accused of responsibility for the crime, and thirteen of the richest members were tried (somewhat irregularly, as it would seem) by a tribunal of the Inquisition set up by the Dominican and Franciscan orders. All were found guilty and condemned to death by burning. The execution took place on Saturday, April 24th. Among the victims were two women—one of them about to become a mother, the other so beautiful that an attempt was made to persuade her to save her life by submitting

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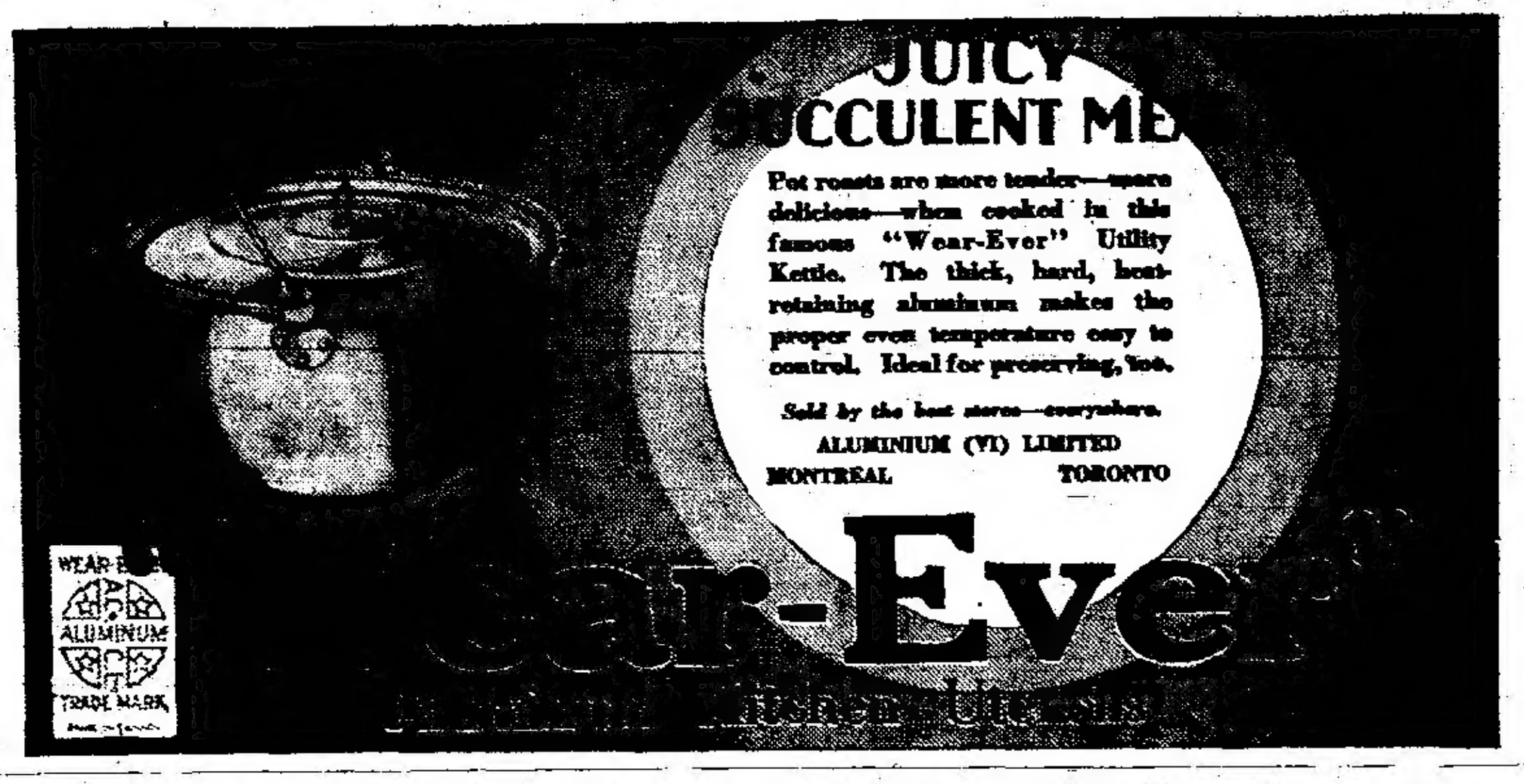
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to baptism. This tragedy was celebrated in a series of elegies—one of them, in old French, written in Hebrew characters, is regarded as of considerable importance for the study of Romance philology.

APRIL 25TH.

Anti-Semitic petition in Germany, 1881. From 1878, the reactionary movement organised by Adolf Stocker had become a force in German politics: and Bismarck, who had broken with the Liberals, gave it increasing support. In 1881, it reached its apogee. On April 25th., the Chancellor received from the anti-Semitic league a petition demanding, among other things, the disenfranchisement of the Jews and the prohibition of further immigration. This disgraceful document bore no fewer than 255,000 signatures. To accede to these requests would have been impossible at the close of the nineteenth century. Nevertheless, a number of the discriminations demanded were already being acted upon quietly by the authorities. The popular passions aroused by this found their expression in rioting and attacks upon the Jews in many parts of the country.

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OTTAWA

Mrs. Frank Bender and daughter, Miss Etta Epstein, have returned from Hamilton after visiting with Mrs. Bender's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Freiman for two weeks.

Miss Eva Abramson is home after spending the past six months in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Agranove, of Hamilton, spent the last week-end with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Benwick.

Mrs. A. N. Prussin, of Detroit, is visiting with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Holzman.

William Holzman spent a few days of last week in New York and Montreal.

Mark Davidson has returned home from a visit with his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Crawford, and also to Atlantic City.

Miss Muriel Sugarman entertained at a bridge honouring Miss Ida Friedman, who will be married shortly.

Miss Eva Baker is back from Detroit.

Mrs. M. Adler, who for many years has been a resident of Ottawa, left to make her home in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Jaffe, of Toronto, are visiting with the former's sister, Mrs. I. Zivian, and Mrs. Zivian.

Mrs. G. Gertler, of Montreal, is visiting with her mother, Mrs. Slover.

Mrs. D. H. Feinberg, and son, Sidney, have returned to Detroit, after spending two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Marks.

Mrs. Max Baylin was hostess at a miscellaneous shower in the vestry rooms of Murray Street Synagogue in honour of Miss Mary Eskin, whose marriage to George Joshua Goldberg takes place soon. The table was decorated with spring flowers, tapers and a miniature bride. Assisting in the tea room were Mesdames A. Schwartz, D. Dover, A. Cohen, A. Freedman and Misses Diana and Celia Wineberg, Rose Millar, Sylvie Glazer, Gertrude Shuster, Sylvia and Eva Baylin, Sonia Cohen, Ruth and Annie Eskin and Ruth Victor.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of Rideau Street Synagogue gave a farewell tea in honour of Mrs. J. D. Berger, wife of Rabbi Berger, Wednesday of last week. Mrs. Berger was presented with a silver tea set by the Auxiliary. Mrs. S. Coplan made the presentation. The guests were received by Mesdames S. Coplan, M. Maser, H. Finklestein and N. P. Zellcovitz. Refreshments were served by Mrs. A. Berezin, Mrs. N. Berger, Miss Muriel Finklestein, Mrs. A. Brunberg and Miss Esther Florence.

Under the auspices of Queen Esther and Lillian Freiman chapters of Hadassah a lecture and tea was held in Trafalgar House Tuesday afternoon of last week. Dr. H. M. Asnl, geologist of the Dominion Government, spoke on "Modern Explorations in Palestine." Mrs. Harry Freedman, president of Queen Esther Chapter, introduced the speaker. A vote of thanks was moved by Mrs. Harry Dover, president of Lillian Freiman chapter. Miss Fanny Epstein played the piano. The tea table was decorated with spring flowers and pussy willows in a silver basket and was presided over by Mesdames J. Kizell, W. Shenkman, M. L. Diamond and H. H. Sugarman. Mrs. S. Brodie was in charge of the refreshments assisted by Mesdames Chas. Tanner, Geo. Wolf, M. L. Diamond, M. Shenkman, Philip Jaffe, Miss Malka Freedman, Mrs. G. Gertler, of Montreal, and Mrs. Philip Jaffe, of Toronto, were guests. Mrs. I. Abramson and Mrs. M. L. Diamond received the money donations.

Mrs. A. H. Coplan, president of Lena Florence Chapter of Hadassah, was hostess at a tea for members. Mr. S. Caplan, of Montreal, spoke on Hadassah in Palestine. Mrs. M. J. Sachs moved a vote of

thanks. The chapter voted $50 to the Motza Home and $50 to the Agricultural School in Palestine. The tea table, centered with a bowl of pale pink tulips and with tapers to match, was presided over by Mrs. N. Metrick and Mrs. S. Coplan. Assisting were Mesdames M. Doctor, Alex. Betcherman, M. J. Sachs, A. Kizell, D. Betcherman, L. Fine M. Maser, A. Agranove, of Hamilton, and the Misses Olive Pullan, Lillian Coplan and Roslyn Gluck. Money donations were received by Mrs. S. J. Ritt and the door prize was won by Mrs. M. Kizell, Sr.

At the meeting of the Ladies' Hebrew Benevolent Society. The investigation committee reported that they are looking after eleven families during Pesach. Mrs. A. J. Freiman made an appeal to everybody to co-operate with Mrs. D. Epstein, the clothes convener, by sending clothes to her for distribution to the needy. Mrs. Geo. Wolf, orphans' convener, reported that money had been collected for the support of Jewish orphans. The society voted $100 from its treasury and a check for $20 towards this cause was received from Disraeli Chapter I.O.D.E. The use of the Wembley has been granted by Mrs. F. Sinclair for a card party to be held before the end of the month with Mrs. Sinclair as convener, assisted by Mesdames George Wolf, S. Brodie, D. Epstein, L. Greenberg, M. Stein and A. Slone. A resolution, moved by Mrs. A. Slone, and seconded by Mrs. Chas. Kert, that a meeting of the heads and presidents of all Jewish organizations be called for the first Sunday in September to form a federation of societies in Ottawa, was passed at the meeting.

Dr. Samuel Mirsky, of the staff of Ottawa Civic Hospital, addressed a joint meeting of the Ottawa Lodge No. 885 and Women's Auxiliary Lodge No. 62, Bnai Brith, on "The Hygiene of Jewish Dietary Laws." The speaker was introduced by Mrs. M. B. Margosches. M. H. Levey presided. A musical program was given by Miss Anna Brahinsky. Mrs. M. H. Levey was convener of refreshments assisted by Mesdames H. Rosenes, D. Epstein, A. Kahan, J. Salter and M. Shenkman. Kalman Smith moved a vote of thanks to those on the program.

Sherbrooke, Que.

Abraham D. Smith, Court St., underwent an operation at the Montreal General Hospital and is convalescing.

Louis H. Bernstein, spent a few days in Montreal.

Mrs. Samuel W. Smith, Strathcona Square, spent a week in Montreal with her mother, Mrs. A. I. Rubinovich, Northcliffe Ave.

Miss Rose Cohen, of Montreal, who has been visiting Mrs. Saul Nilloff for the past few weeks, has returned home.

Mrs. A. D. Smith, Court St., is spending a few weeks in Montreal with her mother, Mrs. Thomas Vineberg, Prudhomme Ave.

Manasseh Smith, Belvidere St., spent a few days in Montreal.

I. Malkinson spent the week end in Montreal with his family.

Herman Edgar, of Montreal, was here for a few days.

Ben Cohen, Gillispie St., spent a few days in Montreal.

Rev. A. Mittleman has returned after attending the wedding of his sister in Toronto.

Miss Fannie Goldman, of Montreal, and formerly of Sherbrooke, spent the week end with Miss Doris Green.

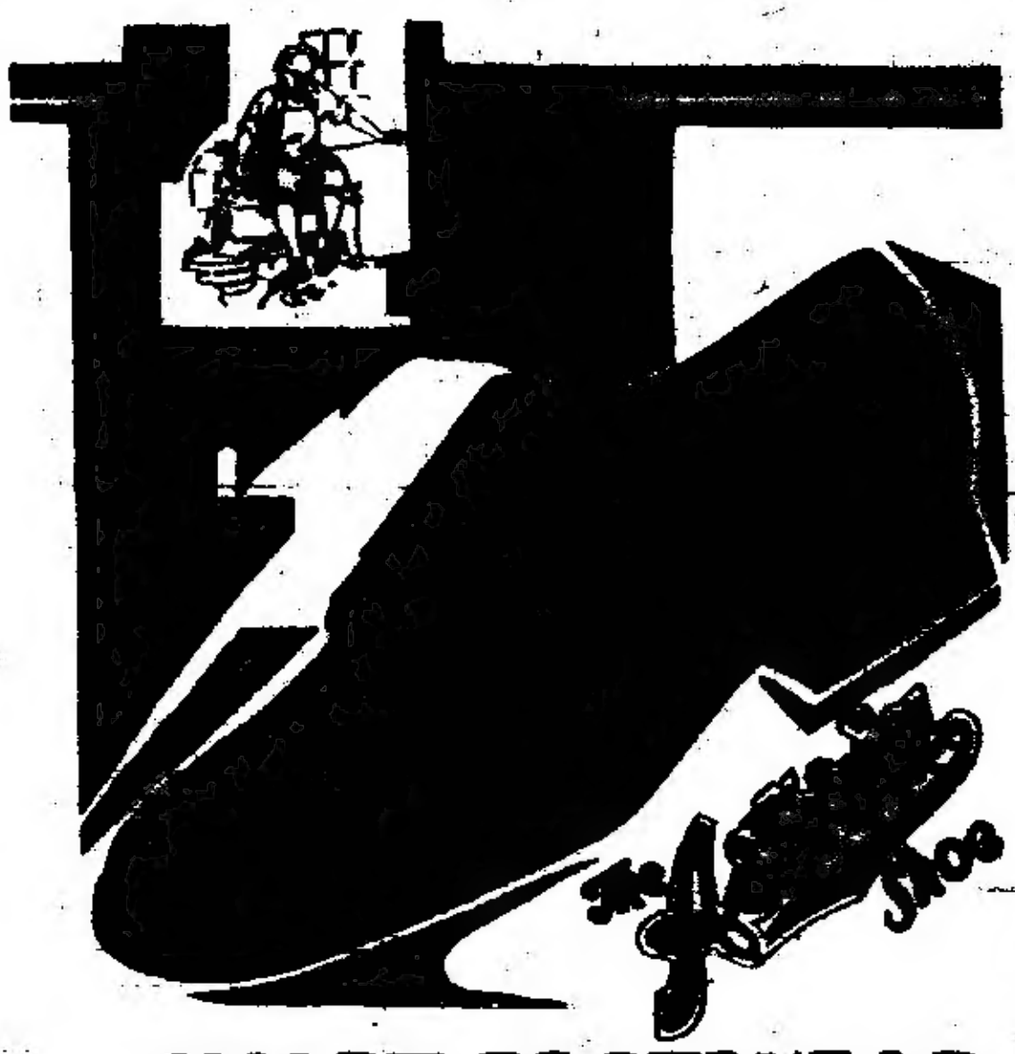
Mrs. David Leibling, of Quebec City, spent a few days here and in Montreal.

Louis Edgar, Beckett Rd., spent the week-end in Montreal.

In another part of this paper there is an Advertisement of the Reference History Edition of the "Webster's New International Dictionary." We can unreservedly recommend this book for we have purchased one for use in the Office of the Canadian Jewish Review and find it invaluable. The name "Dictionary", however, is a misnomer for it is literally a Reference Library containing 487,000 Entries. If this book was printed on ordinary paper and in the type used in an Encyclopaedia it would be in 15 Volumes instead of in one Practically every word in use in the English Language with its definition, shades of meaning and derivations is listed—over 408,000. Another feature of the "Webster's" is the divided page, every page being divided by a horizontal line. Underneath that line is given the less well-known words, foreign phrases, abbreviations and proverbs. Above the line, all the well-known words with their definitions and pronunciations are found. An up-to-date Gazetteer of 32,000 Name Places is listed and a Biographical Dictionary of 12,000 names is to be found in the same book. By glancing over the list of New Words one has an idea of the swift advance of Science and the new phrases coined during the World War. There are 5,000 of these to be found listed separately. Perhaps of greatest interest to the readers of the "Jewish Review", however, is the World History Outline. This Outline of History with its list of dates takes in the whole World and is compiled down to the Spring of last year.

The second part of this Outline History is an epitome history of every Country, Colony and Dependency in the World with list of dates. No other book contains this feature. Testimonials from outstanding scholars in all parts of the World have been received and this volume is in use in homes, offices and libraries throughout the Dominion. Where there are High School or College students it should be in the home and placed where they can have easy access to it. We know of no other book which will serve the purpose of helping in a comprehensive sense to advance Education. It is endorsed by the British and Australian Governments and by thousands of scholars both in the Jewish and Gentile Worlds. An atlas of the World is given, without extra charge, to all who take advantage of the offer of the Canadian Distributors, Messrs. McAinsh & Co. Limited, 60 Front St. West, Toronto.

The Court of Appeals at Suceavo, Bucharest, rejected the appeal of twenty Jewish high school pupils, who were involved in the events which occurred in November, 1926, leading to the murder by an anti-Semitic student of the Jewish student David Falik in a Czernowitz court.



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COUNCIL OF JEWISH WOMEN
(Jewish Girls' Club)

Girl Citizens monthly supper meeting at the Council Community House was attended by Dorothy Panzer, Rose Weinberg, Fanny Baker, Emily Haller, Eva Reisman, Gert Katz, Lily Ellinson, Sara Bauman, Rae Weinert, Rose Kershenbaum, Sara Hershenhor and Miss Gladys Papernick.

Kademah Girls held their anniversary dance at the Council Community House, Wednesday, April 3rd. The table was decorated with Spring flowers and candles, with baskets and crackers to match. The lucky number dance was won by Fern Otis and Ben Godofsky; Miss Rennee Hornick, president, entertained. Present were, Fern Otis, Bee Halperin, Rennee Hornick, Ann Kovan, Jessie Yorborg, Ida and Bertha Kelman, Sadie Stone; and Messrs. Cohen, Snider, Hobberg, Grafstein, Strauss, Cogman, Gibson, Gudofsky, Polevoy, Bochner and Miss Gladys Papernick, leader.

Bertha Draimin Girls were hostesses at their anniversary dance, Saturday, April 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Gluskin, Mr. and Mrs. Feldstein, Mr. and Mrs. Starr, Misses Faye Britt, E. Zadinoff, Hilda Weisbrott, Jeann Sherman, Rose Miller, Mollie Fruitman, Marion Bronstein, Lillian Glockstein; and H. Golinsky, M. Richmond, Mr. Zimmerman, Ralph Herman, William Rosen, Irving Gold, J. Swarts, M. F. Stein and Adelaide Cohen.

Surrey Cottage club supper was attended by Lily Melamed, Minnie Laytner, Dora Laytner, Anne Nyman, Ella Shats, Ida Hurwitz, Sadie Stone, Sarah Cargman, Molly Learner, Gilda Ziff, Eva Reisman, Sophia Reisman, Dorothy Panzer, Eva Young, Mrs. Chas. Benjamin dramatic coach, and Adelaide Cohen.

ADVICE

Now that the Passover Holidays are upon us we would strongly advise you to Pick up that Rug in the Living or dining Room and send it to the TURCO-PERSIAN RUG RENOVATING Co., at 101 Duchess Street, for attention.

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YOUNG MEN OF PRIDE OF ISRAEL

Young Men of Pride of Israel, a branch of the Pride of Israel, has been in existence for seven weeks and has the following membership of over fourty: A. Weistein, M. Cohen, C. Cohen, A. Cohen, H. Sheessel, S. Eisenberg, L. Levy, J. Brass, N. Black, N. Torneck, I. Feder, N. Graisman, F. Barofsky, I. Kirsch, M. Fisher, M. Barofsky, J. Minsky, J. Weston, L. Sherman, H. Brown, H. Snyder, M. Kollins, A. Laderman, P. Simons, S. Cohen, S. Clarendoff and M. Shadlyn. Officers: pres. S. E. Fagan; vice-president, L. J. Catxman; treasurer, B. Phillips; secretary, S. Franklin; publicity, I. H. Zaretsky; conveners, B. Zale and J. Ramm; Member without portfolio, L. Solway; sergeant-at-arms, C. Lerner; executive, J. C. Freedman, N. Rosenberg, M. Moren and N. Sone.

LODGE BRIDGE

Queen Esther Rebekah Lodge met Monday, April 8th, at the Oddfellows Temple, Selena Herman presiding. At bridge prize-winners included Mesdames S. Sobel, A. Simpson, Gray, S. Cohen, J. Caplan, H. Hoffman, Misses G. Rosenfeld, T. Clavir, Sobel, Mrs. H. Applebaum, Miss M. Shifrin, G. Loveguard. Winner of the lucky number draw was Mr. Amsterdam. Refreshments.

SOLIATH GIRLS CLUB

Soliath Girls Club held a theatre party and supper at the home of their leader, Francis Weisberg, Wednesday, April 3. Misses Ida Vanderhout, Eva Maxer, Mildred Rittersporn, Ruth Kalesman, Reva Appleby, Mollie Solomon, Evelyn Caller, Diana Silverman, Hilda Hauer and Polly Balsky were there.

An advertisement of the Toronto Business College appears in this issue.

We might say that at no time in our history was there a greater demand for well-trained stenographers, book-keepers, and office help of all kinds.

The boy or girl of foresight cannot fail to realize that without a good training along the secretarial, stenographic or commercial lines, he or she is seriously handicapped in the business world of to-day. Business men are looking for trained minds. There is no lack of good positions, paying high salaries; but there is a lamentable scarcity of young people qualified to fill exacting positions.

We personally know Mr. L. A. Chaffey, Principal of the Toronto Business College, to be an earnest, conscientious instructor whose whole concern is the advancement of his students. He is recognized by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons as "one of the most eminent authorities in America to-day on the theory and practice of Pitmanic shorthand". We have been in close touch with a number of his graduates whom we found, without exception, highly efficient in every way. We have, therefore, no hesitation in extending our unqualified endorsement to the Toronto Business College as an institution that is highly deserving of the patronage of well-meaning, ambitious students.

Dr. Saul Shasta local dentist has returned to Toronto after having spent the Winter in New York City taking post graduate course at Dr. Dewey School of Orthodontia.

Dr. Shasta is well known in sporting circles, being former Manager of the Y.M.H.A. and Manager and Player of the Judean Baseball Team.

Dr. Shasta is the only Jewish dentist in Ontario to graduate from Dr. Dewey's School.

Social Life in 1907— Do You Remember?—

At the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue in Montreal the wedding took place of Miss Rebecca Vosburg, eldest daughter of J. Vosburg, to Harris Lesser, son of N. Lesser of Webwood, Ontario. The bride was gowned in duchesse satin trimmed with real lace and carried a shower bouquet of bride roses and lilies of the valley. Miss Eva Vineberg, maid of honour, wore white trimmed with Valenciennes lace over pale pink shantung silk and carried pink roses. Miss Ray Vosberg, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid in white illusion. David Cohen was best man and J. Vosberg, brother of the groom, was groomsman. Mrs. N. Lesser was in black lace. The groom's gift to the bride was a pearl pendant; to the maid of honour on antique gold bracelet set with amethysts; to the bridesmaid a pearl pin. About 150 guests attended the banquet. The engagement was announced of Miss Beccie Erdrich, daughter of O. Erdrich, to S. M. Holofcener, of Ottawa. C. J. Gross and Max Weissman were medical students at Laval University. D. H. Bernstein, Max Rabinovitch, S. F. Stein and J. S. Budyk were medical students at McGill. In Ottawa the Young Men's Zionist Association elected as officers: P. Mirsky, I. L. Tolzess, J. Berger, W. Holtzman, B. Goldfield, H. Dover and H. Kert were delegates to the Canadian Federation. In Hamilton the bar mitzvah was celebrated of Max, son of Mr. and Mrs. I. Blumenthal, in Hughson St. Synagogue. A reception was held at his home on North James Street. Miss Adela Strauss, McPherson St., Toronto, was in town. L. Lyons, S. Lyons and I. Levy were in Buffalo. James Rubin and Julius Strauss were in Detroit. Lesser Cohen, of Montreal, was in town. Edmund Scheuer, Jr., of Toronto, was in town. In Montreal an address presented to Rabbi de Sola was signed by I. S. Goldenstein, Clarence I. de Sola, J. S. Samuels, I. Blumenthal, J. S. Leo, Dr. H. Lightstone, Claude B. Hart, H. Triester and M. L. Rose. Mrs. W. H. Baker was presented with a pearl brooch on behalf of the teachers of Baron de Hirsch School. Principal Baker was given a gold-mounted umbrella. The table was decorated with lilacs and forget-me-nots. Medals were given to Clara Segal, J. Birnbaum, Meier Cohen, Hirsch Cohen, Mary Blucher, Lucy Goodston, Abie Cohen, Bella Segal, Adolph I. Pevsner, Etta Jacobvitch, Alec Rajevsky, David Bigman, Bessie Singer, Sarah Landkrohner, Herman Goldstein, Abraham Presner, Levi Cohen, Solomon Segal, Sam Shulman, Abraham Schneider Dinah Abramovitch, Eliza Pascal.

WHEN TEA WAS TWENTY SHILLINGS A POUND

Tea-drinking is now so universal a custom that it is hard to believe that at one time tea was an epicurean luxury, and sold at from ten to twenty-five shillings a pound. Nevertheless, as late as the mid-Victorian era a tea caddy filled with a pound of tea was a very handsome present. In the eighteenth century tea-drinking was considered a fashionable pastime, and Sydney Smith, in "Lady Holland's Memoirs", quotes her as saying:

"Thank God for tea! What would the world do without tea?—how did it exist? I am glad I was not born before tea."

It was the custom then to keep tea in handsome tea caddies. In a recent article in the "London Daily Express" sent to the Salada Tea Company, the following interesting account is given of the origin and importance of the tea caddy.

The old-fashioned tea caddy was invariably beautiful in its proportions and intimate in its associations. It is, moreover, a rare thing today to find two tea caddies alike. The prettiest and most charming were made between 1775 and 1801. At first they were made of mahogany or of satinwood, inlaid with other choice woods, and sometimes painted with flowers or scrolls. Later on they were made of lacquer, of tortoiseshell, of silver, or of ivory, sometimes inlaid with silver and gold and mother-of-pearl, and with borders of tortoiseshell—caddies fit for King Solomon's palace, if Solomon had known the blessing of tea. Some of the finest cabinet-makers of the period, including Chippendale and Hepplewhite, exercised their talents to design tea caddies.

Besides these treasures, some were made of neatly-cut straw work, laid in grometrical patterns, over a wooden box, for such straw work was a hobby of the day. Some stand on little feet, some have a tiny handle on the lid, and all have dainty keyholes. Delicious little cabinets, indeed!

The word "caddy" comes from a Chinese word "catty," meaning a parcel of tea weighing about one pound and a third, for so the Chinese merchants were accustomed to make up their tea.

The possessor of an old-fashioned caddy should treasure it, and use it for its original purpose. The collecting of old tea caddies has become quite a hobby in the United States, Great Britain and Canada.

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Five attacks on Jewish commercial firms in various parts of the province of Posen have occurred during the week, according to reports received in Danzig. The reports ascribe these attacks to the anti-Semitic boycott agitation which is being carried on in Posen by the Renwoj organization.

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Holy Blossom Hebrew Congregation, Rabbi F. M. Isserman, Bond Street.

Sabbath eve twilight services have been resumed, Friday, April 19th, 5.30 p.m. Services, Saturday, 10.30 a.m. Sermons on The "D" Code. Sunday services, 11 a.m. Sermon on "Marriage and Divorce." Harold J. Hutner, violinist.

Pulpit flowers last week were donated by the children of Amelia Lyons in her memory, and by S. and R. J. Sapera in honor of their mother. The previous week the flowers had been donated by Mrs. J. J. de Young Greenberg in memory of her mother, and by Mrs. Egmont Frankel in memory of her father. Boris Swerling made a donation to the library in honor of his birthday.

Unless the Rabbi hears from the congregation by the end of this week there will be no congregational Seder.

A Christian who worships occasionally at the synagogue has made a voluntary contribution for the maintenance of Holy Blossom.

At the recent convention of the Federation of Temple Brotherhoods held in Washington, D.C., Jess Kaplan, president of the Holy Blossom Men's Club, was elected to the national executive.

The following article appeared in last week's "The Beaver": "Rabbi Isserman, of Toronto, has been receiving considerable criticism from Christian ministers because he expressed the opinion that missions to the Jews were an insult to them. Did they expect him to approve of these missions? Now one rises to declare that the Rabbi's congregation are a sect of 'German Jews.' The proneness of Christian ministers to indulge in 'argument by abuse' does more to drive people from the church than any other single factor we know."

Sisterhood annual luncheon meeting Tuesday, May 14th, at the synagogue chambers, at 1 p.m. Reservations with Mrs. Mort Levy, Hill. 6055-W, or with Mrs. Harry Marks, Ki. 9881. Election. Nominations for the executive must be sent in to Mrs. Jos. Cohn, 75 Albany Avenue, not later than April 30th.

Next meeting of the Literary Group of the Alumni at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Hutner, 418 Brunswick Ave., Sunday, April 28th, at 8.30 p.m. Rabbi Samuel Sachs, of the University Avenue Synagogue, will speak on "A Comparative Study in Orthodox and Liberal Judaism."

AMICUS WINS

A debate in which the Amicus Boys' Club defeated the Helena Girls' Club, was held at the home of Nat Honickman, Sunday, April 14. The speakers were Miss M. Shuster, Miss S. Hershonn, upholding the negative side, representing the Helena Girls' Club; S. L. Guest and H. Fourard, affirmative, representing the Amicus Boys' Club. Judges were Miss Swierman, Miss Appleburg and Mr. Honickman.

Goel Tzedec Synagogue, University Avenue, Rabbi Samuel Sachs.

Sermon Saturday at 10:30, "The Great Sabbath."

Closing meeting of the Junior Young People's League Sunday at 8.

Passover services: Wednesday at 7:30; Thursday morning at 10.30, sermon on "Four Questions and One Answer," Thursday at 7:30; Friday at 10:30 sermon on, "In Praise of Slavery." Concluding Passover services: May 1 and 2.

Young Israel of Toronto, Talmud Torah Building, Brunswick Avenue

Services Friday evening. Speaker for Saturday, April 20th, I. Antfleck. Young people welcome. Saturday afternoon: Minchah services and Sholosh Sudoth. Business meeting, Tuesday evening, April 23.

GIDEON A. C. CELEBRATION

Gideon A. C. gave a banquet, Saturday, April 6. The president, B. Robinson, spoke and bowling prizes were presented to S. Griesdorf, A. Penzner and H. Polevoy, S. Griesdorf, A. Cass, P. Kramer and B. Rose. The prizes were engraved cups. The ladies were presented with souvenirs. Speeches by vice-president, E. Freedman, and secretary, P. Rosen. Entertainment by M. Winston, L. Ellison and P. Sussman. Joe Bernstein played the saxophone; C. Gibson, the piano. Social committee, B. Rose and L. Ellison. Guests were Misses Belle Cooper, Celia Freedman, Gert Goldman, Hilda Klein, Belle Rotish, Esther Minsky, Gert Salkowitz, Susie Escoe, Hilda Relaman, Ettie Resnick, Miss Cohen, Lea Siteman, Shirley Klingerman, Jean Sandler, Estelle Mahl, Esther Spring, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Winston; and Joe Bernstein, Ben Robinson, Earl Freedman, Phil Rosen, Murray Ganz, Frank Sussman, Lou Ellinson, Joe Crocker, Percy Kramer, Ben Rose, Al Penzener, Morrison, Harry Polevoy, Lou Sherman, Sam Griesdorf, Al Cass and Sam Brown.

ELECTION APRIL 21

Junior Council of Jewish Women meets at the Community House, 44 St. George Street, Sunday afternoon, April 28th. Nominations and election. Information from Miss L. G. Siegel.

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TORONTO SOCIAL

Keith Harris and Lionel Cohen, of Sydney, Abstralia, who are on a six month's cruise, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hermant, Heath Street, for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Freedman, Walmer Road, were in Montreal for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Singer, Miss Zelma Singer and Lionel Singer, 81 Kendal Avenue, were in Rochester, N.Y., over the week-end.

Mrs. J. Abramson, Roxborough Drive, is leaving for New York to visit her daughter, Mrs. A. Eisenbud.

Mrs. J. Schwartz, Madison Avenue, gave a luncheon and theatre party Wednesday, complimenting Mrs. J. R. Ligson, of Great Neck, L. I.

Miss Jacqueline Jacobs, Walmer Road, is expected home at the end of the week, from New York and Newark, N.J., where she has been spending the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Brodey, Palmerston Boulevard, who spent the winter in Miami, Florida, were with their daughter, Mrs. Isidor Vise, of Chicago, for ten days, before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Markus, of Montreal, are with the latter's father, M. Cohen, of Spadina Road, for a week.

Dr. and Mrs. L. J. Breslin, Austin Terrace, spent the week-end in New York and Rochester, where they visited with Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Nussbaum and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert A. Nussbaum.

Mrs. M. Levinson, Burnside Drive, entertained thirty guests at luncheon and bridge at the Primrose Club Wednesday. The table decorations were in orchid and yellow with spring flowers. Attending were Mesdames Sam Bernstein, J. J. Elsman, I. M. Granatstein, J. J. De Young Greenberg, H. Greenberg, L. Kaplan, A. King, Charles Fremes, S. Mendelson, S. Lavine, N. Rosenberg, M. Wintrob, J. Levy, Harry Marks, S. Goldsmith, F. S. Hutner, J. L. Jacobs, Jess Kaplan, A. I. Willinsky, Phil Wood, B. Rax, M. Kates, A. Levin, L. Markus, Joseph Singer, L. M. Singer, B. Stone, H. Rubin and Miss Eva Ritterberg.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Yolles and daughter, Lyndhurst Avenue, returned home after wintering in Miami, Fla.

Dr. and Mrs. L. J. Solway are home from a week's stay in Boston, Mass., where the former attended the congress of the American College of Physicians.

Mrs. J. J. Silverman, of Sudbury, Ont., spent ten days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harris Andrews, Euclid Avenue.

Miss Pauline Satuloff, of Buffalo, was the guest of Miss Jean Smith, Queen Street West.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Rafelman, who have been spending the winter at Daytonia Beach, Florida, are leaving April 19th for home.

Mrs. M. J. Weiss and children, Ashburnham Road, who were wintering in Miami, Florida, have returned home.

Mrs. C. B. Stone, Isabella Street, is home from a six weeks' trip to Baltimore and New York City.

Mrs. A. Shevelle and children, Rosemount Avenue, visited her mother, Mrs. H. Elkin, of Montreal.

Mrs. S. C. Yolles and children, Rosepark Crescent, are home after spending the winter at Miami, Florida.

Mrs. David Appleby, Parkside Drive, gave a birthday party Saturday afternoon, in honour of the tenth birthday of her son, Irving. The long table was centred with a birthday cake and ten lighted candles. Favours: Sidney Rosenfield, Ernie and Phillip Lampert, Harold Seigel, Alex Levy, Manny Levy, Sidney Appleby, Milton Rose, Morris and Billy Clairfield, Stuart and Douglas Campbell, Kenneth Moffatt and Junior were there.

S. Shapiro, Lyndhurst Avenue, was in New York for a few days.

Mrs. H. Ginsberg and Miss Marion Cornfield entertained at the theatre and tea at the King Edward Hotel, honouring Miss Betty Herman and Miss Hilda Factor, bride of this month.

Mrs. A. Davis, of Rome, N.Y., is expected here to spend two weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Levy, Shoreview Apartments, King Street West.

Mrs. Wilfred Stein, Dufferin Street, entertained a few friends Saturday evening.

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Mrs. S. Griesman, Glenholme Avenue, gave a luncheon and theatre Tuesday, honouring Miss Betty Herman, a bride-elect of this month.

Mrs. M. Rosenthal, Fairview Boulevard, spent two weeks in Detroit, Cleveland and Chicago.

Joseph S. Lavene, Normanna Avenue, spent Thursday in Detroit.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Pollack and Dr. and Mrs. I. M. Golden, Bathurst Street, have returned from a motor trip to Rochester and Buffalo.

Mrs. H. Smith, Pape Avenue, gave a bridge, Wednesday evening, honouring Miss Betty Herman, a bride-elect of this month.

Miss Rose Swartz, Crawford Street, entertained at the tea hour at the Arcadian Court, complimenting Miss Anne Himel, a bride-elect. The honouree was presented with a radio bench.

Jack Factor, of Detroit, was in town last week to attend the marriage of his sister, Miss Hilda Factor, to Joseph Penny.

Mrs. R. Beube, Oxford Street, was hostess at a theatre and tea at the Arcadian Court, Wednesday, complimenting Miss Betty Herman, a bride-elect.

Mr. and Mrs. Calman J. Wolfson (nee Anne Snider) have returned home from their honeymoon spent in Montreal and Quebec.

Mesdames David Cohen, H. Males and A. Cohen were hostesses at a bridge and personal and linen shower at the Ford Hotel Tuesday evening last, complimenting Miss Shirley Cohen, a bride-elect. Twenty-five tables of bridge were played.

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Miss Sue Fish, of New York, formerly of Toronto, who visited her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. B. Fish, Grace Street, for the past month, has returned home. Among those who complimented her were Mrs. B. Fish, Grace Street, dinner; Mrs. S. Kaminker, Beverley Street, luncheon and theatre party; Mrs. A. Leranbaum, Markham Street, dinner; Miss Rose Wolfish, Beverley Stree, party; Miss Faye Wolh, Dundas Street, theatre and tea; Mrs. J. Fish, Roncesvalles Avenue, dinner; Miss Anne Pepper, Baldwin Street, theatre party; Mrs. William Wolfish, Crawford Street, dance; Mrs. Kamin, Baldwin Street, evening; Mrs. B. Fish, Grace Street, dinner at the King Edward Hotel; Misses Rose and Min Kaminker, Grange Avenue, party; Miss Rose Wolfish, Beverley Street, bridge; Miss Anne Rosen, Beverley Street, luncheon at the King Edward Hotel.

Complimenting Miss Betty Herman, whose marriage to Basil Belick takes place April 21, Mrs. S. Isaacson and Mrs. A. Pivnick, Crawford Street, entertained at a down-town tea room; Mrs. J. Boardman, Belsize Drive, bridge; Miss Eva Jackson, Parliament Street, bridge; Mrs. Fleische, Kingston Road, bridge; Mrs. Harold S. Jackson, Buffalo, and Miss Dora Goldman, Crawford Street, theatre and tea at the King Edward Hotel; Mrs. H. Penny, Oxford Street and Mrs. R. Tozman, St. Clair Avenue West, bridge at a down-town tea room; Mrs. B. Rosen, Grace Street, bridge; Mrs. S. Clayman, Walmer Road, luncheon at Arcadian Court and theatre; Mrs. A. Sprachman, Crawford Street, luncheon at the Georgian Room and theatre; Mrs. I. Mallin, Mrs. W. Belick and Mrs. B. Belick, kitchen shower at a tea room; Mrs. H. Ginsberg and Miss Marion Cornfield, theatre and tea at the King Edward Hotel; Mr. and Mrs. Lou. Ellis, dinner at a tea room and theatre; Mrs. S. Greisman, Glenholme Apartments, luncheon and theatre; Mrs. R. Beube, Oxford Street, theatre and tea; Mrs. H. Smith, Pape Avenue, bridge; Misses Etta and Evelyn Caplan, Markham Street, theatre and tea; Mrs. H. Lewis luncheon and theatre; Montefiore Girls Club, formal dance at Old Spain; Mrs. S. Isaacson and Mrs. A. Pivnick, Crawford Street, tea at their home Saturday, April 20th.

Miss Della Shapiro, Markham Street, had as her guest over the week-end, Harold Horwitz, of Detroit, who came to Toronto to install the Junior Bnai Brith.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Cohen, Cyril Cohen and Herbert Paul, all of Detroit, who motored here for a few days and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Seigler, Arlington Avenue, returned home Sunday. Miss Jeanette Cohen, of Detroit, who spent the past week here, returned home with them.

Miss Cora Freed, Leonard Duckman and Gabriel Alexander, who were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Bonnenfield, Rosedale Heights Drive, have returned to school at Ann Arbour, Mich. Miss Doris Ruth Nathan, of Detroit, who is their guest, will remain for another week.

Mrs. M. Mendelson and Mrs. L. Mendelson, of Detroit, will be in town to attend the Belick-Herman wedding April 21st.

Mrs. Leslie Stone, Beatrice Street, gave a bridge and mah jongg Wednesday evening last at which her daughter, Mrs. Louis G. Fox, cut her wedding cake. Mrs. Fox is also cutting her wedding cake at the tea-hour Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Robert Mc Levinson, of Newark, N. J., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Samuels, Palmerston Boulevard.

Mrs. Harry Shankman, Palmerston Boulevard, left for an extended trip to New York.

Miss Olive Samuels, Palmerston Boulevard, entertained Sunday evening in honour of Mrs. Robert M. Levinson, of Newark, N. J., and Mr. and Mrs. Murray Samuels, of Winnipeg, Man.

Dave Cherry, Bloor Street West, has left on a trip to California and will visit his aunt, Mrs. L. Saminsky, in Alameda, California.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold S. Jackson, of Buffalo, are expected here for the Belick-Herman wedding April 21st.

(Additional Social on page 33)

HART CLUB SOCIAL

The Hart Club held their annual second anniversary social, Saturday evening. The guests of honour were Dr. Mark Zimmerman and Miss Mickey Sobel. The toast, by the president, Art Weisberg, was responded by Dr. Zimmerman, who later made the presentation of the silver trophy cup to the Hart Club as the champions of the Baseball League. He also presented the pennant for the winning of the Bowling Championship. Miss Sobel presented a pennant for the prize in dramatics won by the club during the past year. The lucky number

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Contracts executed by Stobie, Forlong & Co.

dance was won by Al Miller and Esther Cohen and the spot dance by Jack Abel and Fay Meltz. Present were: Misses Edythe Fox, Flo Shapiro, Esther Bronstein, Fay Meltz, Ethel Samet, Alice Grisor, Edith Silverberg, Betty Budish, Anne Solush, Bertha Kelman, Celia Soltz, Rose Galinsky, Doris Birk, Ida Cooper, Sylvia Helfer, Syd Rumack, Anne Ginsberg, Eva Traekman, Sylvia Shacter, Belle Cooper, Esther Cohen, Helen Swartz; and Sydney Rich, Jack Abel, Will Salson, Art Weisberg, Irving Larman, Al Weingarten, Sam Racklin, Nat Sone, Jack Appelbaum, Dave Finkelberg, Percy Bronstein, Jack Starkman, Irving Shoom, Sol Cohen, Samuel J. Simmons, Henry Rosenberg, Harry Kramer, Ted Herman, Dave Fine, Al Miller, Mac Greenspan, and Jack J. Zaldin.

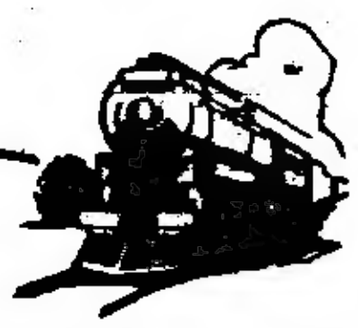
ORIAN CLUB PARTY

Orion A. C. held a party at the home of Sid Stein, April 13. Present were Phil Godfrey, Gertie Jackson, Mannie Herman, Florence Gertzbein, Sally Welinsky, Sid Godfrey, Lily Rappoport, Frank Hashmall, Fay Freeman, Irving Siegal, Molly Applebaum, Irving Wineberg, Teresa Ulovitz, Harry Wagman, Blanche Schlever.

GOEL TZEDEK SISTERHOOD

A Mother and Daughter night of the Sisterhood took place at a supper Tuesday, April 9, in the vestry rooms of the Synagogue. Program arranged by Mrs. I. H. Siegel; Mrs. Meyer Rotenberg, speech on behalf of the mothers, and Miss L. G. Siegel on behalf of the daughters; Rabbi Sachs, Miss Barkin, songs. Tableaux presented seven stages of Jewish women's life, childhood, home influence, Hebrew education, religious influence, the bride, Sisterhood meeting and the grandmother. Those present were Mrs. M. Weinstock and daughters, Mrs. S. Dinaberg and daughter Ruth, Mrs. A. Cohen and daughters, Mrs. H. Fine and daughters, Mrs. W. Wagman and daughter, Mrs. I. H. Siegel and daughters, Gittel and Sarah, Mrs. H. Yanover and Miss Dorothy Yanover, Mrs. Meyer, Mrs. S. Kay and daughters, Misses Leah, Natalie and Ruth; Mrs. S. Pearlman and daughter, Shirley; Mrs. Kominsky and daughters, Mrs. S. Glazer and daughter, Mrs. Gruber and daughter, Mrs. S. Factor, Mrs. D. Lavine, Mrs. C. Rotenberg, Misses D. and L. Levy, Mrs. S. Godfrey, Mrs. S. Wilder and daughters, Mrs. J. Andrews and daughters, Florence and Celya Andrews, Mrs. L. Rotenberg and daughters, Mrs. A. Cohen and daughters, Mrs. J. Samuels and daughter, Miss Olive Samuels, Mrs. J. Blumenthal and daughters, Mrs. S. Lewis, Mrs. H. Kluger, Mrs. C. S. Lewis and daughters, Mrs. M. S. Till and daughter, Mrs. L. Yolles and daughters, Mrs. H. Ruben and daughters, Mrs. Siegel, Mrs. S. Hollinger and daughter, Mrs. L. Adelberg and daughter, Miss C. Kreiger, Mrs. H. James and daughters, Mrs. M. Weinstock and daughters, Mrs. M. Keyfetz and daughters, Mrs. H. Prager, Mrs. A. Simonsky, Misses Bernice and Zelda Dunkelman, Mrs. S. Rogul, Mrs. T. Levy and daughter, Mrs. C. James and daughters, Mrs. Jacob Gordon and daughter, Miss Fanny Gordon, Mrs. D. Levinne and daughters, Misses Deborah and Florence, Mrs. M. Hartman, Mrs. J. Turofsky and daughter, Mrs. M. Pivnick and daughters, Helen and Lucille, Mrs. M. Hashmall, Mrs. L. Gelber and daughter, Sylva, Mrs. B. Speyer and daughter, Mrs. Weinberg and daughter, Mrs. J. Ross and daughter, Mrs. J. Levinsky and daughter, Mrs. S. Schwartz, Mrs. R. Katz and daughter, Mrs. Acher and daughter, Mrs. Schlisser and daughter. A gift was presented to each daughter. A prize to the youngest mother, Mrs. Charles Rotenberg; to the oldest mother, Mrs. S. Lewis; to the mother of the most daughters, Mrs. M. Keyfetz; and to the youngest daughter, the daughter of Mrs. J. Blumenthal.

on May 19th The CONFEDERATION will resume service



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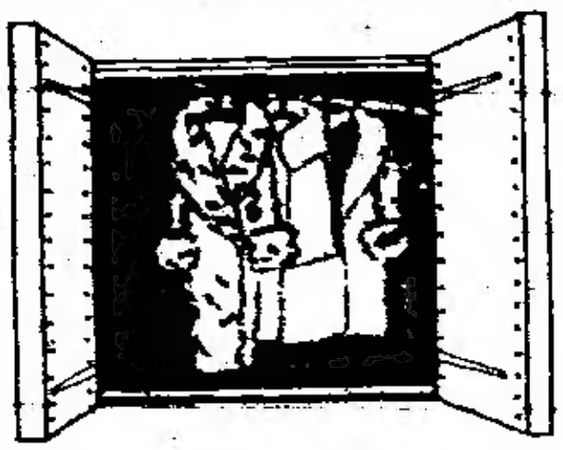
Full information and reservations from any agent of Canadian National Railways.

Travel Canadian National way

Bar-Mitzvahs

The bar-mitzvah of Mervin, son of Mrs. Annie Jackson, Bartlett Avenue, took place Saturday morning, April 13th, at the Palmerston Avenue Synagogue. Rabbi Gringorten officiated. Reception at the bar-mitzvah's home Saturday afternoon and evening.



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ANNIVERSARY DINNER DANCE

Montefiore Girls held their anniversary dinner and novelty dance at Old Spain Tuesday evening, April 15. A presentation was made to Miss Betty Herman, a bride-elect of this month. Attending were Mr. and Mrs. Hyman Ginsberg, Mr. and Mrs. David Firestone, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Mincer, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gutsin, Mr. and Mrs. R. Lieberman, Mr. and Mrs. Hy. Bochnick, Misses Betty Herman, Ella Schiff, Anna Frankel, Fanny Pearlman, Claire Rosenthal; and Basil Belick, Alfred Schiff, Al Dietel, Charles Taylor and Harold Stock.

COMMUNITY SOFTBALL

Jewish Community Softball League met at Herzl Zion Club last Sunday, April 14th, with Dr. Joe Finmark in the chair. Present: executive, M. Stone, Bob Freeman, A. Cohen, Max Cooper, and the secretary, Max Donn. Representatives from Herzls, J. Eckler; Tuex, B. Solway; Hasmonians, M. Tobias; Bnai Brith, Dr. Al. Lipson; Judaean Benevolent, Ben. Gudofsky; Pals, Moe. Dunkleman; U.L.P.S., A. Beder; Y.M.H.A., J. Havelock; Gideons, Ben Robinson. Championship Trophy for the season is being donated through the courtesy of Dave Bloom, of Herzl Zion Club. Max Cooper and Dr. Al. Lipson were appointed committee to attend to the erection of a scoreboard. The bleachers are nearing completion and there will be a dressing room near the playing field. Any player signing two certificates will be suspended for the entire season.

BNAI BRITH

Toronto Lodge No. 838, I.O.B.B., meeting Monday evening, April 15th, at the King Edward Hotel, heard Rabbi Samuel Sachs on "Jewish Folk Songs," Illustrated by Cantor Barkin's songs. Next meeting Monday, April 28th, at the King Edward Hotel, speaker to be announced later.

DIAMOND A. C.

Diamond A. C. appointed as social committee Louis Levine, Sam Abrams and Charlie Yurman. First annual banquet Saturday night, May 11th, at a restaurant. The bowling team defeated the Amicus A. C. three games out of three games. Next meeting at L. Pancer's home, 92 Ossington Avenue.

SONS OF JACOB

Sunday, April 14, Sons of Jacob held a literary meeting. Rabbi F. M. Isserman lectured on "The Wailing Wall." Cantor Bernstein, of Anshe England Synagogue, sang. H. Brankstone, of the Library Committee, arranged the program.

CONCERT AT TALMUD TORAH

Women's Auxiliary of Toronto Hebrew Free School annual concert Saturday evening, April 27th, at Talmud Torah Building. Program: Miss Pauline Sommerstein, recitation; Miss Helen Plynick, piano; Talmud Torah children, sketch; Miss Lillian Wecksler, songs; Irving Warshawsky, piano; Miss Anna Dean, song and whistle; A. Kreecher, sketch; 'Shalom Aleichem's Guest."

The first Jewish secondary school in Jugoslavia will be opened in Sarajevo, Belgrade. Minister of Education, Alaupovic has approved the statutes and teaching plan for the new school.

A few days only to Passover

Suits cleverly pressed and cleaned.—coats smart and new—frocks and sweaters fresh and beautiful again—the hat you liked wearable once more.

And there's more to it, for the COST is but a fraction of the cost of new clothes, the SERVICE speedy and courteous, and the PLEASURE greater even than your anticipation. It is our business to win friends and keep them.

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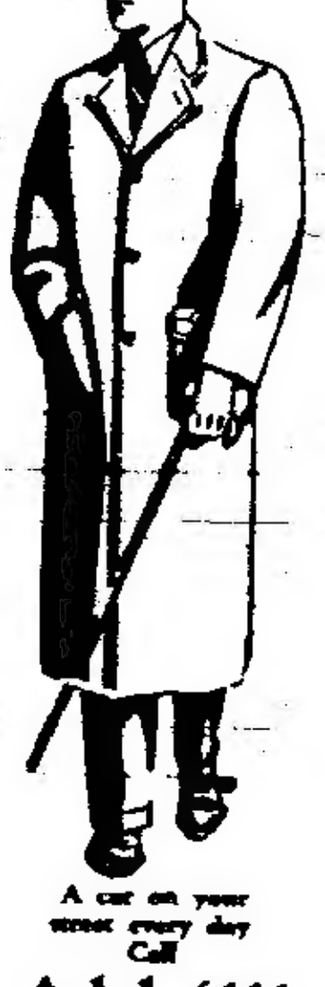
Suits and coats that collect the grime and dust of every day down-town are thoroughly and completely cleaned by the Bowser Continuous-Flow Gasoline-Purification System at Whites—the largest in Canada.

Experienced pressers, up-to-date in mens styles restore the smart lines of the original folds and creases. Felt hats are reblocked by men who know and practice the methods of hat manufacturers.

Men's Spring Coats	$1.50
Men's Suits	1.50
Men's Felt Hats cleaned and reblocked	.75



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HADASSAH

Naomi Chapter of Hadassah annual Pesach tea Monday afternoon, April 29th, at the home of Mrs. I. Cooper, 162 Madison Ave. Friends invited.

Central Chapter met Monday evening, April 15th., at the Zionist Institute. Dr. Mark Zimmerman gave an illustrated lecture on the National Fund, assisted by Lou Goldsman. Mrs. I. Fink, visiting convenor, reported cases of illness she had visited. Pesach bridge meeting Monday evening, April 29th, at the Zionist Institute.

Naomi Chapter met Monday last at the home of Mrs. F. A. Silverman, 241 Lauder Ave. Murray Sandler gave an illustrated lecture on the National Fund.

Rose Chapter met Monday last, at the home of Mrs. N. Margulies, 10 Wells Hill Ave. Pesach bridge Monday evening, April 29th., at the home of Mrs. H. Clavir, 622 Huron St. Friends invited.

Daughters of Zion met Monday afternoon, April 15th, at the home of Mrs. N. Cohen, 42 Heydon Park Rd. An illustrated lecture was given by Dr. Mark Zimmerman, on the National Fund. Mrs. Ralph Alexander who is leaving to live in England, was presented with an elaborate travelling wardrobe trunk.

Scopus Chapter met Monday afternoon, April 15th. A Sosial afternoon for members and husbands is being arranged for Pesach week.

Kadimah Capter met Monday last, at the home of Mrs. Leo A. Maldaver. Next meeting at 1.30 p.m. at the home of Mrs. H. Mannis, 91 Glenholme Ave. Tea later at the Naomi Chapter tea at the home of Mrs. I. Cooper, 162 Madison Ave., Monday afternoon, April 29th.

TWIGS

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Singer, Wells Hill, entertained the Mount Sinai Twigs at an informal party Saturday April 13th. Present were: Mrs. D. Dworkin, Fay Wohl, Rose Sacrob, Belle Sadowski, Irene Valikoff, Rose Rapp, Ros. Rosenstein, Esther Levey, Pearl Lerner, Betty Novack, Shirley Taube, Celia Sloskin, Martha Blidner, Nellie Grossman, Bertha Eisner, Minnie Elaner, Morris Medlin, Nat. Perlmotter, Ben Papernick, Jack Lewis, Ben Altman, Ben Joseph, Ben Raclin, Louis Taube, Bill Davidson, Fred Catzman, Sam White, Nat. Guvofsky, A. Turner.

PURITY FLOUR

CHEESE TEA BISCUITS

2 cups Purity flour	4 tablespoons butter or Crisco
4 teaspoons baking powder	1-2 cup grated cheese
1-2 teaspoon salt	3-4 cup milk

Mix and sift together dry ingredients. Work in butter or Crisco. Moisten to a soft dough with the milk. Toss on lightly floured board. Roll out to ½ inch thickness and cut. Bake in quick oven.

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AUXILIARY HONORS MEMBER

Ladies Auxiliary of the Toronto Hebrew Benevolent Society honoured Mrs. Max Smith with a supper at a restaurant. President of the Auxiliary, Mrs. R. Dubinsky, appointed the ex-president, Mrs. N. Slotkin, chairlady. Present were Mesdames N. Slotkin, S. Borovoy, A. Goldstein, I. Starkman, R. Dubinsky, J. Weiss, L. Gotfried, S. Hyman, F. Bargman, B. Atkin, H. Atkin, J. Solomon, I. Wall, S. Moscovitch, M. Cohen, J. Koffman, B. Hoffman, M. Eclair, D. Trachtman, L. Goldman, M. Livingston, J. Mosoff, A. Mosoff, M. Platt, H. Schiff, S. Blinass, E. Hoffman, M. Scher, A. Wisefield, S. Sturman, G. Elcair, L. Mindlin, S. Salkowitch, M. Solomon, M. Davidson, J. Hoffman, H. Paulin, M. Applebaum, R. Goodman, K. Jaffey, C. Schen, J. Simon, J. Senderowitz, C. Hutner, A. Bolsack, L. Perloff. Guests were Mrs. Livingston, Mrs. Hoffman, and Max Smith. Mrs. Smith was presented with a gift.

PESACH TEA

Miss Rose Levy, R. N., superintendent of the Jewish Children's Home, 316 Arbottle Street, will be at home to a Pesach tea, Sunday, April 28, from 3 to 6 p.m. Friends invited. (No cards sent out.)

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It is advisable to place your order for Pesach with us now for all your groceries, etc.
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We handle only the highest class goods.

Born

To Mr. and Mrs. A. Goldman, of Rochester, N.Y., (née Mamie Smith, formerly of Toronto) Sunday, April 7, in Rochester, N.Y., a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Louis Rusing, 17 Orchard Hill, Hamilton, Ont., (née Tillie Palter) at the Toronto General Hospital, on Monday, March 11, a son, Saul Edward.

At Western Hospital, April 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Moe E. Greenbaum, (née Gussie Kammrher) 98 Beverley Street, a daughter, Bernice.

Classified Advertising

FOR RENT — Lower Duplex, 5 rooms, tiled bath-room, reception Hall, Oil Heating. In the Annex, Kingsdale, 5261.

TO RENT — Nicely furnished bed room, central location, home privileges. Trinity 5035-W.

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Greeting them as comrades-in-arms, von Hindenburg, president of the German Republic, sent a message of congratulations to the Association of Jewish World War Veterans in Germany on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of their organization.

Bluma Karp, of New York, and a student at Vassar College, was one of thirty-seven students selected to Phi Beta Kappa, undergraduate honor scholastic society.

"Nature Says we are right!"

When nature has her annual Spring clean-up, she uses soft water and plenty of it. And so do we in our daily task of washing for Toronto housewives. Scientifically softened is every drop of water used in our huge "family wash" plant. This, together with the use of pure soap and plenty of rinsings, we have found to give the satisfaction demanded by our most exacting customers. If you are at all "finicky" about your wash, send it to us and learn the joy of relief from this housekeeper's greatest responsibility.

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MENORAH SOCIETY ELECTION

At the annual elections of the Menorah Society Sunday, the following officers were chosen: President S. N. Goldhar; 1st vice-president, Miss Renne Nevern, 2nd. vice-president, S. Bochner; recording secretary, Miss Vera Alexander; corresponding secretary, Phil Barrs; treasurer, Miss Rose Elias. Faculty representatives: Ladies' Senior Arts, Miss L. Rappaport; Men's Senior Arts, J. Gringorten; Men's Junior Arts, D. Palter; Senior Medicine, H. Lisner; Junior Medicine, J. Baker; dentistry, H. Garsen; Applied Science, E. Richmond; McMaster, H. Seigal; Osgoode Hall, J. Finkleman; occupational therapy, Tobey Elias; pharmacy, B. Schuffer, musical director, Miss Lillian Prager; advisory, Fred Catzman, S. Cigien and Miss F. Gordon.

MODIN YOUNG MEN ELECTION

Modin Young Men elected president, Morris Karten; vice-president and treasurer, Harvey Borden; secretary, Harold A. Winkler. General Activities Board: literary director, Harvey J. Adler; social director, Irwin Orminsky; athletic director, Irwin Rosenberg; membership committee, Serota and Heller; monitor, George Morris. Modern Young Men challenges any club to debate at any time. Information from the secretary, Harold A. Winkler, 48 Major Street.

RECEIVE PRESENTATIONS

Ezras Noshem Society held a bridge and social at the Zionist Building Tuesday, April 7. A lampshade, donated by Mrs. L. Leibovitch, was raffled and won by Mrs. L. Rapp. Presentations were made by Mrs. S. Greenberg, president, to the following who sold the most tickets for their theatre night, at the Standard Theatre, April 8: Mesdames L. Gutzin, C. Karagash, S. Bornstein, J. Bercovitch, H. Slotteroff, L. Rozman and S. Levy. Refreshments. Prizes were donated by Mrs. C. Clouth. Mrs. S. Greenberg gave a luncheon at the Zionist Building Tuesday, April 14, for all ticket-sellers. Mrs. M. Winter was convener of tickets.

"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"

Dramatization of Rudyard Kipling's novel next week at Victoria.

Those with whom Kipling is a favourite will rejoice to hear that for presentation next week the popular Victoria Players have chosen his novel "The Light That Failed". Here is a sentimental drama with a dash of real comedy and more than a little pathos that offers something to every taste. Patrons whom Mr. Coote has completely won with his clever acting and his charming personality will be delighted to see him in a role which offers such a wide scope for his talent, while Toronto's sweetheart, Edith Taliaferro, will win many new friends in the emotional role of Maisie who comes back to Dick in the end so that we have a happy ending to this absorbing drama.

Dick Heldar is an artist. He is surrounded by the Bohemian atmosphere which is one of the charming aspects of the play. He is working on a painting which is to be his master-piece. He is full of enthusiasm and is a favourite among his colleagues. Then stark tragedy stares him in the face.

Dick has more trouble—real trouble—in four acts than the average person has in a life-time. He, naturally, wins the object sympathy of any and every audience and his pathetic struggles and the courage with which he meets them go to make up a most delightfully charming character-role, in which you will see Mr. Coote at his best. The play is a real love story, absolutely lacking in the "smartness" of the more modern stories. There hangs about it a sweetness that lingers in the memory. Miss Taliaferro, Mr. Coote and the other Players will give an excellent interpretation of Kipling's novel in which Burton Robertson, it will be remembered, scored so notable a success in the Hilo role.

Mr. Coote and Mr. Ralph Chambers will be "at home" to patrons on Thursday, April 29th, at the usual Thursday afternoon tea. Come and meet them and bring your autograph albums. Remember the date.

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One or four passengers.

JEWISH GIRLS' IN TRAINING

Misses Edith Blinick, Jean Davis, Sophie Cohen, Tillye Singer, Tmima Littner; Harold Donn, and Martin Cohn, mentors, will hold the next meeting in May. Sheshauna Girls, mentor Miss Chris Lipkin, who gave an entertainment were: Lily Melamed, Clara Podharcer, Bertha Persiko, Yetta Salkin, Sylvia Alpert, and Pearl Swartz. Mentors present were Misses Chris Lipkin, Tmima Littner; Nathan Pearlston, Joe Alexandroff. Dancing.

J.G.I.T. and the J.B.I.T., West End Branches ran a Gymnasium Display April 16 at Humberside Gymnasium. Members were coached by Nathan Pearlston, Joe Alexandroff, and Miss Molly Saresky.

Program by Lily Resnick, Ethel Usprich, Bella Zaitsov, Sylvia Bernstein, Gertie Kronis, Lily Soiderman, Rosie Goldstein, Miriam Cohen. Recreation games were put on by the Junior Boys. Drill was put on by Rose Naftolin, Rose Paulin, Gert Dryal, Rose Pattisk, Rose Shoom, Ethel Usprich, Lily Melamed, Clara Podharcer, Bertha Persiko, Yetta Salkin, Pearl Swartz. A tumbling act was given by the Senior Boys. Miss Saresky was presented with flowers.

JEWISH BOYS IN TRAINING

West End Branch: Group Macabees won the billiard championship from Central Club and Fraser Centre. Representatives were: Philip Swartzman and Sidney Greenblatt. This group has entered a model airplane in the hobby show. In the Basketball House League the following players received awards: H. Usprich, Nat Usprich, J. Culiner, G. Lipman, Nathan Usprich, H. Kronis, S. Shusterman, W. Rockmaker, J. Litchen, I. Slatkin, M. Shoom and Joe Lichtig. Group Joseph minstrel show April 28th. Presentation evening April 28th. Final banquet of all groups April 21st.

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CALIFORNIA COLLEGIANS
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WILLIAM DEMAREST
Stage and Screen Comic
And A Bevy of Beauties
NORMAN KERRY in
"Man, Woman, Wife"

LOEW'S
Week of Mon. April 22nd
A bachelor makes his bow to the Court of Flaming Youth
"A SINGLE MAN"
with
LEW CODY
and
AILEEN PRINGLE
VAUDEVILLE
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The Charming Star of "Rain"
JEANNE EAGELS
in
"THE LETTER"
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STARTS SATURDAY

PANTAGES
Week of April 22nd.
All British Photo Play
"TOMMY ATKINS"
made with the co-operation of the British Army Council
on the stage
London's Ideal of Ideals
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4 Other Acts

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Marriages

Merker-Goldberg

Mr. and Mrs. L. Goldberg, 669 St. Clair Avenue West, announce the marriage of their eldest daughter, Annette, to Harry Merker, son of Mr. and Mrs. Max Merker, Toronto, Friday, April 6, in New York City. Rabbi B. Klein performed the cere-

Mrs. Harry Merker, (née Annette Goldberg)

mony. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Merker are spending their honeymoon in Toronto and will live in Far Rockaway, Long Island.

Rabow-Brandes

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Brandes announce the marriage of their daughter, Faye, to William M. Rabow, Sunday, March 17th, at Hamilton, Ont.

Engagements

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schwartz, 147 Madison Avenue, announce the engagement of their daughter, Fanny, to Alex Solway, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gershon Solway, Toronto. Marriage May 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Budovich, of Kitchener, Ont., announce the engagement of their daughter, Sarah, to Maurice I. Cummings, of Malone, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Herman, of Toronto, announce the engagement of their daughter, Ruby, to Barnett Hamburg, son of Jacob Hamburg, of Glace Bay, N.S.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Ruth Floris Lapides, daughter of Mrs. L. Lapides, of Rochester, N.Y., to Lionel A. Singer, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Singer, 91 Kendal Avenue, Toronto.

IN MEMORIAM

All notices under this head twenty-five cents per count line

In loving memory of Hyman Samuel Greenberg, who passed away on April 15, 1927. Greatly missed by his mother, sisters and brothers.

OBITUARY

The death occurred Saturday, April 14, after a week's illness at the Western Hospital, of Irving Coben, age 22 years. The funeral was held Sunday morning from his home, 130 Wolseley Street. Surviving are his mother, Mrs. Annie Coben, one brother, Max; and two sisters, Sarah and Bernice. Irving Coben was born in Toronto and attended Niagara Street Public School.

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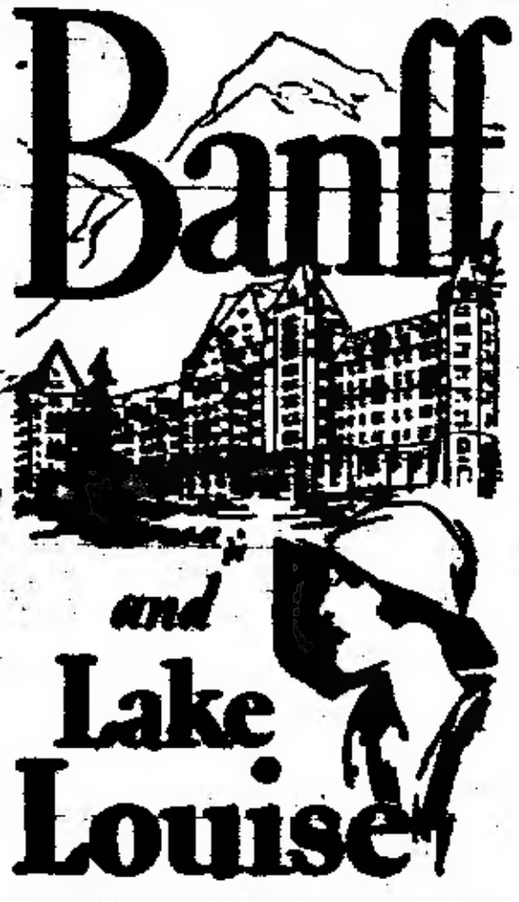

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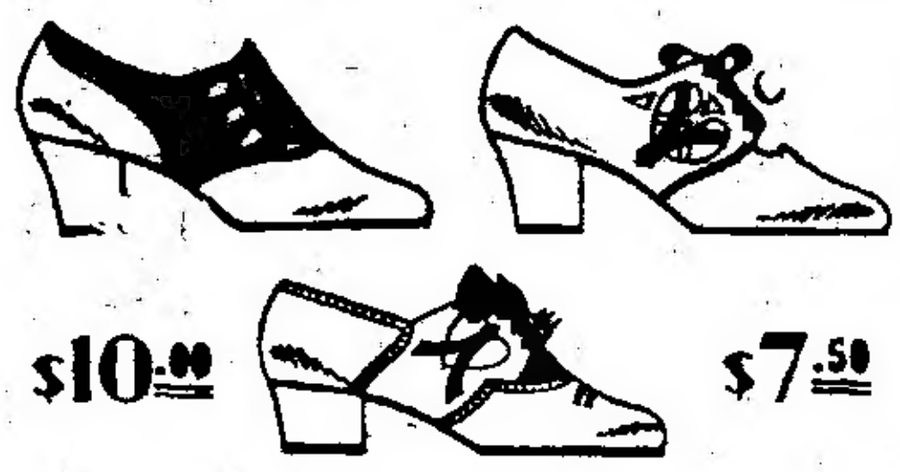

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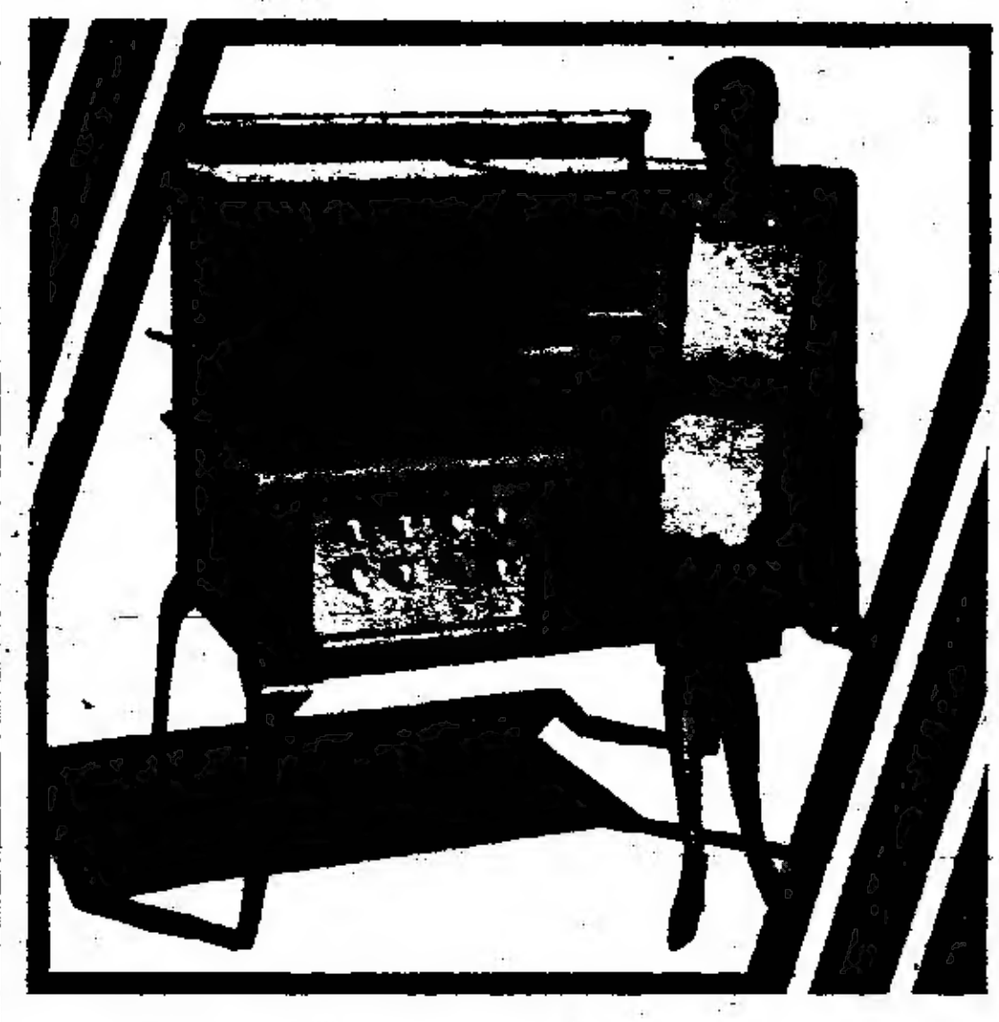

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Marriages

Lenson-Zeldis

The wedding was solemnized Sunday, April 14, at 6 o'clock at Beverley Park Hall, of Miss Fanny Zeldis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Zeldis, to William Lenson, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Lenson. Rabbi Berger officiated. The bride, given in marriage by her parents, wore a gown of white crepe satin with rhinestones a veil trimmed with orange blossoms and white satin pumps. She carried a bouquet of whiteroses and lily of the valley. Her ornament was a diamond ring, the gift of the groom. The bride's mother, Mrs. Zeldis, wore a black beaded gown. A reception and dance was attended by relatives and intimate friends. The couple left for Montreal for their honeymoon.

Bierstock-Atkins

The marriage took place Sunday, April 14, of Miss Fay Atkins and Harry Bierstock, both of Kitchener, Ont., at the Labovatzer Synagogue. Cantor Wladowsky performed the ceremony. The bride was attended by Mrs. B. Schwartz, Matron-of-honour, and Misses Mildred Atkins, Lillian Bierstock, of Kitchener; Babe Minster, Elsie Litwin and Sadye Minster as bridesmaids and Miss Florence Gandle of Chicago. Ada Minster, of Windsor, and Norma Bassin were flower girls and Harold Shiffe, Leonard Atkins, of Kitchener, and Irving Schwartz, page boys. B. Schwartz was best man and Abe Bierstock, Jack Atkins of Kitchener, Morris Bassin, Dave Bierstock and Joe Bassin, ushers. The bride wore a gown of white satin with lace. Her veil was of tulle arranged with orchids and lily-of-the-valleys. She carried a shower bouquet of lily-of-the-valley and orchids and roses. The matron-of-honour and bridesmaids carried bouquets of roses. Supper was served at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. Schwartz, 197 Springmount Avenue. The table was decorated with roses and lily-of-the-valleys. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. B. Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. I. Rogowitz, Mr. and Mrs. H. Solomon, Mr. and Mrs. S. Rogow, Mr. and Mrs. A. Litwin and son, Mr. and Mrs. D. Horowich and son, Mrs. I. Horwich, Mr. and Mrs. J. Houzer, Miss Sadye Houzer, Mr. and Mrs. J. Schwartz, Mr. and Mrs. M. Schwartz, Mr. and Mrs. B. Atkins, Mr. and Mrs. E. Atkins, Miss Adeline Solomon, Miss Ida Book, Abe Wagman, Mac Goldberg, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bassin, Miss H. Salamonsky, Mrs. I. Solomon, Mr. and Mrs. L. Newman, Miss Florence Litwin, Miss Sonia Litwin, Miss Lillian Atkins, Mrs. Daisy Minster, Alex Solomon, Mr. and Mrs. L. Revitz. Out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. B. Rogow, Mr. and Mrs. A. Atkins, Miss Sophie and Ben Atkins of Peterboro, Mr. and Mrs. J. Schniffe and son, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bierstock, Mr. and Mrs. I. Atkins and Miss Belle Bierstock, of Kitchener, Mr. and Mrs. I. Minster, of Windsor; Mr. and Mrs. H. Bain, of Kitchener; Mr. and Mrs. R. Gandel, of Chicago, and Misses A. and R. Coppel of Galt and A. Coppel, of Galt, Joe Rogow and Al Rogow, of Peterboro; Mr. and Mrs. H. Atkins and Morton Cone, of Oshawa. Music. The couple left Sunday evening for their honeymoon to New York and Atlantic City. The bride travelled in a suit and a silver fox fur. They will live in Kitchener.

HAMILTON

Mrs. H. Grossman entertained at the tea hour Saturday at a tea room in honor of Mrs. L. Epstein, of Ottawa.

Council of Jewish Women at its April meeting heard nominations brought in by Mrs. B. Goldblatt. Mr. Finegold, of Marietta Levy class, spoke. Rummage sale was arranged to aid in financing this class. A playlet is being rehearsed for the May meeting which will include a luncheon at Hotel Connaught.

A surprise party was given Sunday last for Mrs. L. Stein, who was presented with a silver flower basket. Cards, dancing.

H. Raphael motored from Los Angeles and is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. P. Wolfe entertained at bridge Tuesday at a tea room honoring her sister, Miss Goldie Robinson. Mrs. L. Epstein, of Ottawa, was an out-of-town guest. Prizes were won by Mesdames G. Goldblatt, Frank Goldblatt, S. B. Lyons and Miss Hilda Goldblatt.

A. D. Hardie addressed the Charity Council Wednesday evening. In the absence of Mr. Shakter, the chair was occupied by M. Lang.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Minden were dinner hosts Tuesday evening in honor of Rabbi and Mrs. A. Fink, of Ann Arbor, Mich.

Mrs. S. Rosner, of Winnipeg, is with her children, Mr and Mrs. Moe H. Grossman, en route from Montreal prior to returning west.

Mrs. H. Miller, Myrtle Avenue, entertained at the tea hour Thursday in complaint to Miss Goldie Robinson, a bride-elect.

Thursday evening the Reading Judaeans, of Hamilton, held their second annual banquet at Beth Jacob vestry rooms. Gordon Carr sang, accompanied by Bernard Siegel. A former member of the organization present was O. Mann, of London, Ont. Mr. Lewis was master of ceremonies. Six-piece orchestra.

April 9, Miss Mary Rosen gave a bridge-dance at her home, 1132 Marentette Avenue, Windsor, in honour of Miss Ruth Garshaw, of Hamilton. Those who attended were: Misses Bess Lurie, Janette Samuels, Kate Rosen, Doris Brody, Frances Bursh, Lillian Sedlesky, Rose Stern of Detroit, Bertha Schwartz, Sara Kravasha; and Aaron Katzman, Sol Richardson, Lazarus Rosen, Dave Richardson, Harold Manker, Harry Schwartz, Al Lurie and Charles Henry Rosen.

An effort is being made to bring together the letters of Doctor Sabato Morais, the founder of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America. If any persons are in possession of such letters they would render a service by forwarding them to me to the address of the Jewish Theological Seminary, 531 West 123rd Street, New York City. If they will intimate that they desire to have the originals returned, copies will be made and the originals returned promptly.

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The Rise of David Levinsky

(Continued from page 15)

As to his own conduct, he was one of three or four men at the synagogue of whom it was said that they never looked at women, and, to a very considerable extent, his reputation was not unjustified.

"You must never tire fighting Satan, David," he proceeded. "Fight him with might and main."

As I listened I was tingling with a mute vow to be good. Yet, at the same time, the vision of "a woman that is wholly naked" was vividly before me.

He caused me to bring a certain ancient work, one not included in the Talmud, in which he made me read the following:

"Rabbi Mathia, the son of Chovosh, had never set eyes on a woman. Therefore when he was at the synagogue studying the Law, his visage would shine as the sun and its features would be the features of an angel. One day, as he thus sat reading, Satan chanced to pass by, and in a fit of jealousy Satan said:

"'Can it really be that this man has never sinned?'

"'He is a man of spotless purity,' answered God.

"'Just grant me the liberty,' Satan urged, 'and I will lead him to to sin.'

"'You will never succeed.'

"'Let me try.'

"'Proceed.'

"Satan then appeared in the guise of the most beautiful woman in the world, of one the like of whom had not been born since the days of Naomi, the sister of Tufal Cain, the woman who had led angels astray. When Rabbi Mathia espied her, he faced about. So Satan, still in the disguise of a beautiful woman, took up a position on the left side of him; and when he turned away once more he walked over to the right side again. Finally Rabbi Mathia had nails and fire brought him and gouged out his own eyes.

"At this God called for Angel Raphael and bade him cure the righteous man. Presently Raphael came back with the report that Rabbi Mathia would not be cured lest he should again be tempted to look at pretty women.

"'Go tell him in My name that he shall never be tempted again,' said God.

"And so the holy man regained his eyesight and was never molested by Satan again."

The painful image of poor Rabbi Mathia gouging out his eyes supplanted the nude figure of the previous quotation in my mind.

Reb Sender pursued his "exhortative talk." He dwelt on the duties of man to man.

"If a man is tongue-tied, don't laugh at him, but, rather, feel pity for him, as you would for a man with broken legs. Nor should you hate a man who has a weakness for telling falsehood. This, too, is an affliction, like stuttering or being lame. Say to yourself, 'Poor fellow, he is given to lying.' Above all, you must fight conceit, envy, and every kind of ill-feeling in your heart. Remember, the sum and substance of all learning lies in the words 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' Another thing, remember that it is not enough to abstain from lying by word of mouth; for the worst lies are often conveyed by a false look, smile, or act. Be genuinely truthful, then. And if you feel that you are good, don't be too proud of it. Be modest, humble, simple. Control your anger."

He worked me up to a veritable frenzy of penitence.

"I will, I will," I said, tremulously. "And if I ever catch myself looking at a woman again I will gouge out my eyes like Rabbi Mathia."

"S-sh! Don't say that, my son."

About a quarter of an hour later, as I sat reading by myself, I suddenly sprang to my feet and walked over to Reb Sender.

"You are so dear to me," I gasped out. "You are a man of perfect righteousness. I love you so I should jump into fire or into water for your sake."

"S-sh!" he said, taking me gently by the hand and pressing me down into a seat by his side. "You are a good boy. As to my being a man of perfect righteousness, alas! I am far from being one. We are all sinful. Come, let us read another page together."

Satan kept me rather busy these days. It was not an easy task to keep one's eyes off the girls who came to the Preacher's Synagogue, and when none was around I would be apt to think of one. I would even picture myself touching a feminine cheek with the tip of my finger. Then my heart would sink in despair and I would hurl curses at Satan.

"Eighty black years on you, vile wretch you!" I would whisper, gnashing my teeth, and fall to reading with ferocious zeal.

In the relations between men and women it is largely a case of forbidden fruit and the mystery of distance. The great barrier that religion, law, and convention have placed between the sexes adds to the joys and poetry of love, but it is responsible also for much of the suffering, degradation, and crime that spring from it. In my case this barrier was of special magnitude. Dancing with a girl, or even taking one out for a walk, was out of the question. Nor was the injunction confined to men who devoted themselves to the study of holy books. It was the rule of ordinary decency for any Jew except one who lived "like a Gentile," that is, like a person of modern culture. Indeed, there were scores of towns in the vicinity of Antomir where one could not take a walk even with one's own wife without incurring universal condemnation. There was a dancing-school or two in Antomir, but they were attended by young mechanics of the coarser type. To be sure, there were plenty of young Jews in our town who did live "like Gentiles," who called the girls of their acquaintance "young ladies," took off their hats to them, took them out for a walk in the public park, and danced with them just like the nobles or the army officers of my birthplace. But then these fellows spoke Russian instead of Yiddish and altogether they belonged to a world far removed from mine. Many of these "modern" young Jews went to high school and wore pretty uniforms with silver-plated buttons and silver lace. To me they were apostates, sinners in Israel. And yet I could not think of them without a lurking feeling of envy. The Gentile books they studied and their social relations with girls who were dressed "like young noblewomen" piqued my keenest curiosity and made me feel small and wretched.

(Continued on page 78)

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Modigliani and His Tragic End

By MINNIE ROTHENBERG-HARKAVY

"Interrez-Le comme un prince!" his brother, an Italian Deputy to Rome, had telegraphed to Paris.

It was a strange procession that started from L'Hopital de Charite, Paris, on January 27, 1920. Fate once again was playing its little joke on someone. Heading the cortege, slowly came several coaches burdened with flowers reaching higher than the portals of L'Hopital de Charite, through which a moment ago, the long narrow casket was borne; while behind the ornate hearse drawn by horses in elegant black and white trappings, walked hundreds of men and women. Women in deep mourning, artists, poets, men and women with the unmistakable look of poverty, people that belonged on the right side of the River Seine, merchants, patrons of art, curators of museums, some diplomats, and many others, walking slowly, paying tribute to the dead. The sidewalks were filled with curious on-lookers, wondering who the worthy dead might be. Such was the funeral of Amadeo Modigliani, painter, artist, who had but the day before spat out the last mouthful of his starved blood in the Hospital for the Poor.

"The little Jew from Livorno," they had called the young handsome Italian, when he first came to Paris. He was then just twenty. Coming from a well-to-do Jewish orthodox family in Livorno, straight to Montemartre de Paris, that flaming bowl of hope and despair. That was in 1904 or thereabout. It was just about that time that a new movement in art had begun. Ever since the end of the seventeenth century, France had led in the visual arts, and Paris since the early part of the nineteenth century had been the art centre of Europe. Now (1904-5) due to the genius of Cezanne, and those that followed him, the new movement, Futurism was developing. The young Modigliani had not come to Paris as a prodigy. He had come as a youth with a thorough knowledge of the classics and all the traditions of what he called "his bourgeois era." But it did not take him long to reorientate himself. In 1906, he was already working. He began as a sculptor.

About this time a few artists and some collectors began to take interest in the beauty and originality of ancient Negro sculpture. These pieces had been brought in casually from Africa, but soon, more and more could be seen in the windows of the little art shops. Modigliani was one of those to recognize in these strange works, their great artistic value, their beauty and craftsmanship. No doubt he was influenced greatly by them for his elliptical stone heads with their glorious volume and masque-like expression, have much of the Negro intensity. In turn many of the young sculptors at that time were influenced by Modigliani's vision of form and volume. From sculpture the young Modigliani soon turned to painting, and so quick was his own development that by 1912, 1914, he, by his originality and genius became the leading spirit of the Latin quarter. Even Clive Bell, the least favorable of his critics, writes: "Most of the Italian Futurists have retired to their own country; on the other hand the most gifted Italian painter who has appeared this century, Modigliani, was bred on Boulevard Montparnasse." While some of the others were just beginning to understand the new trend, Modigliani had already left the stream, and had developed a style of his own, full of originality, unusual sensitive-

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ness, charm. The New movement was one of doctrinaire, dogma and abstractions. Modigliani was no doctrinaire. He was too intense, too sensitive or "sensible" as the French say, too passionately lyrical, too individualistic, to confine himself to the formulae of geometric abstractions. He developed his own style, his own formulae, and though it fitted in and was part of the new movement, it stood apart by virtue of its originality and personal vision.

Peintre de Purification, he was called by some. None that have written about Modigliani have omitted to speak of the purity of line, the delicacy of line seperate from his color, and the joining together of the two in exquisite union that gave to his creations at once a feeling of interesting volume and varied form. His art can truly be called aristocratic. For the critic it is enough perhaps to have commented on the quality of line and color, mass or volume, but for the biographer much significant fact lies behind these casual observations.

All who had known Modigliani knew that he was steeped in the philosophy of Descartes and Spinoza. The Cartesian philosophy of the idealistic and subjective was more than abstract metaphysics to Modigliani. Cogito, ergo sum, and the underlying individualism, was perhaps the basis of Modigliani's vision, for no one is more individualistic in his style than Modigliani. Especially was he influenced by the "Ethics" of Spinoza, that work which attempts to embody thought in geometric form. The two Jews were akin in their search for the ideal, the one in the ideal union of matter and form, the other of beauty and form. The two Jews were akin also in their desire to construct unity and harmony out of chaotic disorder. Had Modigliani been less artist and more doctrinaire, he might have formulated the well constructed esthetic principles that underlay his art. It is with amazement that one regards these creations with their sensitiveness, unity of form and color and harmony of line that flow like beautiful melody, created amidst a life of chaos, turbulence, misery and poverty. Well was he called by some peintre de purification, peintre religieux.

Peintre de Douleurs, some others named him. In reading about Modigliani, one comes across the word, revolutionary, proletariat. They are words passed over quickly and casually. To some it may mean but little, but to others, it is more significant. It might be interesting to know that at that time, Modigliani's brother, a prosperous jurist in Italy, was socialist Deputy in Rome. Coming from a well-to-do family, Modigliani, upon reaching Paris, could easily have placed himself in circles and amid surroundings that could bring him ease and prestige, but Modigliani, the idealist, the proud Jew, chose to stand alone and throw in his lot with the less fortunate, to seek there expression for his passionate soul. It is no mere chance that his canvasses portray not fine ladies and gentlemen but those whose misery and poverty he shared: the daughter of the concierge, the familiar girl of the cafe, the mother and child, wide-eyed and fearful of their pitiful fate, the portrayal of the boy unmistakably semitic with the dreamy half-closed eye of the ghetto Jew. Other canvasses are filled with young joyous color, with youth, nude studies, strong, voluptuous, yet through the freshness and youth lurks an infinite longing, a yearning for fulfilment. Over all like a prophetic omen, hangs the sadness of his own destiny.

Were one to forget Modigliani, the painter, one would still be held by Modigliani the man, the drama enacted, giving to the world once again the tragic legend of the eternal suffering, like that of the race itself from which he came, in its struggle for fulfilment. With his facility for elegant drawing, an Italian characteristic, with his former academic training, Modigliani could so easily have gained wealth and luxury for his starved flesh, had he but joined the ranks of the painters of fashionable women, the ranks of the suave draughtsman that are acclaimed by the academy and the Boulevards. Modigliani was not such. Modigliani the artist, the seeker after ideals preferred to die suffering rather than compromise.

Well did Modigliani's life supply the precious detail for the romantic legend of la Vie Boheme that would live after him. He starved and spat blood and de-

(Continued on page 80)

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The Rise of David Levinsky

(Continued from page 75)

The orthodox Jewish faith practically excludes woman from religious life. Attending divine servcie is not obligatory for her, and those of the sex who wish to do so are allowed to follow the devotions not in the synagogue proper, but through little windows or peeholes in the wall of an adjoining room. In the eye of the spiritual law that governed my life women were intended for two purposes only: for the continuation of the human species and to serve as an instrument in the hands of Satan for tempting the stronger sex to sin. Marriage was simply a duty imposed by the Bible. Love? So far as it meant attraction between two persons of the opposite sex who were not man and wife, there was no such word in my native tongue. One loved one's wife, mother, daughter, or sister. To be "in love" with a girl who was an utter stranger to you was something unseemly, something which only Gentiles or "modern" Jews might indulge in.

But at present all this merely deepened the bewitching mystery of the forbidden sex in my young blood. And Satan, wide awake and sharp eyed as ever, was not slow to perceive the change that had come over me and made the most of it.

There was no such thing as athletics or outdoor sports in my world. The only physical exercise known to us was to be swinging like a pendulum in front of your reading-desk from nine in the morning to bedtime every day, and an all-night vigil every Thursday in addition. Even a most innocent frolic among the boys was suppressed as an offense to good Judaism.

All of which tended to deepen the mystery of girlhood and to increase the chances of Satan.

I must explain that although women could not attend divine service except through a peephole, they were free to visit the house of worship on all sorts of other errands. So some of them would come with food for the scholars, others with candles for the chandeliers, while still others wanted letters read or written. One of the several rabbis of the town was in the habit of spending his evenings reading Talmud in the Preacher's Synagogue, so housewives of the neighborhood, or their daughters, would bring some spoon, pot, or chicken to have them passed upon according to the dietary laws of Moses and the Talmud.

I would scrutinize the faces and figures of these girls, I would draw comparisons, make guesses as to whether they were engaged to be married (I did not have to speculate upon whether they were already married, because a young matron who would visit our synagogue was sure to have her hair covered with a wig). It became one of my pastimes to make forecasts as to the looks of the next young woman to call at the synagogue, whether she would be pretty or homely, tall or short, fair or dark, plump or spare. I was interested in their eyes, but, somehow, I was still more interested in their mouths. Some mouths would set my blood on fire. I would invent all sorts of romantic episodes with myself as the hero. I would portray my engagement to some of the pretty girls I had seen, our wedding, and, above all, our married life. The worst of it was that these images often visited my brain while I was reading the holy book. Satan would choose such moments of all others because in this manner he would involve me in two great sins at once; for in addition to the wickedness of indulging in salacious thoughts there was the offense of desecrating the holy book by them.

Reb Sender's daughter was about to be married to a tradesman of Talmudic education. I did not care for her in the least, yet her approaching wedding aroused a lively interest in me.

Red Esther had gone out to service. She came home but seldom, and when she did we scarcely ever talked to each other. The coarse brightness of her complexion and the harsh femininity of her laughter repelled me.

"I do hate her," I once said to myself, as I heard that laugh of hers.

"And yet you would not mind kissing her, would you, now?" a voice retorted.

I had to own that I would not, and then I cudgeled my brains over the amazing discrepancy of the thing. Kissing meant being fond of one. I enjoyed kissing my mother, for instance. Now, I certainly was not fond of Esther. I was sure that I hated her. Why, then, was I impelled to kiss her? How could I hate and be fond of her at once? I went on reasoning it out, Talmud fashion, till I arrived at the conclusion that there were two kinds of kisses: the kiss of affection and the kiss of Satan. I submitted it, as a discovery, to some of the other young Talmudists, but they scouted it as a truism. A majority of us were modest of speech and conduct. But there were some who were not.

CHAPTER III

When I was a little over eighteen the number of steady readers at the Old Synagogue was increased by the advent of a youth from the Polish provinces. His appearance produced something of a sensation, for, in addition to being the son of a rich merchant and the prospective son-in-law of a celebrated rabbi, he was the possessor of a truly phenomenal memory. He was well versed in the entire Talmud, and could recite by heart about five hundred leaves, or one thousand pages, of it. He was generally called the Pole. He was tall and supple, fair-complexioned, and well-groomed, with a suggestion of self-satisfaction and aloofness in the very sinuosity of his figure. His velvet skull-cap, which was always pushed back on his head, exposed to view a forelock of golden hair. His long-skirted, well-fitting coat was of the richest broadcloth I had ever seen. He wore a watch and chain that were said to be worth a small fortune. I hated him. He was repugnant to me for his Polish accent, for his good clothes, for his well-fed face, for his haughty manner, for the servile attention that was showered on him, and, above all, for his extraordinary memory. I had always been under the impression that the boys of well-to-do parents were stupid. Brains did not seem to be in their line. That this young man, who was so well supplied with this world's goods, should possess

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a wonderful mind as well jarred on me as an injustice to us poor boys.

I would seek comfort in the reflection that "the essence of scholarship lay in profundity and acumen rather than in the ability to rattle off pages like so many psalms." Yet those "five hundred leaves" of his gave me no peace. Five hundred! The figure haunted me. Finally I set myself the task of memorizing five hundred lines. It was a gigantic undertaking, although my memory was rather above the average. I worked with unflagging assiduity for weeks and weeks. Nobody was to know of my purpose until it had been achieved. I worked so hard and was so absorbed in my task that my interest in girls lost much of its usual acuteness. At times I had a sense of my own holiness. When I walked through the streets, on my way to or from the synagogue, I kept reciting some of the pages I had mastered. While in bed for the night, I whispered myself to sleep reciting Talmud. When I ate, some bit of Talmud was apt to be running through my mind. If there was a hitch, and I could not go on, my heart would sink within me. I would stop eating and make an effort to recall the passage.

It was inevitable that the new character of my studies should sooner or later attract Reb Sender's attention. My secret hung like a veil between us. He was jealous of it. Ultimately he questioned me, beseechingly, and I was forced to make a clean breast of it.

Reb Sender beamed. The veil was withdrawn. Presently his face fell again.

"What I don't like about it is your envy of the Pole," he said, gravely. "Don't take it ill, my son, but I am afraid you are envious and begrudging. Fight it, Davie. Give up studying by heart. It is not with a pure motive you are doing it. Your studies are poisoned with hatred and malice. Do you want to gladden my heart, Davie?"

"I do. I will. What do you mean?"

"Just step up to the Pole and beg his pardon for the evil thoughts you have harbored about him."

A minute later I stood in front of my hated rival, thrilling with the ecstasy of penitence.

"I have sinned against you. Forgive me," I said, with downcast eyes.

The Pole was puzzled.

"I envied you," I explained. "I could not bear to hear everybody speak of the five hundred leaves you know by heart. So I wanted to show you that I could learn by heart just as much, if not more."

A suggestion of a sneer flitted across his well-fed face. It stung me as if it were some loathsome insect. His golden forelock exasperated me.

"And I could do it, too," I snapped. "I have learned more than fifty leaves already. It is not so much of a trick as I thought it was."

"Is it not?" the Pole said, with a full-grown sneer.

"You need not be so stuck up, anyhow," I shot back, and turned away.

Before I had reached Reb Sender, who had been watching us, I rushed back to the Pole.

"I just want to say this," I began, in a towering rage. "With all your boasted memory you would be glad to change brains with me."

His shoulders shook with soundless mirth.

"Laugh away. But let Reb Sender examine both of us. Let him select a passage and see who of us can delve deeper into it, you or I? Memory alone is nothing."

"Isn't it? Then why are you green with envy of me?" And once more he burst into a laugh, with a graceful jerk of his head which set my blood on fire.

"You're a pampered idiot."

"You're green with envy."

"I'll break every bone in you."

We flew at each other, but Reb Sender and two other scholars tore us apart.

"Shame!" the Talmudists cried, shrugging their shoulders in disgust.

"Just like Gentiles," some one commented.

"It is an outrage to have the holy place desecrated in this manner."

"What has got into you?" Reb Sender said to me as he led me back to my desk.

I resumed studying by heart with more energy than ever. "That's all right!" I thought to myself. "I'll have that silk-stocking of a fellow lick the dust of my shoes." I now took special measures to guard my secret even from Reb Sender. One of these was to take a book home and to work there, staying away from synagogue as often as I could invent a plausible pretext. I was lying right and left. Satan chuckled in my face, but I did not care. I promised myself to settle my accounts with the Uppermost later on. The only thing that mattered now was to beat the Pole.

The sight of me learning the Word of God so diligently was a source of indescribable joy to my mother. She struggled to suppress her feeling, but from time to time a sigh would escape her, as though the rush of happiness was too much for her heart.

Alas! this happiness of hers was not to last much longer.

BOOK III

I LOSE MY MOTHER

CHAPTER I

It was Purim, the feast of Esther. Our school-boys were celebrating the downfall of Haman, and they were doing it in the same war-like fashion in which American boys celebrate their forefathers' defiance of George III. The synagogues roared with the booming of fire-crackers, the report of toy pistols, the whir-whir of Purim rattles. It was four weeks to the great eight-day festival of Passover and my mother went to work in a bakery of unleavened bread. She toiled from eighteen to twenty hours a day, so that she often dozed off over her rolling-pin from sheer exhaustion. But then she earned far more than usual. Including tips from customers (the baker merely acted as a contractor for the families whose flour he transformed into flat, round, tasteless Passover cakes, or "matzoths") she saved up, during the period, a little over twenty rubles. With a part of this sum she ordered a new coat for me and bought me a new cap. I remember that coat very well. It was of a dark-brown cotton stuff, neat at the waist and with absurdly long skirts, of course.

(Continued on page 82)

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MODIGLIANI AND HIS TRAGIC END

(*Continued from page 77*)

claimed whole cantos of the Divine Comedy which he knew by heart. Among those who possessed canvasses and drawings of Modigliani, not least are the cafetiers of Paris. It was there that he most often left them in exchange for some liquor and sometimes for some food. He drank. Modigliani the Jew, raising his handsome head in a loud voice, sang the ancient Hebrew litanies. Not until a few days before his death, did the proud Italian Jew allow himself to be taken to the Hospital for the Poor. But then it was too late. The fire that consumed his soul and body had ravaged it beyond repair. Finita la tragedia. He was 36 years when he died.

When Kisling, a young Jewish Polish artist, friend of Modigliani in an attempt to borrow money for the funeral, approached a certain dealer, one who had procured dozens of the dead artist's works at starvation prices, he exclaimed, "Oh why bother so much. Bury him in the Grave for the Poor." One hour after the funeral, the same dealer as well as others, with money-purses in their hands, ran breathlessly to the poverty-stricken rooms of the but just expired artist. Stumbling and angrily pushing each other, they greedily gathered in all they could grab, every canvass or scrap of paper that Modigliani had ever touched with brush or pencil.

That night, the night of the funeral, the young wife of Modigliani, who was with child, hurled herself through the window to the pavement five stories below, and was instantly killed. In the bare cold rooms toddled a forlorn bewildered child of two.

Upon his death, the name of Modigliani became known in every country. France claims him as belonging to the glory of French Art, Italy claims him as hers. Numerous exhibitions of his works have taken place in France, in Germany, in Italy, in America and probably in other countries. Books have been written about him, eulogies in almost every language, reproductions of his pictures can be seen in numberless brochures and magazines of all nations. Modigliani is ranked among the leading artists of the modern epoch of art. In France, his name stands among those of the masters of the movement, Matisse, Picasso, Derain and others. For Italy, he is even more. Italy with all the glory of its past great art and traditions can nevertheless hardly boast of a significant modern artist. Modigliani is the one outstanding Italian artist that has given prestige to modern painting in Italy.—Sentinel.

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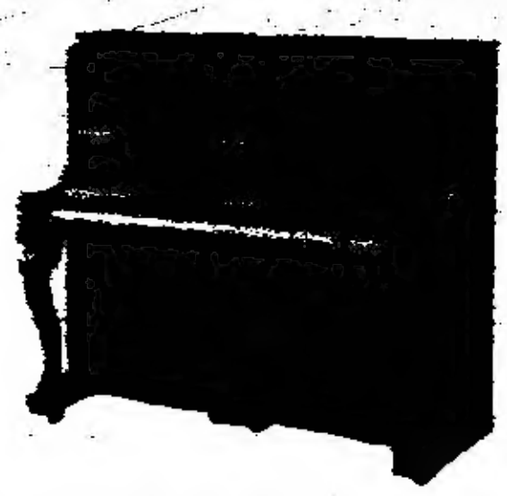

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THE HAPPY MAN

(Continued from page 25)

"The man sobbed. I had never understood so clearly the resemblance of great pain to great joy. I patted him gently on the shoulder, and thought: 'I shall be greater than fate; I shall not destroy what I have created. But, of course, I feared my friends would be anxious to continue the game, and so I said: 'You have made a great impression upon the people at the cafe last night; but in order that the full effect of your powers might be realized, I would suggest that you do not go there again for sometime.'

"'Of course, of course, I never meant to come there again. I understand.'

"He understood. He knew that happiness must not be tempted twice. I spent my whole morning with him. He was, in a sense, 'my creation;' and that was his own feeling about it. 'You have made me,' he repeated again and again. I understood then why Jahweh said, delighted: 'All is well!' after he had created so mediocre a world. Here was his solace.

"He followed me and obeyed me as a dog, and as a dog I loved him and caressed him and praised him. I was in need of him, as much as he was of me. Did he feel that I could destroy his happiness if I only wished, and did he want to hinder me from doing so by his love and devotion? I could not tell. . .

"Some months later he died suddenly. His landlady called me to his room. Underneath his pillow was a wooden box. She would not open it without me; she suspected it was filled with valuable documents. He had always been so particular about it. I opened the box. Within it were the bouquet I had given him at the cafe, all withered, and crumbled, with the card still dangling from its stem: 'To the greatest poet!" his roll of manuscripts that I had read, the card with the signature of all the guests—everything that made his happiness. The landlady was angry. 'The old fool!' she shouted. 'Some antideluvian love affair—and I thought—what an ass I was—on the strength of that, he hasn't paid several weeks' board.'

"I was miserable. My world had been crumbled to dust. I was no longer a god, but a man. . ."

The narrator remained silent for a few minutes. Then, he resumed—"You see, ladies and gentlemen, that happiness is only possible through an accident, a farce, whether it be created by divine fiat or human medium. Indeed, only when the gods are playful, man may laugh; but the gods are serious monks, counting their rosaries, and man is the plaintive and monotonous echo of the numbers."

The long-fingered snow continued to thump upon the window panes as upon some ancient harps—and the ladies and gentlemen were thinking about happiness, or how best to get home.—Sentinel.

MARQUIS OF READING

(Continued from page 21)

On his return to London, it was not easy adequately to reward him. Already he had been created an Earl. He was made a Marquis. Within one life, he had been a ship's boy, a bankrupt on the stock exchange, a King's Counsel, Attorney-General, Lord Chief Justice, Ambassador at Washington, an Earl, Viceroy of India, and a Marquis. By general consent, every one of his numerous honors had been fairly earned.

He has now turned his attention to business. He runs newspapers, and is a rich man. His future depends on the Liberal Party, which means Lloyd George. If there is to be a further reconstruction of Britain, political and economic, it is not easy to see how a Labor government itself can leave Lord Reading among the unemployed. No man is indispensable. But this man has no enemies, and his shrewd, sympathetic, kindly judgment, his knowledge of commerce and his instinctive appreciation of human character are assets of which England may still stand in need.—Sentinel.

Henry Mond, son of Lord Melchett, was victorious in the British Parliamentary by-elections held recently. The new Parliament member was elected on the Conservative ticket, having entered the Conservative Party when his father did.

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The Rise of David Levinsky

(Continued from page 79)

The Jewish Passover often concurs with the Christian Easter. This was the case in the year in question. One afternoon—it was the seventh day of our festival—I chanced to be crossing the Horse-market. As it was not market day, it was deserted save for groups of young Gentiles, civilians and soldiers, who were rolling brightly colored Easter eggs over the ground. My new long-skirted coat and side-locks provoked their mirth until one of them hit me a savage blow in the face, splitting my lower lip. Another rowdy snatched off my new cap—just because our people considered it a sin to go bareheaded. And, as I made my way, bleeding, with one hand to my lip and the other over my bare head, the company sent a shower of broken eggs and a chorus of jeers after me.

It was only a short distance from Abner's Court. When I entered our basement and faced my mother, she stared at me for a moment, as though dumfounded, and then, slapping her hands together, she sobbed:

"Woe is me! Darkness is me! What has happened to you?"

When she had heard my story she stood silent awhile, looking aghast, and then left the house.

"I'm going to kill him. I am just going to kill him," she said, in measured accents which still ring in my ears.

The bookbinder's wife, the retired soldier, and I ran after her, imploring her not to risk her life on such a foolhardy errand, but she took no heed of us.

"Foolish woman! You don't even know who did it," urged the soldier.

"I'll find out!" she answered.

The bookbinder's wife seized her by an arm, but she shook her off. I pleaded with her with tears in my eyes.

"Go back," she said to me, trying to be gentle while her eyes were lit with an ominous look.

These were the last words I ever heard her utter.

Fifteen minutes later she was carried into our basement unconscious. Her face was bruised and swollen and the back of her head was broken. She died the same evening.

I have never been able to learn theg hastly details of her death. The police and an examining magistrate were said to be investigating the case, but nothing came of it.

There was no lack of excitement among Jews of Antomir. The funeral was expected to draw a vast crowd. But the epidemic of anti-Jewish atrocities of 1881 and 1882 were fresh in one's mind, so word was passed round "not to irritate the Gentiles." The younger and "modern" element in town took exception of this timidity. They insisted upon a demonstrative funeral. They were organizing for self-defense in case the procession was interfered with, but the counsel of older people prevailed. As a consequence, the number of mourners following the hearse was even smaller than it would have been if my mother had died a natural death. And the few who did take part in the sad procession were unusually silent. A Jewish funeral without a chorus of sobbing women was inconceivable in Antomir. Indeed, a pious matron who happens to come across such a scene will join in the weeping, whether she had ever heard of the deceased or not. On this ocasion, however, sobs were conspicuous by their absence.

"'S-sh! 's-sh! None of your wailing!" an old man kept admonishing the women.

I spent the "Seven Days" (of mourning) in our basement, where I received visits from neighbors, from the families of my two distant relatives, from Reb Sender and other Talmudists of my synagogue. Among these was the Pole. This time my rival begged my forgiveness. I granted it, of course, but I felt that we never could like each other.

There was a great wave of sympathy for me. Offers of assistance came pouring in in all sorts of forms. Had there been a Yiddish newspaper in town and such things as public meetings, the outburst might have crystallised into what, to me, would have been a great fortune. As it was, public interest in me died before anything tangible was done. Still, there were several prosperous families of the old-fashioned class, each of which wanted to provide me with excellent board. But then Reb Sender's wife, in a fit of compassion and carried away by the prevailing spirit of the moment, claimed the sole right to feed me.

"I'll take his mother's place," she said. "Whatever the Upper One gives us will be enough for him, too." Her husband was happy, while I lacked the courage to overrule them.

As to lodgings, it was deemed most natural that I should sleep in some house of worship, as thousands of Talmud students did in Antomir and other towns. To put up with a synagogue bench for a bed and to "eat days" was even regarded as a desirable part of a young man's Talmud education. And so I selected a pew in the Preacher's Synagogue for my bed. I was better off than some others who lived in houses of God, for I had some of my mother's bedding while they mostly had to sleep on hay pillows with a coat for a blanket.

It was not until I found myself lying on this improvised bed that I realised the full extent of my calamity. During the first seven days of mourning I had been aware, of course, that something appalling had befallen me, but I had scarcely experienced anything like keen anguish. I had been in an excited, hazy state of mind, more conscious of being the central figure of a great sensation than of my loss. As I went to bed on the synagogue bench, however, instead of in my old bunk at what had been my home, the fact that my mother was dead and would never be alive again smote me with crushing violence. It was as though I had just discovered it. I shall never forget that terrible night.

At the end of the first thirty days of mourning I visited mother's grave. "Mamma! Mamma!" I shrieked, throwing myself upon the mound in a wild paroxysm of grief.

The dinners which Reb Sender's wife brought to the synagogue for her husband and myself were never quite enough for two, and for supper, which he had at home, she would bring me some bread and cheese or herring. Poor Reb Sender could not look me in the face. The situation grew more awkward every day. It was not long before his wife began to drop hints that I was hard to please, that she did far more than she could afford for me

(Continued on page 90)

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The Dove of Peace Astray

(Continued from page 18)

clouds; it was as though the earth were eager to leap at the sky or as though the sky were about to smother the earth. The dove awoke from her dream. Death and annihilation were upon her; as the waters of yore, so now it was fire that threatened to inundate the universe. Hastily she spread her wings and soared up high in order to find for herself a homeland other than the devastated forest, a land of peace.

The dove rose high and flew over our world, in quest of peace; but wherever she flew she encountered the same thunder and lightning of human beings—war everywhere. It was a sea of fire and blood that flooded the earth, as once before; again a Deluge had come, and the dove precipitately winged through our regions to espy a State of rest and then to fly back to our forebear in order to deliver to him the olive leaf of the Promised Land. But nowhere, in our day, was such a place to be found; higher and higher rose the tide of destruction about mankind; farther and farther spread the conflagration through our world. And still the dove could find no place to rest, nor mankind its coveted peace; and the dove could not return home—could not retire forever until that has been achieved.

No one in our day has seen her, this mystic dove astray; yet she still flutters over our heads, anxiously and with flagging wings. Occasionally, during nights only, when one is startled from his dreams, a droning is heard in the air, the sound of hasty pursuit in the dark, disturbed passage and restless flight.

Upon those wings soar all our thoughts, in their anxiety are centered all our yearnings. She who tremblingly hovers between earth and sky, the dove gone astray, as the faithless messenger of yours, communicates our own destiny to the forefather of mankind. Once again, as thousands of years ago, an anxious world waits for someone to stretch forth a helping hand in token of the hope that the wandering dove may now return from her eternal quest.

Definition of a Kibitzer

Outside the Royale Theatre New York, there stands what is known in the theatrical trade as a six-sheet, on which is painted in large red letters "What is a Kibitzer?" and below it a list of definitions of the word by many celebrities, ranging from the Professor of English at Columbia University to the Four Marx Brothers.

This six-sheet is the result of a campaign which Patterson McNutt, producer of "Kibitzer," has been carrying on to get at the exact meaning of the title of his play, which is not in the dictionary, although it is in general use. Hundreds of notable people in all walks of life in every part of the world have been approached by mail; some of them answered, some of them threw the letters in the scrap basket, some of them thought it was a joke, some went into a lengthy philological discussion. McNutt kept on, for "kibitzer" is a word, and he traced and tracked it to its lair.

The word is first found recorded in 1534 in a German court document of Magdeburg. In it a "Kiebitz" or "Kiewisch" is defined as "a person (Kerl) who looks on at a chess or card game and makes uncalled-for and unauthorized remarks." It is strange that this meaning still persists despite the changes that usually pursue words throughout their history. Among

(Continued on page 37)

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(*Continued from page* 13)

It was while operator of the Wanamaker station that his big chance came. On April 14, 1912, the Titanic was sunk. In order to avoid interference, President Taft ordered every other station in the country closed. Then for seventy-two consecutive hours David Sarnoff grabbed from the air one of the great, tragic stories of the sea and the list of those who were saved.

With the loss of the Titanic as a lesson, Congress passed the law requiring every seagoing vessel to be equipped with wireless. It was the young man who had let no chances slip by who was now found prepared to superintend the equipping of the vessels, to inspect stations and examine operators. From then on he was an executive, going with the Radio Corporation of America as commercial manager when it absorbed the Marconi Company. Now he is General Manager and Vice President.

We asked Mr. Sarnoff whether he is still of the Jewish faith and, whether he regarded being a Jew a handicap. He replied:

"I never regarded being a Jew a handicap."

"I am of the Jewish faith and do not understand any Jew who was born one and does not continue one. I was born a Jew and expect to die one. I don't say that boastfully, but I say it naturally.

"I don't think any man who is satisfied with his work, who has normal health, has any handicaps that he cannot overcome if his ambitions are ordinate instead of inordinate, and his appetites normal instead of insatiable.

"I had so little time for play that perhaps my environment, which one could hardly call swell, did not have a chance to do its sinister work. Still, I regard environment as a very important influence in the early life of a boy or girl. So far as my tree sons are concerned; they are not in a rich or fashionable environment either. They are having the training of a good home life, are being sent to camp to learn to do things themselves and are kept busy going to school and doing things that normal children should.

"The great difference between their youth and mine is that they have play and I didn't. I think while experience which comes from roughness may help to harden one, it isn't necessarily a sine qua non of one's failure or success. While it is true that having to look out for yourself in your early years may harden a man to deal more firmly with matters as they come along later in life, I am not sure that struggling up on your own does not also leave some hard spots on one's character which are not always desirable."

David Sarnoff wants to continue in harness as long as his business gives him the same fun it does now.

"When it ceases, too, I want to stop and do something that interests me more. But I see more things to do in the next ten years than I did in the last ten—many more opportunities ahead. I regard radio as the greatest force which has come to mankind in the present generation. It is perhaps the greatest and in some respects the only instrumentality which, to quote the words of the poet, can make the whole world akin. No, I don't believe it will make us a one-language world. I believe it will facilitate the development of an auxiliary language, but not a substitute one. I think it will be a natural language, which most people will speak and understand."

Donald Shaskan, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Shaskan, of Lawrence, L. I., is the 125-pound boxing champion of Dartmouth.

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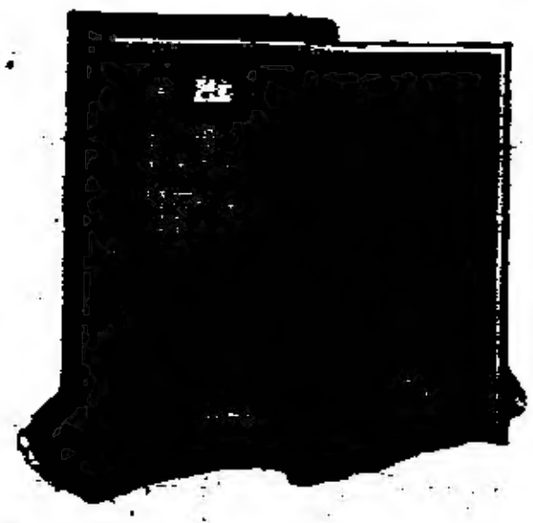

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DEFINITION OF A KIBITZER

(Continued from page 83)

other things a "kibitzer" continues to be an adviser in a card game. "Kiewisch," the ancient form, is akin to the Hebrew "Chowash," which means "search, examination."

Dr. A. A. Brill, noted psychopathologist, and leading American exponent of Freud, is also a student of philology, and he associates the word in its modern form with the Hebrew "Kabaz," which means "to collect." He finds that among Austro-Hungarian Jews the word "Kalatzan" means "a poor man, one who collects alms."

The head of the English department of Columbia University, Prof. George Philip Krapp, sent the following commentary: "The word kibitzer, a Yiddish word, derived from the German word kiebitz, which is the name of a small and rather insignificant bird. It is probably a word like English peewit, more or less imitative of the note of the bird. I don't know exactly what kibitzer means. The word isn't in my vocabulary. But if it means a puling, plaintive, small-minded person, this meaning would be appropriate to the meaning of the word."

Among other notables who answered the request for a definition were:

Mikita Balieff, generallissimo of the Chauve-Souris, replied:

"I received your letter and will try, as far as I can to help you out of a dilemma. In the south of Russia the word "kibitzer" was explained as follows: When several persons were playing at a table there was always another one person who did not play and only witnessed the game, but who was furiously gambling in his mind, lost and won immense sums, but, I repeat, he did it in his mind. Each time when he was winning or loosing a certain sum—he shouted: 'If only I had staked 10 roubles I would have won a hundred,' or inversely, 'If I had staked a hundred roubles I would have lost them all.' Such persons were called 'kibitzer.' To my great regret I couldn't give you any fuller information on the subject."

A Commission of Nine, who will constitute the American Board of Inquiry of the Zionist Organization, consists of Louis Lipsky, President of the Zionist Organization of America, who will act as Chairman; Abraham Goldberg, David Freiberger, Dr. Mordecai M. Kaplan, Miss Sarah Kussy, Louis E. Levinthal, Dr. A. J. Rongy, Morris Rothenberg, and Nelson Rutenberg. Elihu D. Stone will be an ex-officio member of the Commission.

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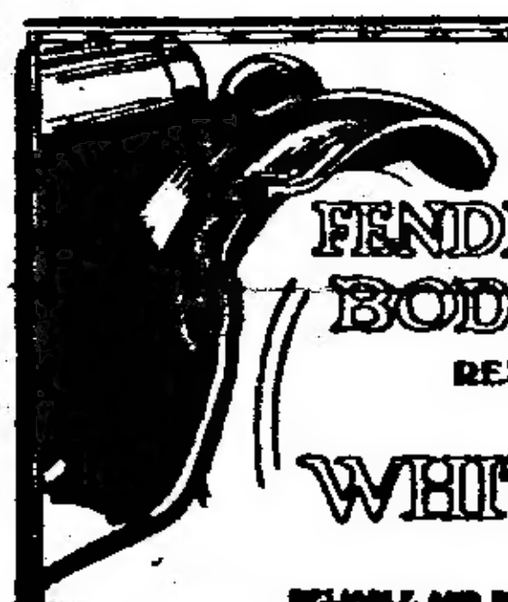

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A BILLION DOLLAR BANKER

(*Continued from page* 17)

Wickersham was very much impressed by Dillon's personality. One day at luncheon Wickersham introduced him to William A. Read, president of the banking house of William A. Read & Company, and said: "Mr. Read is looking for bright young men. I told him you were the brightest I had met in a long time." Read, a bluff, hearty soul, took a fancy to Dillon. During the luncheon it developed that William A. Phillips, one of Read's bond salesmen, had been a classmate of Dillon at both Worcester Academy and at Harvard. Later Dillon dropped in to reminisce with Bill Phillips. The latter is now one of his principal partners and a close confidant.

There were other meetings, and soon Read, aided by Phillips, persuaded Dillon to give banking a trial.

William A. Read & Company was an old and sound banking house, itself the successor of the ancient firm of Vermilyea & Company. It had been moving comfortably along, prosperous but stodgy, and was not spading up much new business. Dillon saw that the organization lacked facilities for the distribution of its securities, suggested to Read that the firm tap the rich Chicago district, and thereupon went to Chicago and sold several issues successfully. Read was delighted. He lured Dillon back to New York and offered him a partnership. Whistling and jaunty, the Baron broke the news to a Harvard classmate and observed with a grin: "This game is more fascinating than no-limit stud poker." Dillon added that he had bought a house at Rye and joined a golf club.

He became a member of the firm April 1, 1916, when he was near thirty-four. The same day Read was stricken with a fatal illness and carried to his home, where he died within a week.

Dillon's development was rapid. His partners noticed that he worked comfortably and directly. He possessed what is commonly called a "source mind." He was comforting to have about. No matter how wild and hazardous the whirlpool, Dillon remained an area of calm. The seniors began to lean on him. The well-groomed, easy-mannered young man from the West was not backward either in cultivating acquaintances. "Capable and level-headed" was the imprimatur placed upon him by such financiers as Jacob H. Schiff, Henry P. Davison, and Bernard M. Baruch. The last was particularly impressed, and when Baruch was made chairman of the War Industries Board, he invited Dillon to come along, so assistant to the chairman.

The two years of war-time experience at the Capital were invaluable to Dillon, for in Washington he obtained a world-wide sweep of industrial conditions and his contacts were many and varied. Capitalistic whales swam daily into the offices of the War Industries Board, spouting complains and threats. They were received by the assistant to the chairman. They noticed that the latter was a relaxed, pipe-smoking young man. (Dillon had but recently permitted himself a pipe—the one dissipation in an otherwise rigidly regulated life.) Chairman Baruch's aide seemed to know a lot without saying much, but few of the mighty men of business had imagination enough to visualize in the lean, tall, dark young man a possible reincarnation of one of those silent, mocking, caftan-clad men of his blood who sat centuries ago in the chancelleries of Europe and ruled the world's trade routes . . .

Dillon returned from service with the War Industries Board a seasoned financier. His grasp was now international. His fine mind was a skein holding threads that ran through the business organization of the world. Furthermore, he had made some very valuable connections that spelled business for William A. Read & Company. When he returned to New York, the partners got together and offered Dillon the presidency.

A year later he executed a brilliant coup that resulted in his practical absorption of the firm and his universal recognition as a master manipulator. The year 1920 saw dark days in the Street. Frank Vanderlip had gloomily prophesied the collapse of Europe. Many large corporations were tottering, among them the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, which had commitments of some $100,000,000.

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Many banks and other institutions would feel a Goodyear receivership gravely; the furrowed creditors tramped the financial district futilely. Finally they turned to Dillon. He listened. He was told it would be necessary to wipe out accrued dividends on preferred stock. "Nothing doing," snapped Dillon. "The company must stand up to all its obligations."

The creditors agreed. Dillon went to preferred stockholders and dropped in on a few monied men of his acquaintance. He told them he had picked E. G. Wilmer, a young junior officer in a steel concern, to run the reorganized Goodyear and that they'd better get in on a good thing. In his quiet office, on a single afternoon, Goodyear securities worth millions of dollars were underwritten. The company instantly turned the corner.

Good jobs never pass unnoticed in Wall Street. After Goodyear, all the hard nuts were brought to Dillon to crack. He kept his head and never played long shots. He is daring but thorough. He rejects immediately nine out of ten of the propositions offered; and, of those he looks into, accepts for exploitation only about one out of five. He is also fatalistic. If one of his partners has a premonition of disaster, Dillon quits a deal cold.

He is always cool, always sure of himself. His desk is a clean table with a single telephone. His office in the Equitable Building might be a corner of a club, though not so warmly furnished. A globe map of the world, standing in a window recess, and a few prints of old New York, are all that relieve the bareness. There is no pomp about the man.

Dillon is a perfect host. He maintains a dining-room in his office, faultlessly appointed, where simple luncheons are served. His tastes, too, are simple. He keeps in physical shape by riding, golf, and by setting-up exercises which he practises each morning as they come over the radio. He is fond of reading, especially biography and history, of music, pictures, and travel. He has a fine collection of prints and etchings, including many Rembrandts and Whistlers. Occasionally he still indulges a weakness for sketching. Five evenings a week he is home with his wife and children. His eighteen-year-old son, Clarence Douglass Dillon, is a student at Groton, and the father delights in carrying the boy off for a week's fishing. There is also a fifteen-year-old daughter, Dorothy Anne.

The Dillons live from fall to spring in an unpretentious apartment at 635 Park Avenue. Their country place is at Far Hills, N. J., where the banker keeps a fine herd of blooded Guernseys. Dillon plans most of his enterprises in his library at Far Hills or at "business breakfasts" in his city home. Recently, Dillon, Read & Company opened branches in Paris and and London to facilitate handling of operations already world-wide in scope. Dillon speaks creditable French, German, and Italian; he travels abroad yearly, dipping into the art centres and the bourses, and has won decorations from Poland and Belgium. He has handled loans for a dozen governments in Europe and South America.

The magnitude of his American operations has also constantly increased. He has seemingly become a symbol of the New in Finance, and as such is still, perhaps, somewhat mistrusted by the conservative old-timers of the Street. Yet he goes along breaking records, in a masterful, unflurried way, piling up the profits and, one suspects, enjoying the fascination of the game.

Occasionally he yearns for the less responsible years. When he met Owen Wister, he remarked ruefully: "Lucky chap. He can go anywhere he wishes and his office is under his hat." Again, at a race meet, he said: "A five-hundred-dollar bet used to mean a lot to me. Wish I could get the same old kick out of it."

The next moment he was rushing for the rail, cheering like mad for a friend's selection, upon which he had placed not a single sou.—John K. Winkler in the New Yorker.

Bennett E. Siegelstein, as attorney and executor for the Estate of Daniel P. Ritchey, has succeeded in settling the case the Estate had against Col. John Allen Rule of London after several trans-Atlantic talks over the telephone to London the other day.

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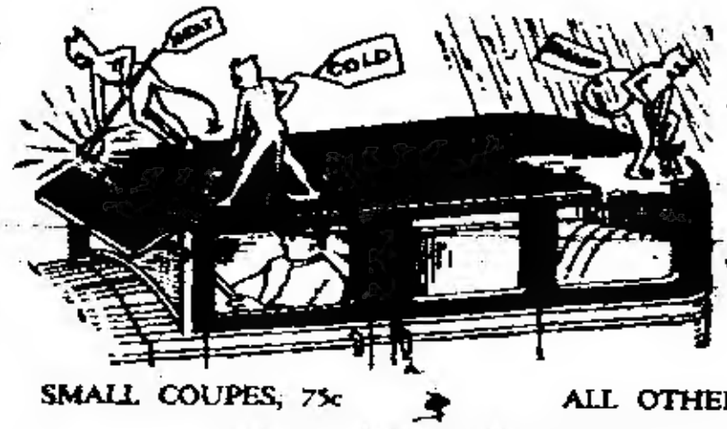

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The Rise of David Levinsky

(Continued from page 83)

and that I was an ingrate. The upshot was that she "allowed" me to accept "days" from other families. But the well-to-do people had by now forgotten my existence and the housewives who were still vying with one another in offering me meals were mostly of the poorer class. These strove to make me feel at home at their houses, and yet, in some cases at least, as I ate, I was aware of being watched lest I should consume too much bread. As a consequence, I often went away half hungry. All of which quickened my self-pity and the agony of my yearnings for mother. I grew extremely sensitive and more quarrelsome than I am naturally. I quarreled with one of my relatives, a woman, and rejected the "day" which I had had in her house, and shortly after abandoned one of my other "days."

Reb Sender kept tab of my missing "days" and tried to make up for them by sharing his dinner with me. His wife, however, who usually waited for the dishes and so was present while I ate, was anything but an encouraging witness of her husband's hospitality. The food would stick in my throat under her glances. I was repeatedly impelled abruptly to leave the meal, but refrained from doing so for Reb Sender's sake. I obtained two new "days." One of these I soon forfeited, having been caught stealing a hunk of bread; but I kept the matter from Reb Sender. To conceal the truth from him I would spend the dinner hour in the street or in a little synagogue in another section of the city. Tidy Naphtali had recently returned to Antomir, and this house of worship was his home now. His vocal cords had been ruined by incessantly reading Talmud at the top of his lungs. He now spoke or read in a low, hoarse voice. He still spent most of his time at a reading-desk, but he had to content himself with whispering.

I found a new "day," but lost three of my old ones. Naphtali had as little to eat as I, yet he scarcely ever left his books. One late afternoon I sat by his side while he was reading in a spiritless whisper. Neither of us had lunched that day. His curly head was propped upon his arm, his near-sighted eyes close to the book. He never stirred. He was too faint to sway his body or to gesticulate. I was musing wearily, and it seemed as though my hunger was a living thing and was taking part in my thoughts.

"Do you know, Naphtali," I said, "it is pleasant even to famish in company. If I were alone it would be harder to stand it. 'The misery of the many is a consolation.'"

He made no answer. Minutes passed. Presently he turned from his desk.

"Do you really think there is a God?" he asked, irrelevantly.

I stared.

"Don't be shocked. It is all bosh." And he fell to swaying over his book.

I was dumfounded. "Why do you keep reading Talmud, then?" I asked, looking aghast.

"Because I am a fool," he returned, going on with his reading. A minute later he added, "But you are a bigger one."

I was hurt and horrified. I tried to argue, but he went on murmuring, his eyes on the folio before him.

Finally I snapped: "You are a horrid atheist and a sinner in Israel. You are desecrating the holy place." And I rushed from the little synagogue.

His shocking whisper, "Do you really think there is a God?" haunted me all that afternoon and evening. He appeared like another man to me. I was burning to see him again and to smash his atheism, to prove to him that there was a God. But as I made a mental rehearsal of my argument I realized that I had nothing clear or definite to put forth. So I cursed Naphtali for an apostate, registered a vow to shun him, and was looking forward to the following day when I should go to see him again.

My interest in the matter was not keen, however, and soon it died down altogether. Nothing really interested me except the fact that I had not enough to eat, that mother was no more, that I was all alone in the world. The shock of the catastrophe had produced a striking effect on me. My incessant broodings, and the corroding sense of my great irreparable loss and of my desolation had made a nerveless, listless wreck of me, a mere shadow of my former self. I was incapable of sustained thinking.

My communions with God were quite rare now. Nor did He take as much interest in my studies as He used to. Instead of the Divine Presence shining down on me while I read, the face of my martyred mother would loom before me. Once or twice in my hungry rambles I visited Abner's Court and let my heart be racked by the sight of what had once been our home, mother's and mine. I said prayers for her three times a day with great devotion, with a deep yearning. But this piety was powerless to restore me to my former feeling for the Talmud.

I distinctly recall how I would shut my eyes and vision my mother looking at me from her grave, her heart contracted with anguish and pity for her famished orphan. It was an excruciating vision, yet I found comfort

(Continued on page 91)

in it. I would unduly complain of the world to her. It would give me satisfaction to denounce the whole town to her. "Ah, I have got you!" I seemed to say to the people of Antomir. "The ghost of my mother and the whole Other World see you in all your heartlessness. You can't wriggle out of it." This was my revenge. I reveled in it.

But, nothing daunted, the people of Antomir would go about their business as usual and my heart would sink with a sense of my helplessness.

I was restless. I coveted diversion, company, and I saw a good deal of Naphtali. As for his Free Thought, it soon, after we had two mild quarrels over it, began to bore me. It appeared that the huge tomes of the Talmud were not the only books he read these days. He spent much time, clandestinely, on little books written in the holy tongue on any but holy topics. They were taken up with such things as modern science, poetry, fiction, above all, criticism of our faith. He made some attempts to lure me into an interest in these books, but without avail. The only thing connected with them that appealed to me were the anecdotes that Naphtali would tell me, in his laconic way, concerning their authors. I scarcely ever listened to these stories without invoking imprecations upon the infidels, but I enjoyed them all the same. They were mostly concerned with their apostasy, but there were many that were not. Some of these, or rather the fact that I had first heard them from Naphtali, in my youth, were destined to have a peculiar bearing on an important event in my life, on something that occurred many years later, when I was already a prosperous merchant in New York. They were about Doctor Rachaeles, a famous Hebrew writer who practised medicine in Odessa, and his son-in-law, a poet named Abraham Tevkin. Doctor Rachaeles's daughter was a celebrated beauty and the poet's courtship of her had been in the form of a long series of passionate letters addressed, not to his lady-love, but to her father. This love-story made a strong impression on me. The figures of the beautiful girl and of the enamoured young poet, as I pictured them, were vivid in my mind.

"Did he write of his love in those letters?" I demanded, shyly.

"He did not write of onions, did he?" Naphtali retorted.

After a little I asked: "But how could she read those letters? She certainly does not read holy tongue?"

"Go ask her."

"You're a funny fellow. Did Tevkin get the girl?"

"He did, and they have been married for many years. Why, did you wonder if you mightn't have a chance?"

"You're impossible, Naphtali."

He smiled.

CHAPTER II

One afternoon Naphtali called on me at the Preacher's Synagogue.

"Have you got all your "days'?" he asked, in his whisper.

"Why?"

He had discovered a "treasure"—a pious, rich, elderly woman whose latest hobby was to care for at least eighteen poor Talmudists—eighteen being the numerical value of the letters composing the Hebrew word for "life." Her name was Shiphrah Minsker. She belonged to one of the oldest families in Antomir, and her husband was equally well-born. Her religious zeal was of recent origin, in fact, and even now she wore her hair "Gentile fashion." It was a great sin, but she had never worn a wig in her life, and putting on one now seemed to be out of the question. This hair of hers was of a dark-brown hue, threaded with silver, and it grew in a tousled abundance of unruly wisps that seemed to be symbolic of her harum-scarum character. She was as pugnacious as she was charitable, and as quick to make up a quarrel as to pick one. Her husband, Michael Minsker, was a "worldly" man, with only a smattering of Talmud, and their younger children were being educated at the Russian schools. But they all humored her newly adopted old-fashioned ways, to a certain extent at least, while she tolerated their "Gentile" ones as she did her own uncovered hair. Relegating her household affairs to a devoted old servant, with whom she was forever wrangling, Shiphrah spent most of her time raising contributions to her various charity funds looking after her Talmud students, quarreling with her numerous friends, and begging their forgiveness. If she was unable to provide meals for a student in the houses of some people of her acquaintance she paid for his board out of her own purse.

Her husband was an exporter of grain and his business often took him to Koenigsberg, Prussia, for several weeks at a time. Occasions of this kind were hailed by Shiphrah as a godsend (in the literal sense of the term), for in his absence she could freely spend on her beneficiaries and even feed some of them at her own house.

When I was introduced to her as "the son of the woman who had been killed on the Horse-market" and she heard that I frequently had nothing to eat, she burst into tears and berated me soundly for not having knocked at her door sooner.

"It's terrible! It's terrible!" she moaned, breaking into tears again. "In fact I, too, deserve a spanking. To think that I did not look him up at once when that awful thing happened!"

As a matter of fact, she had not done so because at the time of my mother's death her house had been agog with a trouble of its own. But of this presently.

She handed me a three-ruble bill and set about filling up the gaps in my eating calendar and substituting fat "days" for lean ones.

She often came to see me at the synagogue never empty-handed. Now she had a silver coin for me, now a pair of socks, a shirt, or perhaps a pair of trousers which some member of her family had discarded. Often, too, she would bring me a quarter of a chicken, cookies, or some other articles of food from her own table.

My days of hunger were at an end. I lived in clover. "Now I can work," I thought to myself, with the satisfaction of a well-filled stomach. "And work I will. I'll show people what I can do.

I applied myself to my task with ardor, but it did not last long. My former interest in the Talmud was gone. The spell was broken irretrievably. Now that I did not want for food, my sense of loneliness became keener than ever. Indeed, it was a novel sense of loneliness, quite unlike the one I experienced before.

My surroundings had somewhat lost their former meaning. Life was devoid of savor, and I was thirsting for an appetiser, as it were, for some violent change, for piquant sensations.

Then it was that the word America first caught my fancy.

The name was buzzing all around me. The great emigration of Jews to the United States, which had received its first impulse two or three years before, was already in full swing. It may not be out of order to relate, briefly, how it had all come about.

An anti-Semitic riot broke out in a southern town named Elisabethgrad in the early spring of 1881. Occurrences of this kind were, in those days, quite rare in Russia, and when they did happen they did not extend beyond the town of their origin. But the circumstances that surrounded the Elisabethgrad outbreak were of a specific character. It took place one month after the assassination of the Czar, Alexander II. The actual sin

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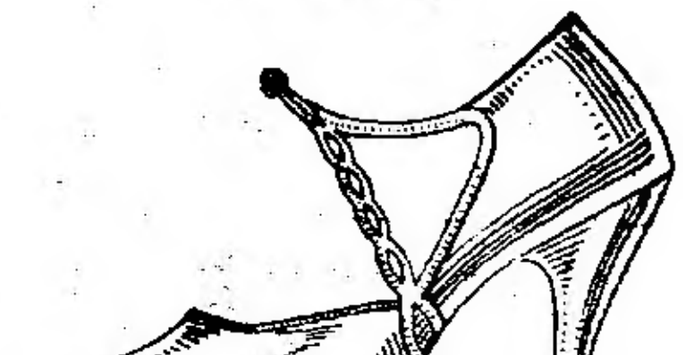

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and influence of the "underground" revolutionary organization being an unknown quantity, St. Petersburg was full of the rumblings of a general uprising. The Elisabethgrad riot, however, was not of a revolutionary nature. Yet the police, so far from suppressing it, encouraged it. The example of the Elisabethgrad rabble was followed by the riffraff of other places. The epidemic quickly spread from city to city. Whereupon the scenes of lawlessness in the various cities were marked by the same method in the mob's madness, by the same connivance on the part of the police, and by many other traits that clearly pointed to a common source of inspiration. It has long since become a well-established historical fact that the anti-Jewish disturbances were encouraged, even arranged, by the authorities as an outlet for the growing popular discontent with the Government.

Count von Plehve was then at the head of the Police Department in the Ministry of the Interior.

This bit of history repeated itself, on a larger scale, twenty-two years later, when Russia was in the paroxysm of a real revolution and when the ghastly massacres of Jews in Kishineff, Odessa, Kieff, and other cities were among the means employed in an effort to keep the masses "busy."

Count von Plehve then held the office of Prime Minister.

To return to 1881 and 1882. Thousands of Jewish families were left homeless. Of still greater moment was the moral effect which the atrocities produced on the whole Jewish population of Russia. Over five million people were suddenly made to realise that their birthplace was not their home (a feeling which the great Russian revolution has suddenly changed). Then it was that the cry "To America!" was raised. It spread like wildfire, even over those parts of the Pale of Jewish Settlement which lay outside the riot zone.

This was the beginning of the great New Exodus that has been in progress for decades.

My native town and the entire section to which it belongs had been immune from the riots, yet it caught the general contagion, and at the time I became one of Shiphrah's wards hundreds of its inhabitants were going to America or planning to do so. Letters full of wonders from emigrants already there went the rounds of eager readers and listeners until they were worn to shreds in the process.

I succumbed to the spreading fever. It was one of these letters from America, in fact, which put the notion of emigrating to the New World definitely in my mind. An illiterate woman brought it to the synagogue to have it read to her, and I happened to be the one to whom she addressed her request. The concrete details of that letter gave New York tangible form in my imagination. It haunted me ever after.

The United States lured me not merely as a land of milk and honey, but also, and perhaps chiefly, as one of mystery, of fantastic experiences, of marvelous transformations. To leave my native place and to seek my fortune in that distant weird world seemed to be just the kind of sensational adventure my heart was hankering for.

When I unburdened myself of my project to Reb Sender he was thunderstruck.

"To America!" he said. "Lord of the World! But one becomes a Gentile there."

"Not at all," I sought to reassure him. "There are lots of good Jews there, and they don't neglect their Talmud, either."

The amount that was necessary to take me to America loomed staggeringly large. Where was it to come from? I thought of approaching Shiphrah, but the idea of her helping me abandon my Talmud and go to live in a godless country seemed preposterous. So I began by saving the small allowance which I received from her and by selling some of the clothes and food she brought me. For the evening meal I usually received some rye bread and a small coin for cheese or herring, so I invariably added the coin to my little hoard, relishing the bread with thoughts of America.

While I was thus pinching and saving pennies I was continually casting about for some more effective way of raising the sum that would take me to New York.

I confided my plan to Naphtali.

"Not a bad idea," he said, "but you will never raise the money. You are a master of dreams, David."

"I'll get the money, and, what is more, when I am in America I shall bring you over there, too."

"May your words pass from your lips into the ear of God."

"I thought you did not believe in God."

"How long will you believe in Him after you get to America?"

BOOK IV

MATILDA

CHAPTER I

I could scarcely think of anything but America. I read every letter from there that I could obtain. I was constantly seeking information about the country and the opportunities it held out to a man of my type, and cudgeling my brains for some way of scraping together the formidable sum. I was restless, sleepless, and finally, when I caught a slight cold, my health broke down so completely that I had to be taken to the hospital. Shiphrah visited me every day, calling me poor orphan boy and quarreling with the superintendent over me. One afternoon, after I had been discharged, when she saw me at the synagogue, feeble and emaciated, she gasped.

"You're a cruel, heartless man," she flared up, addressing herself to the beadle. "The poor boy needs a good soft bed, fine chicken soup, and real care. Why didn't you let me know at once? Come on, David!"

"Where to?" I inquired, timidly.

"None of your business. Come on. I'm not going to take you to the woods, you may be sure of that. I want you to stay in my house until you are well rested and strong enough to study. Don't you like it?" she added, with a wink to the beadle.

It appeared that her husband was away on one of his prolonged business excursions. Otherwise installing in her "modern" home an old-fashioned, ridiculous young creature like a Talmud student would have been out of the question.

I followed her with fast-beating heart. I knew that her family was "modern" that her children spoke Russian and "behaved like Gentiles," that there was a grown young woman among them and that her name was Matilda.

The case of this young woman had been the talk of the town the year before. She had been persuaded to marry a man for whom she did not care, and shortly after the wedding and after a sensational passage at arms between his people and hers, she made her father pay him a small fortune for divorcing her.

Matilda's family being one of the "upper ten" in our town, its members were frequently the subject of envious gossip, and so I had known a good deal about them even before Shiphrah befriended me. I had heard, for example, that Matilda had received her early education in a boarding-school in Germany (in accordance with a custom that had been in existence among people of her father's class until recently); that she had subsequently studied Russian and other subjects under Russian tutors at home; and that her two brothers, who were younger than she, were at the local Russian gymnasium, or high school. I had

heard, also, that Matilda was very pretty. That she was well dressed went without saying.

All this both fascinated and cowed me.

Suddenly Shiphrah paused, as though bethinking herself of something. "Wait. Don't stir," she said, rushing back. Ten or fifteen minutes later she returned, saying,: "I was not long was I? I just went to get the beadle's forgiveness. Had insulted him for nothing. But he's a dummy, all the same. Come on, David."

Arrived at her house, she introduced me to her old servant, in the kitchen.

"He'll stay a week with us, perhaps more," she explained. "I want you to build him up. Fatten him up like a Passover goose. Do you hear?"

The servant, a tall spare woman, with an extremely dark face tinged with blue, began by darting hostile glances at me.

"Look at the way she is staring at him!" Shiphrah growled. "He' Is the son of the woman who was murdered at the Horse-market."

The old servant started. "Is he!" she said, aghast.

"Are you pleased now? Will you take good care of him?"

"May the Uppermost give him a good appetite."

As Shiphrah led me from the kitchen into another room she said: "She took a fancy to you. It will be all right."

She towed me into a vast sittin,' room, so crowded with new furniture that it had the appearance of a furniture-store. There were many rooms in the apartment and they all produced a similar impression. I subsequently learned that the superabundance of sofas, chests of drawers, chairs, or bric-à-brac-stands was due to Shiphrah's passion for bargains, a weakness which made her the fair game of tradespeople and artisans. Several of her wardrobes and bureaus were packed full of all sorts of things for which she had no earthly use and many of which she had smuggled in when her husband and the children were out.

Ensconced on a corner of an enormous green sofa in the big crowded sitting room, with a book in her lap, we found a young woman with curly brown hair and sparkling brown eyes set in a small oval face. She looked no more than twenty, but when her mother addressed her as Matilda I knew I was facing the heroine of the sensational divorce. She was singularly interesting, but pretty she certainly was not. Her Gentile name had a world of charm for my ear.

One of the trifles that clung to my memory is the fact that upon seeing her I felt something like amazement at her girlish appearance. I had had a notion that a married woman, no matter how young, must have a married face, something quite distinct from the countenance of a maiden, while this married woman did not begin to look married.

Matidla got up, cast a frowning side-glance at her mother, and walked over to one of the four immense windows illuminating the room. Less than a minute later she turned around and crossed over to her mother's side.

She was small, but well made, and her movements were brisk, firm, elastic.

"Come on, mother, there's something I want to tell you," she said, a jerk of her curly head indicating the adjoining room.

"I have no secrets," Shiphrah growled. "What do you want?"

A snappish whispered conference ensued, the trend of which was at once betrayed in an acrimonious retort by Shiphrah:

"Just keep your foolish nose out of my affairs, will you? When I say he is going to stay here for some time I mean it. Don't you mind her, David."

"Mother! Mother! Mother!" Matilda trilled with a gesture of disgust, and flounced out of the room.

I felt my face turning all colors, and at the same time her "Mother! Mother! Mother!" (instead of "Mamma! Mamma! Mamma!") was echoing in my brain enchantingly.

Presently a fair-complexioned youth of eighteen or nineteen came in, apparently attracted by his mother's angry voice. He wore a blue coat with silver lace and silver buttons, the uniform of a Russian high school, which sent a flutter of mixed envy and awe through me. He threw a frowning glance at me, and withdrew. Two smaller children, a uniformed boy and a little girl, made their apearance, talking in Russian noisily. At sight of me they fell silent, looked me over from my side-locks to the edge of my long skirted coat, and then took to whispering and giggling.

"Clear out, you devils!" Shiphrah shouted, stamping her foot. "Shoo!"

A young chambermaid passed through the room, and Shiphrah stopped her long enough to introduce me and to command her to look after me as if I were one of the family—"even better."

CHAPTER II

The spacious sitting-room was used as a breakfast-room as well. It was in this room, on the enormous green sofa, that my bed was made for the night. It was by far the most comfortable bed I had ever slept in.

Early the next morning, after I finished my long prayer and had put away my phylacteries, the young chambermaid removed the bedding and the swarthy old servant served me my breakfast.

"Go wash your hands and eat in good health. Eat hearty, and may it well agree with you," she said, with a compound of deep commiseration, reverence, and disdain. I went to the kitchen, where I washed my hands, and, while wiping them, muttered the brief prayer which one offers before eating. As I returned to the sitting-room I found Matilda there. She was seated at some distance from the table upon which my breakfast was spread. She wore a sort of white kimono. One did not have to stand on ceremony with a fellow who did not even wear a stiff collar and a necktie. Nor did I know enough to rescat her costume. She did not order anything to eat for herself, not even a glass of tea. It seemed as though she had come in for the express purpose of eyeing me out of countenance. If she had, she succeeded but too well. Her silent glances fell on me like splashes of hot water. I was so disconcerted I could not swallow my food. There were centuries of difference between her and myself, not to speak of the economic chasm that separated us. To me she was an aristocrat, while I was a poor, wretched "day" eater, a cross between a beggar and a recluse. I dared not even look at her. Talmud students were expected to be the shyest creatures under the sun. On this occasion I certainly was.

The other children entered the room. They were dressing themselves, eating and studying their Gentile lessons all at once. Matilda had a mild altercation with Yeffim, her eighteen-year-old-brother, ordered breakfast for herself, and seemed to have forgotten my existence. Her mother came in and took to cloying me with food.

At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon I was alone in the drawing-room. I stood at the piano—the first I had ever laid eyes on—timidly sounding some of the keys, when I heard approaching voices. With my heart in my mouth, I rushed over to the nearest window, where I paused, feigning interest in some passing peasant teams. Presently Matilda made her appearance accompanied by two girl friends.

The three young women were chattering in Russian, a language of which I understood scarcely three dozen words. I could conjecture, however, that the subject of their talk was no other than my own quailing personality.

Suddenly Matilda addressed herself to me in Yiddish: "Look here, young man! Don't you know it is bad manners for a gentleman to stand with his back to ladies?"

I faced about, all flushed and scared.

"That's better," she said gaily. "Never mind staring at the floor. Give us a look, will you! Don't act as a shy bridegroom."

I made no answer. The room seemed to be in a whirl.

"Why don't you speak?" Matilda insisted, concealing her quizzical purpose under a well-acted air of gravity.

Her two friends roared, and, spurred on by their merriment, she continued to make game of me.

"Won't you give us one look, at least? Do, please! Come, my mother

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will never find out you have been guilty of a great sin like that."

I was dying to get up and fling out of the room, but I felt glued to the spot. Their cruel sport, which made me faint with embarrassment and misery, had something inexpressibly alluring in it.

One of the two girls said something in Russian of which I caught the word "kiss" and which was greeted by a new outburst of laughter. I was terror-stricken.

"Well, pious Jew!" Matilda resumed. "Suppose a girl were to give you a kiss. What would you do? Commit suicide, would you? Well, never fear, we won't be as cruel as all that. I tell you what, thought. I'll hide your side-locks behind your ears. I just want to see how you would look without them." At this she stepped up close to me and reached out her hands for my two appendages.

I pushed her off. "Please, let me alone," I protested.

"At last we have heard his voice. Bravo! We're making headway, aren't we?"

At this point her mother's angry voice made itself heard. Matilda desisted, with a merry remark to her friends.

The next morning when she and I were alone she tantalised me again. She made another attempt to tuck my side-locks behind my ears. As we were alone I had more courage.

"If you don't stop I'll go away from here," I said, in a rage. "What do you want of me?"

As I thus gave vent to my resentment I instinctively felt that, so far from causing her to avoid me, it would quicken her rompish interest in me. And I hoped it would.

"S-sh! dont yell," she said, startled. "Can't you take a joke?"

"A nice joke, that."

"Very well, I won't do it again. I didn't know you were a touch-me-not." After a pause she resumed in grave, friendly accents: "Come, don't be angry. I want to talk to you. Look here. Is there any sense in your wasting your life the way you do? Look at the way you are dressed, the way you live generally. Besides, the idea of a young man like you not being able to speak a word of Russian! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Why, mother says you are remarkably bright. Isn't it a pity that you should throw it away? Why don't you try to study Russian, geography, history? Why don't you try to become an educated man?"

"The idea!" I said, with a laugh.

My confusion was gone, partly, at least. I looked her full in the face.

She flared up. "The idea!" she mocked me. "Rather say, 'The idea of a bright young fellow being so ignorant!' Did you ever hear of a provoking thing like that?"

There was a good deal of her mother's helter-skelter explosiveness in her.

Now, that I had scanned her features in the light of the fact that shew as a married woman, I read that fact into them. She did look married, I remarked to myself. Her exposed hair gave her an effect of "aristocratic" wickedness and wantonness which repelled and drew me at once. She was a girl, and yet she was a married woman. This duality of hers deepened the fascinating mystery of the distance between us.

She proceeded to draw me out. She made me tell her the story of my young life, and I obeyed her but too willingly. I told her my whole tale of woe, reveling in my own rehearsel of my sufferings and more especially in the expressions of horror and heartfelt pity which it elicited from her.

"My God! My God!" she cried, gasping and wringing her hands. "Poor boy!" or, "Oh, I can't bear it! I can't bear it! It is enough to drive one crazy."

At one point, as I described the pangs of hunger which I had often borne, there were tears in her interesting eyes.

When I had finished my story, flushed with a sense of my histrionic success, she ordered tea and preserves, as though to indemnify me for my past sufferings.

"All the more reason for you to study Russian and to become an educated man," she said, as she put sugar into my glass. She cited the cases of former Talmudists, poor and friendless like myself, who had studied at the universities, fighting every inch of their way, till they had achieved success as physicians, lawyers, writers. She spoke passionately, often with the absurd acerbity of her mother. "It's a crime for a young man like you to throw himself away on that idiotic Talmud of yours," she said pacing up and down the room fiercely.

All this sounded shockingly wicked, and yet it did not shock me in the least.

"I have a plan," I said.

When she heard what I wanted to do she shook her head and frowned. She said, in substance, that America was a land of dollars, not of education, and that she wanted me to be an educated man. I assured her that I should study English in America and, after I had laid up some money, prepare for college there (she could have made me promise anything). But colleges in which the instruction was not in Russian failed to appeal to her imagination.

Still, when she saw that my heart was set on the project, she yielded. She seemed to like the fervor with which I defended my cause, and the notion of my going to a far-away land was apparently beginning to have its effect. I was the hero of an adventure. Gradually she became quite enthusiastic about my plan.

"I tell you what. I can raise the money for you," she said, with a gesture of sudden resolution. "How much is it?"

When I said, forlornly, that it would come to about eighty rubles, she declared, gravely:

"That's all right. I shall get it for you. Only, say nothing to mother about it."

I thought myself in a flurry of joy over this windfall, but a little later, when I was left to myself, I became aware that the flurry I was in was of quite a different nature. When I tried to think of America I found that my ambition in that direction had lost its former vitality.

I was deeply in love with Matilda.

CHAPTER VIII

She continued to treat me in a patronizing, playful way; but we were supposed to be great friends and I asked myself no questions.

"The money is assured," she once announced. "You shall get it in a few days. You may begin to pack your great baggage," she jested.

My heart sank within me, but I feigned exultation.

"Do you deserve it, pious soul that you are?" she laughed. And casting a glance at my side-locks, she added: "I do wish you would cut off those

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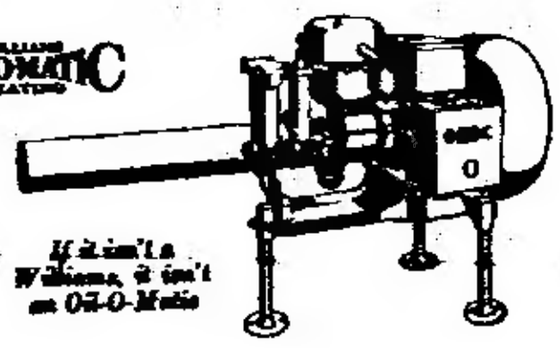

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hateful things of yours. You won't take them to America, will you?"

I smiled. Small as was my stock of information of the New World, I knew enough of it to understand, in a general way, that side-locks were out of place there.

She proceeded to put my side-locks behind my ears, and this time I did not object. She then smoothed them down, the touch of her fingers thrilling me through and through. Then she brought a hand-glass and made me look at myself.

"Do you see the difference?" she demanded. "If you were not rigged out like the savage that you are you wouldn't be a bad-looking fellow, after all. Why, girls might even fall in love with you. But then what does a pious soul like you know about such things as love?"

"How do you know I don't?" I ventured to say, blushing like a poppy.

"Do you, really?" she said, with mischievous surprise.

I nodded.

"Well, well. So you are not quite so saintly as I thought you were! Perhaps you have even been in love yourself? Have you! Tell me."

I kept silent. My heart was throbbing wildly.

"Do you love me?"

I nodded once more. My heart stood still.

"Kiss me, then."

She put my arms around her, made me clasp her to my breast, and we kissed, passionately.

I suddenly felt ten years older.

She broke away from me, jumping around, slapping her hands and bubbling over with triumphant mirth, as she shouted: "There is a pious soul for you! There is a pious soul for you!"

A thought of little Red Esther of my childhood days flashed through my brain, of the way she would force me to "sin" and then gloat over my "fall."

"A penny for your piety," Matilda added, gravely. "When you are in America you'll dress like a Gentile and even shave. Then you won't look so ridiculous. Good clothes would make another man of you." At this she looked me over in a business-like sort of way. "Pretty good figure, that," she concluded.

In the evening of that day, when there was company in the house, she bore herself as though she did not know me. But the next morning, after the children had gone to school and her mother was away on her various missions, she made me put on the glittering coat and cap of her brother's Sunday uniform.

"It is rather too small for you, but its becoming all the same," she said, enthusiastically. "If mamma came in now she would not know you. But then there would be a nice how-do-you-do if she did." She gave a titter which rolled through my very heart. "Well, Mr. Gymnasts,[1] are you really in love with me?"

"Don't make fun of me, pray," I implored her. "It hurts, you know."

"Very well, I sha'n't. But you haven't answered my question."

"What question?"

"What a poor memory you have! And yet mother says you have 'a good head.' Try to remember."

"I do remember your question."

"Then what is your answer?"

"Yes."

[1] A pupil of a gymnasium or high school.

"Yes!" she mocked me. "That's not the way gentlemen declare their love."

"What else shall I say?"

"What else! Well, say: 'I am ready to die for you. You are the sunshine of my life.'"

"'You are the sunshine of my life,'" I echoed, with a smile that was a combination of mirth and resentment.

"'You are my happiness, my soul. The world would be dark without you.'"

"I am no baby to parrot somebody else's words."

"Then you don't love me."

"Yes, I do. But I hate to be made fun of. Don't! Please don't!" I said it with a beseeching, passionate tremor in my voice, and all at once I clasped her violently to me and was about to kiss her. She put up her lips responsively, but suddenly she wrenched herself back.

"Easy, easy, you saintly Talmudist," she said, goodnaturedly. "You must not forget that you are *not* a *gymnasist*, that to kiss a woman is a sin, a great sin. You'll be beaten with rods of iron in the world to come. Well, good-by," she concluded, gravely. "I must go. Take off that coat and cap. Mamma may come in at any moment." She showed me where to hang them.

CHAPTER IV

In my incessant reveries of her I developed the theory that if I abandoned my plan about going to America she would have her father send me to college with a view to my marrying her. Indeed, matches of this kind were not an unusual arrangement in our town (nor are they in the Jewish districts of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, or Chicago, for example).

My bed was usually made on the enormous green sofa in the spacious sitting-room. One night, when I was asleep on that great sofa, I was suddenly aroused by the touch of a hand.

"'S-sh," I heard Matilda's whisper. "I want to talk to you. I can't sleep, anyhow. I don't know why. So I was thinking of all kinds of things till I came to your plan about America. It is foolish. Why go so far? Perhaps something can be done to get you into high school and then into the university."

"I have guessed it right, then," I exclaimed within myself. The room was pitch-dark. Her white kimono was all I could see of her.

She explained certain details. She spoke in a very low undertone, with great earnestness. I took her by the hand and drew her down to a seat on the edge of the sofa beside me. She offered no resistance. She continued to talk, partly in the same undertone, partly in whispers, with her hand remaining in mine. I was aflame with happiness, yet I listened intently. I felt sure that she was my bride-to-be, that it was only a matter of days when our engagement would be celebrated. My heart went out to her with a passion that seemed to be sanctioned by God and men. I strained down her head and kissed her, but that was the stainless kiss of a man yearning upon the lips of his betrothed. I clasped her flimsily garmented form, kissed her again and again, let her kiss and bite me; and still it all seemed legitimate, or nearly so. I saw in it an emphatic confirmation of my feeling that she did not regard herself a stranger to me. That mattered more than anything else at this moment.

"You're a devil," she whispered, slapping me on both cheeks, "a devil with side-locks." And she broke into a suppressed laugh.

"I'll study as hard as I can," I assured her, with boyish exultation. "You'll see what I can do. The Gentile books are child's play in comparison with the Talmud."

I went into details. She took no part in my talk, but she let me go on. I became so absorbed in what I was saying that my caresses ceased. I sat up and spoke quite audibly.

"S-sh!" she cautioned me in an irritated whisper.

I dropped my voice. She listened for another minute or two and then, suddenly rising, she said:

"Oh, you are a Talmud student after all," and her indistinct kimono vanished in the darkness.

I felt crushed, but I was sure that the words "Talmud student," which

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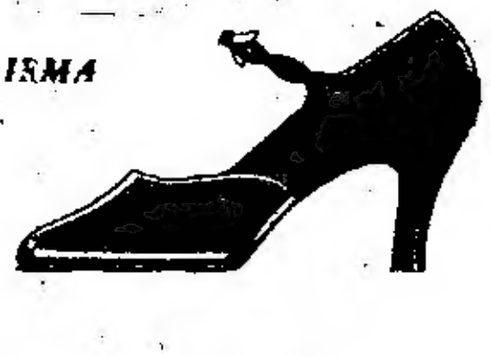

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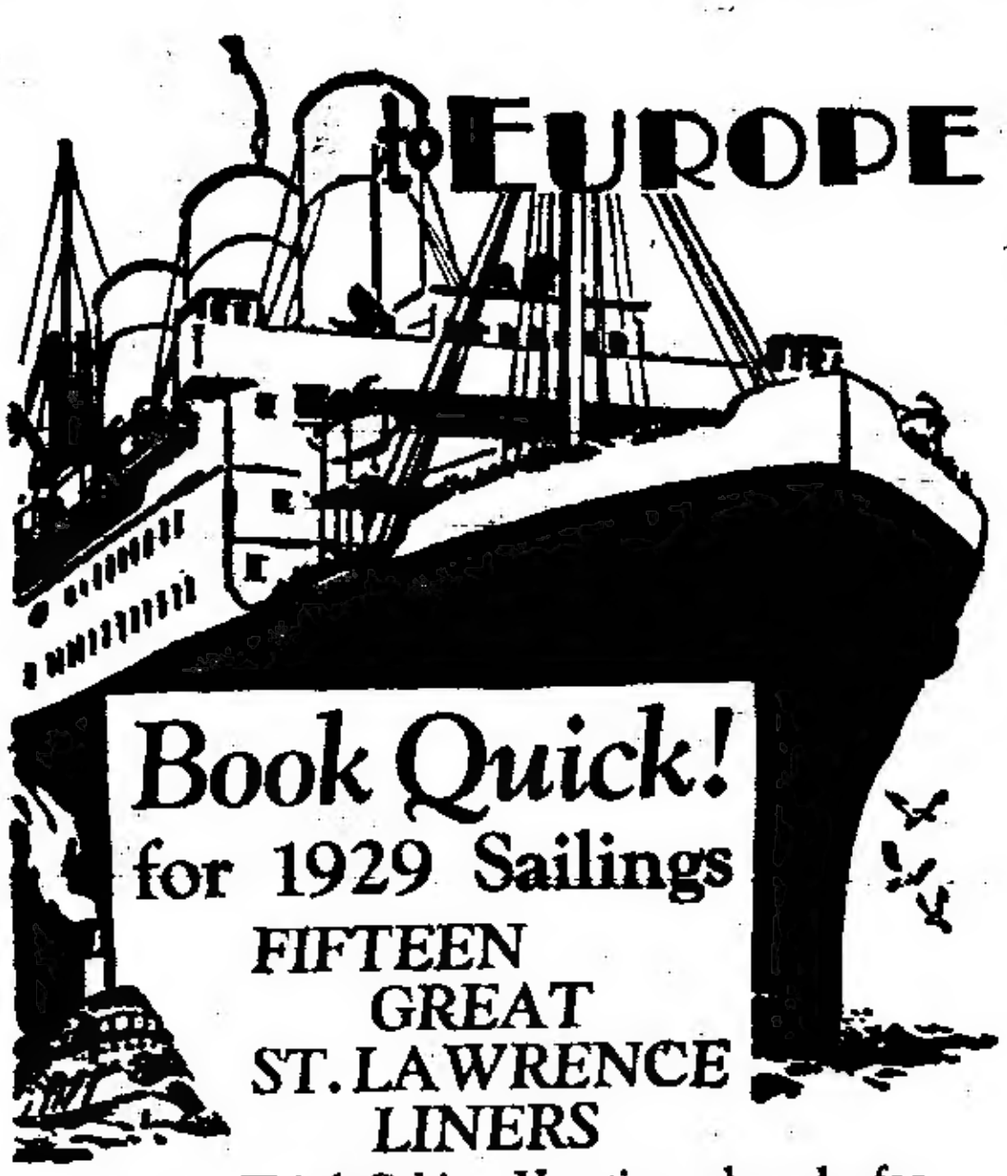

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are Yiddish for "ninny," merely referred to my rendering our confab dangerous by speaking too loud.

The next afternoon she kissed me once more calling me Talmud student again. But she was apparently getting somewhat fidgety about our relations. She was more guarded, more on the alert for eavesdroppers, as though somebody had become suspicious. My Gentile education she never broached again. Finally when a letter came from her father announcing his speedy return and Shiphrah hastened to terminate my stay at the house, Matilda was obviously glad to have me go.

"I shall bring you the money to the synagogue," she whispered as I was about to leave.

I was stunned. I left in a turmoil of misery and perplexity, yet not in despair.

When I returned to the synagogue everybody and everything in it looked strange to me. Reb Sender was dearer than ever, but that was chiefly because because I was longing for a devoted friend. I was dying to relieve my fevered mind by telling him all and seeking advice, but I did not.

"Are you still weak?" he asked, tenderly, looking close into my eyes.

"Oh, it is not that, Reb Sender."

"Is it the death of your dear mother—peace upon her?"

"Yes, of course. That and lots of other things."

"It will all pass. She will have a bright paradise, and The Upper One will help you. Don't lose heart, my boy."

I ran over to Naphtali's place. We talked of Shiphrah and her children—at least I did. He asked about Matilda, and I answered reluctantly. Now and again I felt impelled to tell him all. It would have been such a relief to ease my mind of its cruel burden and to hear somebody's, anybody's opinion about it. But his laconical questions and answers were anything but encouraging.

I spent many an hour in his company, but he was always absorbed in the Talmud, or in some of his infidel books. The specific character of my restlessness was lost upon him.

I was in the grip of a dull, enervating, overpowering agony that seemed to be weighing my heart down and filling my throat with pent-up sobs. I was writhing inwardly, praying for Matilda's mercy. It was the most excruciating pain I had ever experienced. I remember it distinctly in every detail. If I now wished to imagine a state of mind driving one to suicide I could not do it better than by recalling my mental condition in those days.

In point of fact I took pride in my misery. "I am in love. I am no mere slouch of a Talmud student," I would say to myself.

In the evening of the fourth day, as I was making a pretense at reading Talmud, a poor boy came in to call me out. In the alley outside the house of worship I found Matilda. She had the money with her.

"I don't think I want it now," I said. "I don't care to go to America."

"Why?" she asked, impatiently. "Oh, take it and let me be done with it," she said, forcing a small packet into my hand. "I have no time to bother with you. Go to America. I wish you good luck."

"But, I'll miss you. I sha'n't be able to live without you."

"What? Are you crazy?" she said, sternly. "You forget your place, young man!"

She stalked hastily away, her form, at once an angel of light and a messenger of death, being swallowed up by the gloom.

Ten minutes later, when I was at my book again, my heart bleeding and my head in a daze, I was called out once more.

Again I found her standing in the lane.

"I did not mean to hurt your feelings," she said. "I wish you good luck from the bottom of my heart."

She uttered it with a warm cordiality, and yet the note of impatience which rang in her voice ten minutes before was again there.

"Try to become an educated man in America," she added. "That's the main thing. Good-by. You have my best wishes. Good-by."

And before I had time to say anything she shook my hand and was gone.

CHAPTER V

A little over three weeks had elapsed. It was two days after Passover. I had just solemnized the first anniversary of my mother's death. The snow had melted. Each of my five senses seemed to be thrillingly aware of the presence of spring.

I was at the railway station. Clustered about me were Reb Sender and his wife, two other Talmudists from the Preacher's Synagogue, the retired old soldier with the formidable side-whiskers, and Naphtali.

As I write these words I seem to see the group before me. It is one of those scenes that never grow dim in one's memory.

"Be a good Jew and a good man," Reb Sender murmured to me, confusedly. "Do not forget that there is a God in heaven in America as well as here. Do not forget to write us."

Naphtali, speaking in his hoarse whisper, half in jest, half in earnest, made me repeat my promise to send him a "ship ticket" from America. I promised everything that was asked of me. My head was swimming.

While the first bell was sounding for the passengers to board the train, Shiphrah rushed in, puffing for breath. I looked at the door to see if Matilda was not following her. She was not.

The group around me made way for the rich woman.

"Here," she said, handing me a ten-ruble bill and a package. "There is a boiled chicken in it, and some other things, provided you won't neglect your Talmud in America."

A minute later she drew her purse from her skirt pocket, produced a five-ruble bill, and put it into my hand. That all the other money I had for my journey had come from her daughter she had not the remotest idea.

I made my final farewells amid a hubbub of excited voices and eyes glistening with tears.

BOOK V
I DISCOVER AMERICA
CHAPTER I

Two weeks later I was one of a multitude of steerage passengers on a Bremen steamship on my way to New York. Who can depict the feeling of desolation, homesickness, uncertainty, and anxiety with which an emigrant makes his first voyage across the ocean? I proved to be a good sailor, but the sea frightened me. The thumping of the engines was drumming a ghastly accompaniment to the awesome whisper of the waves. I felt in the embrace of a vast, uncanny force. And echoing through it all were the heartlashing words:

"Are you crazy? You forget your place, young man!"

When Columbus was crossing the Atlantic, on his first great voyage, his men doubted whether they would ever reach land. So does many an America-bound emigrant to this day. Such, at least, was the feeling that was barking in my heart while the Bremen steamer was carrying me to New York. Day after day passed and all you see about you is an unbroken waste of water, an unrelieved, a hopeless monotony of water. You know that a change will

come, but this knowledge is confined to your brain. Your senses are skeptical.

In my devotions, which I performed three times a day, without counting a benediction before every meal and every drink of water, grace after every meal and a prayer before going to sleep, I would mentally plead for the safety of the ship and for a speedy sight of land. My scanty luggage included a pair of phylacteries and a plump little prayer-book, with the Book of Psalms at the end. The prayers I knew by heart, but I now often said psalms, in addition, particularly when the sea looked angry and the pitching or rolling was unusually violent. I would read all kinds of psalms, but my favorite among them was the 104th, generally referred to by our people as "Bless the Lord, O my soul," its opening words in the original Hebrew. It is a poem on the power and wisdom of God as manifested in the wonders of nature, some of its verses dealing with the sea. It is said by the faithful every Saturday afternoon during the fall and winter; so I could have recited it from memory; but I preferred to read it in my prayer-book. For it seemed as though the familiar words had changed their identity and meaning, especially those concerned with the sea. Their divine inspiration was now something visible and audible. It was not I who was reading them. It was as though the waves and the clouds, the whole far-flung scene of restlessness and mystery, were whispering to me:

"Thou who coverest thyself with light as with a garment, who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain: who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind . . . . So is this great and wide sea wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships: there is that leviathan whom thou hast made to play therein. . . . "

The relentless presence of Matilda in my mind worried me immeasurably, for to think of a woman who is a stranger to you is a sin, and so there was the danger of the vessel coming to grief on my account. And, as though to spite me, the closing verse of Psalm 104 reads. "Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth and let the wicked be no more." I strained every nerve to keep Matilda out of my thoughts, but without avail.

When the discoverers of America saw land at last they fell on their knees and a hymn of thanksgiving burst from their souls. The scene, which is one of the most thrilling in history, repeats itself in the heart of every immigrant as he comes in sight of the American shores. I am at a loss to convey the peculiar state of mind that the experience created in me.

When the ship reached Sandy Hook I was literally overcome with the beauty of the landscape.

The immigrant's arrival in his new home is like a second birth to him. Imagine a new-born babe in possession of a fully developed intellect. Would it ever forget its entry into the world? Neither does the immigrant ever forget his entry into a country which is, to him, a new world in the profoundest sense of the term and in which he expects to pass the rest of his life. I conjure up the gorgeousness of the spectacle as it appeared to me on that clear June morning: the magnificent verdure of Staten Island, the tender blue of sea and sky, the dignified bustle of passing craft—above all, those floating, squatting, multitudinously windowed palaces which I subsequently learned to call ferries. It was all so utterly unlike anything I had ever seen or dreamed of before. It unfolded itself like a divine revelation. I was in a trance or in something closely resembling one.

"This, then, is America!" I exclaimed, mutely. The notion of something enchanted which the name had always evoked in me now seemed fully borne out.

In my ecstasy I could not help thinking of Psalm 104, and, opening my little prayer-book, I glanced over those of its verses that speak of hills and rocks, of grass and trees and birds.

My transport of admiration, however, only added to my sense of helplessness and awe. Here, on shipboard, I was sure of my shelter and food, at least. How was I going to procure my sustenance on those magic shores? I wished the remaining hour could be prolonged indefinitely.

Psalm 104 spoke reassuringly to me. It reminded me of the way God took care of man and beast: "Thou openest thine hand and they are filled with good." But then the very next verse warned me that "Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die." So I was praying God not to hide His face from me, but to open His hand to me; to remember that my mother had been murdered by Gentiles and that I was going to a strange land. When I reached the words, "I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being," I uttered them in a fervent whisper.

My unhappy love never ceased to harrow me. The stern image of Matilda blended with the hostile glamour of America.

One of my fellow-passengers was a young Yiddish-speaking tailor named Gitelson. He was about twenty-four years old, yet his forelock was gray, just his forelock, the rest of his hair being a fine, glossy brown. His own cap had been blown into the sea and the one he had obtained from the steerage steward was too small for him, so that grey tuft of his was always out like a plume. We had not been acquainted more than a few hours, in fact, for he had been seasick throughout the voyage and this was the first day he had been up and about. But then I had seen him on the day of our sailing and subsequently, many times, as he wretchedly lay in his berth. He was literally in tatters. He clung to me like a lover, but we spoke very little. Our hearts were too full for words.

As I thus stood at the railing, prayer-book in hand, he took a look at the page. The most ignorant "man of the earth" among our people can read holy tongue (Hebrew), though he may not understand the meaning of the words. This was the case with Gitelson.

"Saying, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul'?" he asked, reverently. "Why this chapter of all others?"

"Because—Why, just listen." With which I took to translating the Hebrew text into Yiddish for him.

He listened with devout mien. I was not sure that he understood it even in his native tongue, but, whether he did or not, his beaming, wistful look and the deep sigh he emitted indicated that he was in a state similar to mine.

When I say that my first view of New York Bay struck me as something not of this earth it is not a mere figure of speech. I vividly recall the feeling, for example, with which I greeted the first cat I saw on American soil. It was on the Hoboken pier, while the steerage passengers were being marched to the ferry. A large, black, well-fed feline stood in a corner, eyeing the crowd of new-comers. The sight of it gave me a thrill of joy. "Look! there is a cat!" I said to Gitelson. And in my heart I added, "Just like those at home!" For the moment the little animal made America real to me. At the same time it seemed unreal itself. I was tempted to feel its fur to ascertain whether it was actually the kind of creature I took it for.

We were ferried over to Castle Garden. One of the things that caught my eye as I entered the vast rotunda was an iron staircase rising diagonally against one of the inner walls. A uniformed man, with some papers in his hands, descended it with brisk, resounding step till he disappeared through a door not many inches from the ceiling. It may seem odd, but I can never think of my arrival in this country without hearing the ringing footfalls of this official and beholding the yellow eyes of the black cat which stared at us at the Hoboken pier.

The harsh manner of the immigration officers was a grievous surprise to me. As contrasted with the officials of my despotic country, those of a republic had been portrayed in my mind as paragons of refinement and cordiality. My anticipations were rudely belied. "They are not a bit better than Cossacks," I remarked to Gitelson. But they neither looked nor spoke like Cossacks, so their gruff voices were part of the uncanny scheme of things that surrounded me. These unfriendly voices flavored all America with a spirit of icy inhospitality that sent a chill through my very soul.

The stringent immigration laws that were passed some years later had not yet come into existence. We had no difficulty in being admitted to the United States, and when I was I was loath to leave the Garden.

Many of the other immigrants were met by relatives, friends. There were cries of joy, tears, embraces, kisses. All of which intensified my sense of loneliness and dread of the New World. The agencies which two Jewish charity organizations now maintain at the Immigrant Station had not yet been established. Gitelson, who like myself had no friends in New York, never left my side. He was even more timid than I. It seemed as though he were

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holding on to me for dear life. This had the effect of putting me on my mettle.

"Cheer up, old man!" I said, with bravado. "America is not the place to be a ninny in. Come, pull yourself together."

In truth, I addressed these exhortations as much to myself as to him; and so far, at least, as I was concerned, my words had the desired effect.

I led the way out of the big Immigrant Station. As we reached the park outside we were pounced down upon by two evil-looking men, representatives of boarding-houses for immigrants. They pulled us so roughly and their general appearance and manner were so uninviting that we struggled and protested until they let us go not without some parting curses. Then I led the way across Battery Park and under the Elevated railway to State Street. A train hurtling and panting along overhead produced a bewildering, a daunting effect on me. The active life of the great strange city made me feel like one abandoned in the midst of a jungle. Where were we to go? What were we to do? But the presence of Gitelson continued to act as a spur on me. I mustered courage to approach a policeman, something I should never have been bold enough to do at home. As a matter of fact, I scarcely had an idea what his function was. To me he looked like some uniformed nobleman—an impression that in itself was enough to intimidate me. With his coat of blue cloth, starched linen collar, and white gloves, he reminded me of anything but the policemen of my town. I addressed him in Yiddish, making it as near an approach to German as I knew how, but my efforts were lost on him. He shook his head. With a witheringly dignified grimace he then pointed his club in the direction of Broadway and strutted off majestically.

"He's not better than a Cossack, either," was my verdict.

At this moment a voice hailed us in Yiddish. Facing about, we beheld a middle-aged man with huge, round, perpendicular nostrils and a huge, round, deep dimple in his chin that looked like a third nostril. Prosperity was written all over his smooth-shaven face and broad-shouldered, stocky figure. He was literally aglow with diamonds and self-satisfaction. But he was unmistakably one of our people. It was like coming across a human being in the jungle. Moreover, his very diamonds somehow told a tale of former want, of a time when he had landed, an impecunious immigrant like myself; and this made him a living source of encouragement to me.

"God Himself has sent you to us," I began, acting as the spokesman; but he gave no heed to me. His eyes were eagerly fixed on Gitelson and his tatters.

"You're a tailor, aren't you?" he questioned him.

My steerage companion nodded. "I'm a ladies' tailor, but I have worked on men's clothing, too," he said.

"A ladies' tailor!" the well-dressed stranger echoed, with ill-concealed delight. "Very well; come along. I have work for you."

That he should have been able to read Gitelson's trade in his face and figure scarcely surprised me. In my native place it seemed to be a matter of course that one could tell a tailor by his general appearance and walk. Besides, had I not divined the occupation of my fellow-passenger the moment I saw him on deck?

As I learned subsequently, the man who accosted us on Stair Street was a cloak contractor, and his presence in the neighborhood of Castle Garden was anything but a matter of chance. He came there quite often, in fact, his purpose being to angle for cheap labor among the newly arrived immigrants.

We paused near Bowling Green. The contractor and my fellow-passenger were absorbed in a conversation full of sartorial technicalities which were Greek to me, but which brought a gleam of joy into Gitelson's eye. My former companion seemed to have become oblivious of my existence.

As we resumed our walk up Broadway the bejeweled man turned to me.

"And what was your occupation? You have no trade, have you?"

"I read Talmud," I said, confusedly.

"I see, but that's no business in America," he declared. "Any relatives here?"

"No."

"Well, don't worry. You will be all right. If a fellow isn't lazy nor a fool he has no reason to be sorry he came to America. It'll be all right."

"All right" he said in English, and I conjectured what it meant from the context. In the course of the minute or two which he bestowed upon me he uttered it so many times that the phrase engraved itself upon my memory. It was the first bit of English I ever acquired.

The well-dressed, trim-looking crowds of lower Broadway impressed me as a multitude of counts, barons, princes. I was puzzled by their preoccupied faces and hurried step. It seemed to comport ill with their baronial dress and general high-born appearance.

In a vague way all this helped to confirm my conception of America as a unique country, unlike the rest of the world.

When we reached the General Post-Office, at the end of the Third Avenue surface line, our guide bade us stop.

"Walk straight ahead," he said to me, waving his hand toward Park Row. "Just keep walking until you see a lot of Jewish people. It isn't far from here." With which he slipped a silver quarter into my hand and made Gitelson bid me good-by.

The two then boarded a big red horsecar.

I was left with a sickening sense of having been tricked, cast off, and abandoned. I stood watching the receding public vehicle, as though its scarlet hue were my last gleam of hope in the world. When it finally disappeared from view my heart sank within me. I may safely say that the half-hour that followed is one of the worst I experienced in all the thirty-odd years of my life in this country.

The big, round nostrils of the contractor and the gray forelock of my young steerage-fellow haunted my brain as hideous symbols of treachery.

With twenty-nine cents in my pocket (four cents was all that was left of the sum which I had received from Matilda and her mother) I set forth in the direction of East Broadway.

(Continued next week)

A fund of 300,000 roubles for conducting courses of instruction to train unemployed Jewish workers was made by the Council of Peoples' Commissars, in Russia.

The Union of Orthodox Rabbis in the United States and Canada are taking steps to bring about an amendment of the regulations concerning the embalming of the dead in such states where regulations to this effect have been enacted.

The significance of the Sabbath in the faith and life of the Jewish people of Germany, was stressed at a mass meeting held under the auspices of the Berlin Committee which seeks to organize a Sabbath Observance world federation.

Dr. Carl Kofler of New York has been honored by the medical faculty of Heidelberg University with the Kussmaul Medal for his services to science.

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Mrs. M. M. Sperber, of Montreal, visited her sister, Miss Ray Jacqbs, Grenville Street, during the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Frankel, Hudson Drive, are expected home Wednesday from a two weeks' stay in New York and Atlantic City

Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Nathanson, Lyndhurst Avenue, are back from a trip to New York. Their children, Jean, Joan and Paul, who were wintering in Miami, Florida, have returned home.

Nathan Smith and daughters, Misses Lillian and Anne Smith, St. George Street, who were wintering in Palm Beach and Miami Beach, Florida and spent Easter week in Atlantic City and New York, have returned home.

Miss Blanche Fisher, Queen Street East, was hostess at two tables of bridge Sunday last.

Mrs. Hyman Sapowitch, of Buffalo, who visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Goldstein, Keele Street, for two weeks, has returned home.

Mrs. J. J. Dubey and family, Arlington Avenue, have moved to their new home on Lyndhurst Avenue.

Mrs. Julius Robbins, of New York, will spend Pesach with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Scher, Euclid Avenue.

Miss Tillye Singer, Queen Street East, gave an at home Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Goldstein and Miss Florence Goldstein, Keele St., motored to Buffalo last week-end and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. Sapowitch.

Miss Lil Gold, Bathurst Street, has left to spend ten days in Detroit

Mrs. J. Breslin, Queen Street East, was hostess at a luncheon, bridge and mah jongg, at Old Spain, Thursday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Rachlin and baby, of Buffalo, are expected in town for Pesach.

Miss Evelyn Caplan, Markham Street, spent the week-end in Detroit.

Entertainments in honour of Miss Anne Skolnik, whose marriage to Harry Cohen, took place April 16 given by: Mr. and Mrs. I. Skolnik, Pinecrest Road, dinner; Mrs. H. Forman, Dundas Street West, and Mrs. J. Smith, Pinecrest Road, luncheon, bridge and mah jongg at Old Spain: Mrs. L. D. Levine Cherlow Avenue, bridge at Old Spain; Mrs. A. Ellinson, tea at Arcadian Court; Mrs. J. Carrick, Humewood Gardens, bridge; Mrs. H. Kluger, Lonsmount Drive, tea at Arcadian Court; Mrs. C. Rosenberg, Clendennan Avenue, tea at the King Edward Hotel; Mrs. Wm. Skolnik, Palmerston Boulevard, theatre and tea at Arcadian Court; Mrs. B. Freedman, Kilmour Avenue, theatre and tea at Georgian Room; Mrs. L. Steinberg Palmerston Boulevard, luncheon and theatre; Misses Rose and Lil Pellis, Quebec Avenue, bridge and linen shower; Misses Pearl and Anne Sugar, Palmerston Boulevard, theatre and tea at Arcadian Court.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Shenkman, and baby son, of Montreal, and Mr. and Mrs. William Ader, of Rochester, N.Y., are expected here to spend Pesach with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross, Walmer Road.

Misses Etta Caplan and Lillian Garfunkel, Brunswick Avenue, spent the week-end in Rochester, N.Y.

Dr. and Mrs. L. L. Goldie, of Toledo, Ohio, will spend Pesach with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Goldstein, Dufferin Street.

Mrs. Ben Brody and daughter, Doris, and son, Lewis, of Windsor, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. M. Brody, Borden Street.

Sunday evening Miss Evelyn Phillips, Falcon Street, gave a dinner dance for her cousin, Miss Folly Phillips, of Newark. Covers were laid for Misses Caroline Phillips, Pauline Manlow, Shirley Blumenthal, Rose Cohen, Ettie Singer, Sadie Granatstein, Jean Goldman, Gertrude Weiss; and George Silber, Arnold Gold, Eddie Lewis, Sam Atkins, Paul Rosen, Sidney Schuman, Arthur Silverman, George Meisel, David Miller, and Ralph Bernstein. The honoree was presented with a sterling silver vanity case.

Mr. and Mrs. Simon Holzberg, of Hamilton, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. M. Brody, Borden Street.

Mrs. Sidney Roth, College Street, entertained a few friends at the tea hour Saturday, honouring Miss Pauline Satuloff, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Adventures of a Peddler

By LEON J. DASHEVSKY

I confess that I answered untruthfully every question put to me by the official of that philanthropic institution. I denied by finance, my brothers and sisters, my age, the thousand occupations I had engaged in, the little education I possessed; in short, everything I had acquired in the course of my two and twenty years. That abomination, street-peddling, had so disgusted me, and my desire to escape from New York was so strong, that I came near saying to him:

"What is the use of plaguing me with so many questions? You have before you a two-hundred pound horse; send me wherever you want, hitch me to any wagon, and I will pull any load just so I get away from here."

And I believe that is precisely how he looked at me, because when he weighed me, he did it with the same air of indifference as a railroad clerk weighing a case of goods. And he spoke to me as though through a wall. He pointed his sparse, black mustache at my broad shoulders and questioned me. I directed my answers to his fountain pen, which danced mechanically, filling out blank square spaces on a long, green, printed questionnaire.

After two weeks of questioning and requestioning, I received a free railroad ticket to the city of M. together with a green card for a certain Mr. A., the representative of the institution in that city, who was to find me some employment.

In return for this favor I was obliged to take care of a long, thin woman with four dirty brats whom the institution was sending to her husband, an old clothes peddler in that city. The Jewess was to be a painful reminder of Hester street with its endless hubbub. For fully twenty-two hours she kept on plaguing me with her chatter, telling me that she was not as poor as I might think, that she was no ordinary person, that she did not give a fig for the people of the institution, that she had deceived them, and that she wished they were laid up in bed for as many weeks as her husband had hundred dol-

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lar hills. She carried with her a set of pewter vessels tied in a bedsheet the jangling and clanging of which mingled with the bawling of her four children and presented a life-like picture of Hester street.

I felt like one who had shaken off a terrible nightmare when we arrived in M. A short Jew in a Warsaw overcoat and large fur cap which reached down to his eyes, breathed a kiss upon each child in turn and presently I was left alone at the station, thanking his sorrel jade for carrying off my half-dozen tormentors.

It was already late in autumn. On the way to M., I had come across flocks of black crows. The West was getting ready for the winter. The edges of the shallow swamps were already frozen; the air was murky and gray. In my New York summer coat I must have looked like a poor Hindu on Ellis Island, because the throng at the depot, warmly clad in fur coats, stared at me as though I were a strange visitor from some distant land.

I had already walked the length of the platform a couple of times and was beginning to think of proceeding into the city with my handbag, when presently a warmly-clad young man drew near and, after introducing himself to me as Mr. A., expressed satisfaction at not having made a mistake. He also guessed that I knew very little English, and accordingly he spoke to me in German, a German that smacked of a language I was quite familiar with. He encouraged me, saying that until I had learned to speak English correctly, I could easily get along with German, as the local population was exclusively German. He proved to be a very amiable fellow. He took me to his father's bakery and gave me supper and a warm place to sleep. His mother, a simple, Galician Jewess, at first a show of speaking German to me; afterwards, however, she broke into racy Yiddish, declaring that she could not for the life of her see what had made me come to that God-forsaken place. And what, she went on, could I do there without money? Nothing, except to work in the coal yard. "He does not look as if he is used to hard work," she said as though to herself.

I assured her that the contrary was true, and that I would be pleased to work in a coal yard. Later on she encouraged me by saying that no man could know what the future held in

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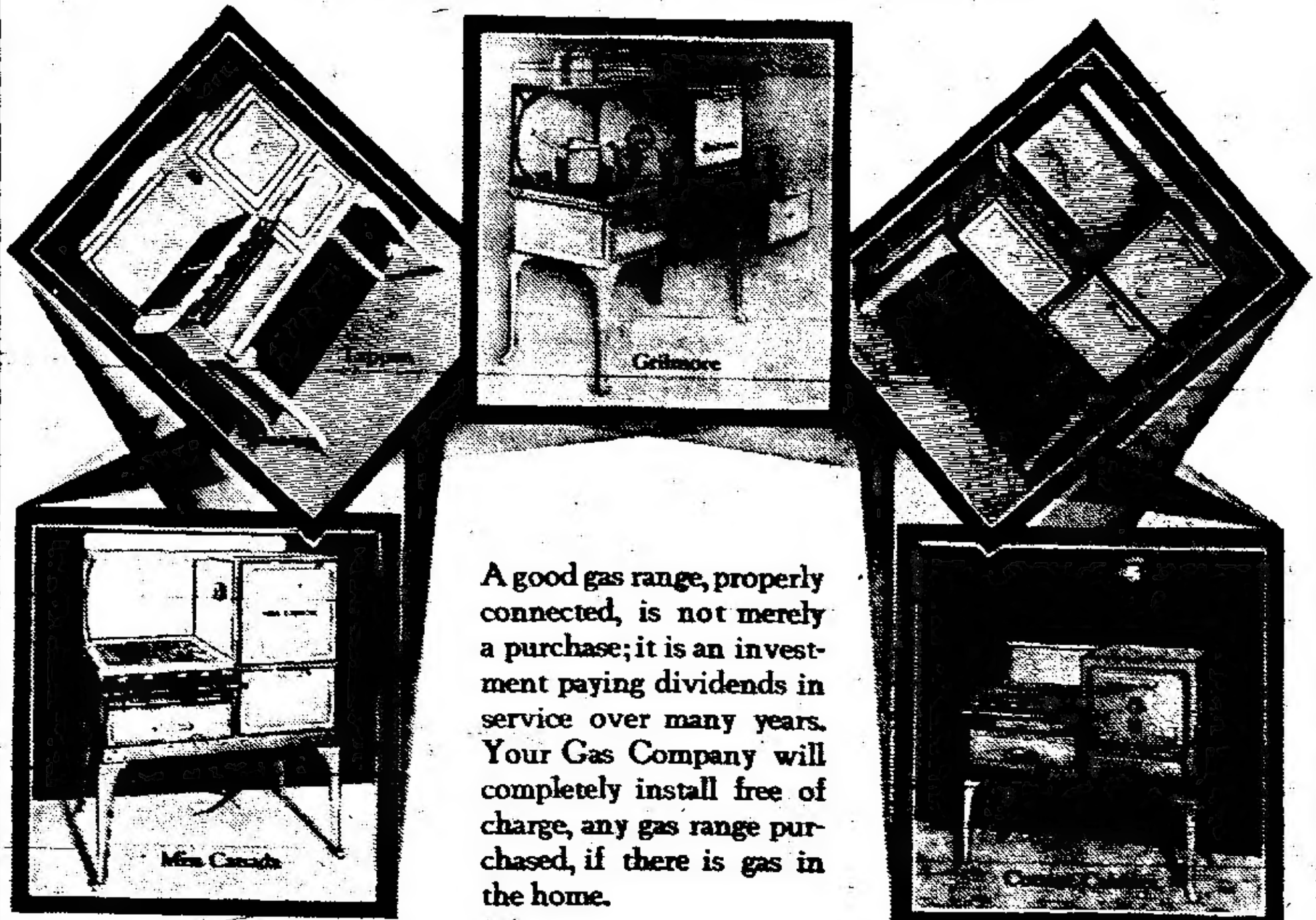

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store for him, and that if I worked myself up, she would get me a nice girl.

Mr. A. telephoned to some one from his father's bakery and, after a brief conversation, he told me the good news that I was to report for work at the coal yard the next day at six in the morning. "A good, steady position," he added.

In the morning I did not have to stand in line. A green card with Mr. A.'s signature opened a passage for me through the crowd of Poles, Greeks, Tartars and Germans who every morning looked for work at the yard. I felt proud of my privileged position. An old German with hands like gnarled roots winked to me curiously and in another minute I was already standing in front of a black, shiny pyramid, scraping it with a steel shovel and heaving the coal into a high wagon, to which two gigantic horses were hitched.

The German exchanged sly winks with my future partner, Pete, a Pole with a broad face and with large Russian boots. His face was as black as his boots and under his green, watery eyes there was a line of coal black like a freshly plowed furrow in rich black earth. The Pole opened his mouth, displaying a set of yellow-black teeth and at once taunted me with my Jewishness. He could see by my hands that I would not earn enough money here to buy a horse to peddle rags with, he added with a chuckle. When the wagon was full, he told me to climb into it.

"Come, Jew, I will show you where to deliver it," he said, this time already goodnaturedly.

I climbed into the driver's seat and the two of us drove through the enormously large coal yard, which was dotted over with a great many large pyramid-shaped piles of every variety of coal. Wagons with horses harnessed to them were standing near the coal-piles and men were busy scraping the coal with wide, shinging shovels and loading it onto the wagons.

The yard lay under a network of bridges which extended to the river nearby with their noses inserted into black, bulging barges. No end of tiny steel goblins were noisily pursuing one another, first bolting their black food and then spitting it out upon the piles as though they were trying extinguish burning volcanoes.

A group of coal shovelers greeted me at the gate with jeers and catcalls. One of them, who looked like a dried-up cherry tree, began to strike his chest with one of his thin branches in imitation of how I prayed, while another tried to frighten me with a sow's ear. All laughted noisily.

"You have been recognized," I said to myself.

My partner Pete joined in the laughter, but he assured me that they meant no harm.

"They are only joking," he said as though to excuse himself to me.

He merrily urged on the horses, whereupon the collars dug into their bodies and the cobblestones sprinkled their hoofs with sparks. After ascending a hill and crossing a small bridge, we entered the city.

The city was dotted with large and small smoke stacks and reeked of malt, alcohol, and freshly brewed beer. Long lines of wagons loaded with yellow barley, with small, potbellied barrels, and with boxes which looked like dried-up beehives and which were filled with full or empty bottles whose necks protrued like the heads of chickens from crowded coops, extended along all the streets near the river, while gigantic, stout Germans in fur coats sat in the high driver's seats and rocked back and forth like ragged scarecrows shaken by the wind.

With many a yell addressed to the horses Pete made his way through the mass of traffic and we entered a narrow and very clean lane. The first house we stopped near was that of a Polish priest. Here we had to unload two tons of coal, and the rest of the coal was to be delivered elsewhere.

Pete filled hundred-pound baskets, which I carried down some steps into the cellar and emptied at a place which the priest pointed out to me.

The priest stood at the cellar door and counted the baskets. Every time I passed by with a full basket I noticed a malicious, sarcastic smile upon his lips. I saw him follow every move I made, as though he were counting my very footsteps, and presently he said:

"See, Jew, that you don't cheat me. Take care I get forty baskets—full ones, understand."

I tried to tell him that I had nothing to do with the correctness of the number or measure, that I had been doing this work only a couple of hours, and that I was only a carrier of coal.

The priest wanted a little fun at my expense, but a woman's voice called him and he quickly ascended the three steps and disappeared behind a grey, freshly-painted door. A young, slender woman with deep blue eyes and a head covered almost entirely with grey hair took his place and counted the baskets. She also watched every movement of mine as one watches a rope-walker. Presently the priest returned; the two exchanged glances, then she went away. He began to tease me again:

"What good will it do you to work, Jew? Why don't you go into business?"

I said nothing and kept on working.

"If you haul coal," he went on, "you won't be able to observe your

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Sabbath. You are a Jew and ought to do what all your people are doing."

Pete hurried me, so I was unable to stop and talk to the priest. But he followed me into the cellar and continued.

"You ought to go into business, you ought to observe your Sabbath."

I wanted to josh him a little, and when at the thirtieth basket he descended into the cellar to see where I was empting the coal, I remarked:

"Well, little priest, perhaps if you will suggest some good business, I may go into it."

"Rags," he answered quickly and maliciously.

"I don't like the rag business. But if you could suggest something in the heavenly, sacred line, I would gladly go into it," I retorted with some venom. "I understand, little father, that such business is very profitable. From what I can see, you are doing quite well, and I, too, can preach beautifully," I added by way of a parting shot.

He grew silent and stepped aside.

Afterwards he followed me to the wagon. He whispered something to Pete, who laughed. Then he walked down again into the cellar. From the house came the sound of clattering dishes and pungent odor of rendered fat. Two female voices penetrated down to the cellar and I stopped to listen. Presently I heard his voice again from behind me. It was half dark in the cellar and there was an evil expression on his olive-complexioned face. I shrank back inwardly.

"So it is in sacred goods you would like to deal? Well, well," he muttered to himself, and his lips shaped themselves into an indifferent smile.

He walked about the cellar as if looking for something he needed. When I had emptied the last basket and was about to leave the cellar, he came over to me, placed his fat hand upon my shoulder in a jovial manner, and blurted out:

"Well, brother, if you want to deal in some celestial, sacred article, call on me tomorrow. You ought to be in business, brother, so come to me."

I wanted to say something, but Pete was calling me aloud and so I left. Back in the driver's seat, Pete treated me to a fine swig and, to cheer me up further, said that even if we got through before twelve o'clock, we would return to the coal yard exactly at noon. He knew how to manage it. We delivered the rest of the coal at some house in another street. The lady of the house, a stout, middle-aged woman, would never have dreamed of interesting herself in a coal carrier like me, had not Pete announced to her in a loud voice that I was her countryman. The woman blushed and fled into the house, and after I was back in the driver's seat, I noticed two women's faces peep out from behind the window curtain.

(Concluded next week)

The Zionist Organization of Jugo-Slavia has been officially legalized. The announcement comes following a month of deliberations in which the present dictatorship undertook to establish regulations to the effect that existing institutions should be permitted to continue functioning.

Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach acquired the Ferdinand and Isabella book of the chase, a quaintly and gorgeously illuminated manuscript which ranks in the old master class both in money value and critical esteem.

Robert Mond, brother of Lord Melchett, the former Sir Alfred Mond, has presented a gift of 1,000,000 francs to the Chemistry Institute of Paris to promote chemical research.

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Montreal Organizations

GOLDIE MYERSON ENTERTAINED AT BANQUET

Pioneer Women of Montreal entertained 150 guests Sunday, April 7, at the Hoffbrau in honor of Goldie Myerson, prominent Palestinian worker. Mrs. Myerson spoke on "New Workers of Palestinian Acres." Program: Mischa Hoffman, Russian pianist and Victor recording artist; and Miss Ruth C. Brotman, folks' lieder, accompanied by Mrs. Lena Dickstein. Among those present were Mrs. A. Selick, vice-president of Canadian Hadassah, and Mrs. L. Coldoff, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Caiserman, Gregory Saunders, Moe Brainin, Mr and Mrs. Dickstein, Mr. and Mrs. Maine Abel, Mrs. Louis Miller, president Montreal Hadassah, Mr. Neamtin, Montreal Habonim.

HABONIM RECEPTION

Zionist Order Habonim held a reception Thursday April 4 in the Community Centre of Shaar Hashomayim Synagogue in honor of the fourth anniversary of the opening of the Hebrew University. Judge William M. Lewis, of Philadelphia, chairman of the United Palestine Appeal in the United States, was guest speaker. Louis Fitch, vice-president of the Zionist Organization of Canada, spoke. Rev. Charles Bender announced the results of individual canvassers in the United Palestine campaign for Montreal, of which Rabbi Herman Abramowitz is chairman. Miss Ruth C. Brotman sang accompanied by Mrs. Lena Dickstein.

JUST A CLUB

Just A Club met April 10, at the home of Miss Mary Levine. Roy Cooper, of New York, sang and recited. Miss Goldie Goldberg assisted the hostess in serving.

ATTEND CLUB PARTY

The S. and B. Girls Club entertained at the Pagoda, Wednesday evening, April 10. Present were Misses Florence Randolph, Nell Markman, Sallie Manus, Esther Randolph, Rose Speigelblatt, Jean Segal, Ada Manus, Leah Speigelblatt, Kate Miller, Sarah Randolph; and H. Rosenberg, M. Bronstein, C. Steinvold, S. Steinman, D. Randolph, D. Miller, H. Lanner, L. Pepper, J. Zaitland, and L. Ratkin. Miss Nell Markman and Harry Rosenberg entertained.

DALSE BOYS CLUB

Dalse Boys Club met at the home of Bernard Engelstein with S. L. Levine presiding. Discussion was on an impromptu debate between A. B. Engelstein and M. Steinberg on: "Resolved that prayers should be said in Hebrew rather than in English." S. L. Levine and L. Beinhaker volunteered to debate on "Resolved that college men are prepared to face the world better than the average working men." Dalse stands for dancing, athletes, literary, social and educational. Next meeting at A. L. Beinhaker's home on Park Ave.

HADASSAH

North End Chapter of Hadassah met at the home of Mrs. S. Kaback, Berube Street, April 15. Mrs. S. Cooperstone presided Mrs. M. Hornstein secretary, read a Dominion Keren Hayesod report, Mrs. Cooperstone, convener for the theatre night at the Orpheum Theatre April 28, has formed this committee to visit members: Mesdames, L. Matthews, S.

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Orange-CRUSH

Sheckransky, S. Margolin, Ifi Benditsky, and S. Selinsky. Mrs. Cooperstone presented Mr. and Mrs. I. Benditsky with Golden Book certificate on their silver wedding anniversary. Mrs. I. Benditsky donated $25. Mrs. S. Margolin thanked the hostess. Tea and raffle netted $19.35. Montreal Hadassah luncheon at the Mount Royal Hotel May 6.

Montreal Hadassah Council met at Zionist Headquarters, with the president, Mrs. L. Miller, presiding. The members stood in silence in memory of the late Mrs. L. S. Tarshis. The names of Mrs. L. Herzig and Mrs. H. Druxerman were added to the committee for assisting chapters in the City. Mrs. B. Perelmutter reported for the National Fund for the period from March 6th. to April 1st. 239 calls had been made amounting to $186.26. Nominations committee appointed: Mrs. H. Singer, chairman, and Mesdames H. H. Livingstone, A. J. Alexandor, S. Kahn, E. C. Bernstein, M. Poyanner, B. Perelmutter. Chapters elections the second week in May, Council election before the end of May.

Shaar Hashomayim Chapter of Hadassah held a food sale Monday, April 8, in the Community Rooms of the Synagogue. At the candy booth was Mrs. B. Rudner, assisted by Mesdames C. D. Goodman and S. Lauria, jam, canned goods and pickles, Mrs. C. Coppleman, assisted by Mrs. A. Nevitt and Mrs. Kenney; cake booth, Mrs. Leo Livingstone, assisted by Mrs. H. Sabloff. The tea room was in charge of Mrs. M. N. Pineberg assisted by Mesdames J. Rosen, H. L. Druxerman, J. Steinberg, S. Cohen and S. Phillips.

Miriam Brainin Ortenberg Chapter met at the home of Mrs. A. Marks, 752b Champagneur, Monday afternoon, April 15th, with Mrs. M. B. Goldstein in the chair. Mrs. F. Harris and Mrs. M. Poyaner spoke on National Fund. Miss Judith Iscovitz recited in English and Jewish. Next meeting at the home of Mrs. S. Shapiro, 5250 Park Avenue, Monday evening, April 29th.

The following officers were elected at the last meeting of Shaar Hashomayim Chapter of Hadassah: president, Mrs. Leo Livingstone; vice presidents, Mesdames I. Rubinovitch, J. Cohen, H. L. Druxerman; recording secretary, Mrs. C. David Goodman; corresponding secretary, Mrs. H. H. Pearson; treasurer, Mrs. P. Kert; assistant treasurer, Mrs. F. Lauria; Keren Hayesod, Mrs. I. Rubinovitch; National Fund, Mrs. N. Levitt, Mrs. C. Coppelman; Current Events, Mrs. J. Cohen; refreshments, Mrs. G. P. Kenny; program, Mesdames M. A. Brown, B. Berufeld, J. Freedman, L. Levine, E. Lozinsky, H. Pearson; telephone and membership committee, Miss S. Gallay, Mesdames B. Rudner, Robinson, P. Garfinkle, A. Rapp, and M. Cohen; advisory board, Mrs. F. Cohen, Miss R. Sloves, Mrs. A. Gardner.

Shaar Hashomayim, Rabbi Herman Abramowitz, Coté St. Antoine Road, corner Kensington.

Sermon: "The Solidarity of Jewish Family Life."

The third monthly movie program, arranged by Men of Shaar Hashomayim for the children, will be given Sunday, April 21st, at 3.30 p.m. The chanting of Mah Nishtanoh, Kiddush, reading of parts of the Haggadah, and the singing of songs at the close of the Seder service are included in Hebrew School studies for Pesach.

The Courses and Study Circles for Adults came to a close with an address by Dr. Abraham A. Neuman, professor of history at Dropsie College for Hebrew and Cognate Learning Wednesday evening, April 10th. Subject "Hebrew Foundations of American Civilization. Prof. Neuman said that the preservaiton of soul of the Jewish prophet at ways found genuine expression. He urged the continuance of the study of the Hebrew language and literature as a basis for a clear understanding of the Jewish people and its aspirations, and as a medium through which the Jewish soul will continue to find full expression.

J. Levinson, chairman of the educational committee, thanked the speaker. Dr. H. Abramowitz, who presided, called upon I. M. Konowitz, educational director, and Lazarus Phillips, who spoke for the leaders of the courses.

At the Father and Son Banquet, Thursday evening, April 11th. M. J. Hirsch presided and S. F. P. Aldrich lead group singing with competition between tables and between father and sons. Bernard Bloomfield, Alfred Cass and Leonard Rubin assisted at the piano. "The Shaar Hashomayim Bulletin of April 12th, 1929," was read by Abraham Gruber; "Excerpts from our Boy's Haggadah," by Mark Goldenberg and the "Father and Son Hockey Match," written by Bernard Rubin and produced by Gerald Bronfman. David Levy offered the toast to "Our Dads" and Michael Morris responded on behalf of the fathers. Dr. Abramowitz spoke on comradeship between fathers and sons.

HALIFAX

Senior Hadassah Chapter of Halifax held a concert, Wednesday evening, April 10th, at the Nelson Hall, directed by Mrs. Max Jakin and Samuel Webber. Leading parts were taken by Misses Ida Shofer, Bertha Garson, Dorothy Simon, and Howard Goldberg, Kenneth Webber. Others who took part were Misses Sarah Jacobson, Doris Whitzman, Esther Glick, Celia Shlossberg, Katie Jacobson, Jennie Leventhal, Ruth Heinish, Annie Gordon, Annie Zatzman, Pearl Valinsky, Joe Zatzman and Alfred Webber.

The last Maccabean meeting of the year was held at the home of Miss Louise Keshen. Miss Sadie Lazarovitz, acting chairman for the Young Judaea campaign, spoke and also addressed the Young Judaea meeting at the home of Harry Goldberg last Sunday evening.

Among those who attended the L.O.D.E. ball last week at the Lord Nelson Hotel, were Misses Sadie Lazarovitz, Bessie Magonet, Bertie Goldberg, Anne Linder, Alice Mushkat, Bertha Jacobson; and M. Dresner, Ben Gass, Charlie Gavsie, Phil Magonet, Sam Jacobson and Harry Cohen.

Mrs. Harry Arron, North Street, entertained last Sunday evening at a five-table bridge. Prize-winners were Mesdames H. Shore, S. Fried and L. Webber.

Miss Bessie Magonet, who was in town on a short visit, has returned to her home in Glace Bay.

Mrs. Louis Webber and daughter, Dolly, are back from a two months' visit to New York.

Z. Albert, who was visiting his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. P. Albert, Brunswick Street, has returned to his home in Winnipeg.

M. Dresner has left to live in New York.

Misses Sophie and Sara Pascal, were in Glace Bay and Sydney.

R. Green, of Montreal, was here for a short stay.

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Rabbi Isserman's Editorials

(Continued from page 1)

a seed whose harvest a later generation may reap. Many of the delegates felt that it is now the Christian's turn to take the initiative in good-will meetings.

The sermon subjects of rabbis were discussed. The opinion was that rabbis should specialize in biblical, Jewish and religious subjects. But the rabbis who do that usually speak to empty benches. The laity, alas, compels the rabbi to be an entertainer. They come to services too frequently not to worship, but to hear a jazzy lecture. The rabbis who refuse to jazz their sermons too frequently speak to empty synagogues. The Jewish laity can express its approval or disapproval of sermons by attendance or absence at services. Rabbis know from painful experience that to hold the crowd they must make a popular and not a scholarly appeal.

We should like to see the Men's Clubs arrange workingmen's nights, when Jewish workers would be the guests at meetings, and when the workers could express the reasons for their absence from the synagogue. The synagogue whose membership is recruited only from the rich and middle class is lacking in fundamentals. Judaism is not a caste religion, and when the Jewish workers ignore its institutions, it is time to pause and to diagnose the situation. We should like to see the voice of the Jewish laity be the voice of social justice, the voice of peace, the voice of good-will. We should like to see Jewish employers distinguished by the prophetic spirit which animates their dealings with the men who work for them. We should like the voice of the Jewish laity become a challenge to walk the Jewish way of life, the way charted by the vision of the prophets, the way which shall demonstrate to all that Israel's God is a living God.

The Never Lost Ten Tribes

(Continued from page 24)

at Bether; at the rise of Mahomet in the seventh century during the Crusades (1096-1272) and the black death accusation (1348); in the many massacres that occurred in Germany, France and Spain during the Middle Ages; and last, but not least, at the Cossack uprising in the seventeenth century; besides the many myriads that joined the Church and the Mosque in Spain, Arabia and elsewhere! When all these terrible reductions are considered it will be readily conceded that in the 16 millions of Jews, all the twelve or thirteen tribes are represented—all have in us their full share! That the "Lost Ten tribes" is but a myth, a fable, on a par with that of the river "Sambation," with which it is associated. The "Ten tribes," as popularly understood, never were lost!

Sholem Aleichem Longed to Play the Violin

Fame among his people, success in his work, happiness in his home life—yet Sholem Aleichem, born Sholem Rabinowitz, one of the greatest and most popular of Yiddish writers, lived with a thwarted desire. That thwarted desire he expressed now and then in his literary work, notably in his short novel, "Stempenyu, the Fiddler," which in dramatic version has just reached the stage of Maurice Schwartz's Yiddish Art Theatre.

As a small boy Sholem Aleichem had longed earnestly, passionately to learn to play the violin. All the other boys in the neighborhood of Poltava, where his family resided, were taking violin lessons. But Reb Nohum Verik's, his father, a most distinguished citizen, an amateur cantor, a scholar well versed in Hebrew and in the Bible, a disciple of the Chassidic Rabbi from Talna, a chess player, a connoisseur of diamonds and the richest man in town, to boot, could not see the educational value in violin lessons.

"How will it help you, what will it do for you?" he would ask in answer to the child's pleadings.

As an innkeeper, Reb Nohum Verick's entertained the journeying cantors and musicians. Sholem would watch them gobble their food, wide-eyed and most respectful, as if this alone was a sign of their talent. With them the boy would immediately strike up a great intimacy. He could constantly be found outside of the home

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Fiftieth Racine Anniversary is Celebrated

A happy event took place at the Montreal headquarters of Alphonse Racine Limited, wholesale drygoods, a few weeks ago, the occasion being the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the firm. A feature of the occasion was the presentation to Alphonse and Hector H. Racine, the chief owners of the company, of a handsome bronze statue of their father, the late Honorable Alphonse Racine, founder of the business. The statue is a life sized bust in handsome bronze, and a remarkably good likeness of the late revered chief. It stands on a marble pedestal about eight feet in height in a prominent place in the main offices to the right of the entrance.

HORACE H. RACINE
General manager of the company now celebrating its 50th anniversary

The presentation was made by the staff, Lieut.-Col. P. E. Belanger, Superintendent of the firm, performing the ceremony. In a few well chosen words he extended a welcome to the large gathering present. P. Meriot, secretary, and J. Robertson, merchandise manager also made appropriate remarks. Mr. Meriot referred to the humble beginning of the firm under the late president and described the development of the institution and its growth from a small local establishment to one now of national activities with branches in all the principal cities and salesmen covering every important town of Canada from coast to coast. A large measure of this prosperity has been due to the untiring efforts and unfailing courtesy and honesty of the late president. Not only did Mr. Racine enjoy success in his own company, but as life advanced he became interested and very prominent in public affairs. He was, at the time of his death, a director in the Chamber of Commerce and of the Provincial Bank, a member of the Montreal Harbor Commission and a Legislative Councillor for the Province of Quebec.

Continuing, Mr. Meriot spoke of the founder's two sons, Alphonse, Jr. and Hector H. Racine, who have carried on the business so successfully for the last number of years following the principles laid down by their respected father.

At this interval the statue was unveiled by Colonel Belanger and flowers presented to Mrs. Alphonse and Mrs. Hector H. Racine. Alphonse Racine in a few gracious words accepted the gift and thanked the donors in the name of himself and his family. Hector H. Racine following, referred to the growth of the firm which at one time consisted of only ten employees, while to-day their staff is in the hundreds as the large gathering went

THE LATE HONORABLE ALPHONSE RACINE
Founder of the house of Racine establishing 50 years ago.

to prove. Mr. Racine also spoke of the faithful services of the staff, some of whom, Messrs. Chevalier, Barrette, Rochette, were still with them. Referring to the late founder Mr. Racine, he said they had an example of initiative, industry and honesty which, successfully followed by the organization, had brought about the growth

ALPHONSE RACINE
Who is now president of Alphonse Racine Limited

and development they were today enjoying.

In the evening the event was further celebrated by a banquet at Place Viger Hotel at which 300 were present including eminent guests. At head table were Alphonse and Hector H. Racine, A. E. Racine, L. C. Robitaille, T. G. Bosworth, E. Monday, P. S. Hardy, A. Galipeau, J. M. O. Gagnon, J. E. Rochette, Dr. A. Guertin, Lieut.-Col. P. E. Belanger, Yvon Dupré, C. M. Hart, Armand Dupuis, Armand Dugal, Paul Meriot, J. Robertson, J. Malcolm, F. J. Murphy, J. B. Barrette.

of the local violin teacher, with whom, quite by accident, he later became good friends. Were any of his little playmates who came and went through that door with their violins tucked under their arms any better than he, more clever than he? Had any one of them a greater need than he that they should be permitted to understand this beautiful instrument, while he was denied this privilege?

A Lithuanian bread merchant from Pinsk was a constant lodger at his father's inn. This man, whose name was Wolfson, always carried a well-filled purse in his pockets. One day little Sholem was possessed with the idea that this man must lose his purse which he would, in turn, find, and convert into a violin. He waited in vain. Wolfson was too crafty for such negligence. Even when he gave his clothes to the children to be dusted, he carefully emptied the pockets beforehand. The ensuing theft of this purse and the bitter remorse experienced by little Sholem as a result of his act, were later incorporated in one of the finest short stories he ever wrote, "The Knife."

Several of his later works were directly influenced by this first love. Among these are "On the Violin," "Wandering Stars," and "Stempenyu." The latter was written as a short novel, dealing with the life of a violinist, a leader of a band that plays at weddings, who is forced to marry a girl to whom he had made casual love, and who finally falls in love with a woman beautiful both in mind and in body. The novelette has been dramatized and produced by Maurice Schwartz at his Yiddish Art Theatre, in 14th Street, off Union Square—its premiere on any stage, although Sholem Aleichem and Thomashefsky dramatized it years ago in a version that has never been produced.

Sholem Aleichem was peculiarly fated to treat this subject of Russian Jewish life. He was extraordinarily lucid, both in his treatment of the character studies and the environs in which his people move. Born in Voronko, in the County of Poltava, in Little Russia, he was not far from the historic City of Pereyaslov. He was proud of the home of his birth, proud of the great markets of the tiny Jewish shops, of the old humped synagogue with its splendid tabernacles, of the bath at the foot of the hill, of the petty merchants and inn-keepers, even of the cemetery, with its awful stories of ancient times. He inherited the traditions of his people with a keen insight into their minds and hearts.

Dr. Adolf Edelman, the Viennese cancer specialist, will supervise the cancer research institute in Vienna which has been established by Canning Childe of New Jersey.

CRAZY CLOCK

(Continued from page 2e)

and frank incense exhaled from a file of veiled virgins waiting the call from the priest king. A hushed submission in the prostrate tribesmen stretched over miles of sand: the debris which requires authority for inspiration.

"Money will buy me a soul . . . gold will liberate me from the chains of time . . wealth will make circumstance the hobby of my will. . . To climb the towers where clocks blare securely, to snatch them from their roost. . . To rest my cheeks on the breasts of spontaneous motion. . . To bask arrogantly in a timeless chaos, where the declivities end and the ascents begin . . . alone. . ."

Infinity restricted by concavity: the terror of invisible beyonds converge him to the finite plane where he belongs. . .

"Shall I surrender? . . . You're a fool, Albert Feinstein. They'll trace me where I sell the stuff. . . Bigger fools than you got away with it. . . They had no conscience . . . yours is a shackle, dirty presser . . . Better a presser with his mind clear. . . If you only had a mind. . . What good are jewels when they can't be converted into money? . . . If you only had a mind. . . What good is money if it can't be converted into jewels? . . .

A railroad station: time tables, schedules. . . A theatre: two performances, two-fifteen, eight-thirty. . . . A cemetery: born: date, died: date. . .

East River.

A sharp cut. A small circle, rippling concentrically, wider, wider fading. A diamond necklace harbored forever in a mound of fish skeletons. . .

A small place in the East Side. Pressers wanted. Only experienced men need apply.

"We will start you with a small salary at first. . . Yes, sir. . . If you work faithfully, we will give you a reasonable increase in time. . . Yes, sir. . . You are to report here at seven sharp every morning. . . . Yes, sir. . . After three years we give a week's vacation without pay. . . Thank you, sir. . . Buy yourself a watch. There's nothing like promptness. . . Yes, sir.

Albert Feinstein, his hand mechanically pushing a steaming iron, pressing, the smell of steam and damp cloth . . . pressing. .

Sentinel.

Major Julius Ochs Adler, vice-president and treasurer of the *New York Times*, has been appointed by Judge Irving Lehman, president of the Jewish Welfare Board, acting chairman of the Army and Navy Committee in the absence of Dr. Cyrus Adler.

Passover Greetings

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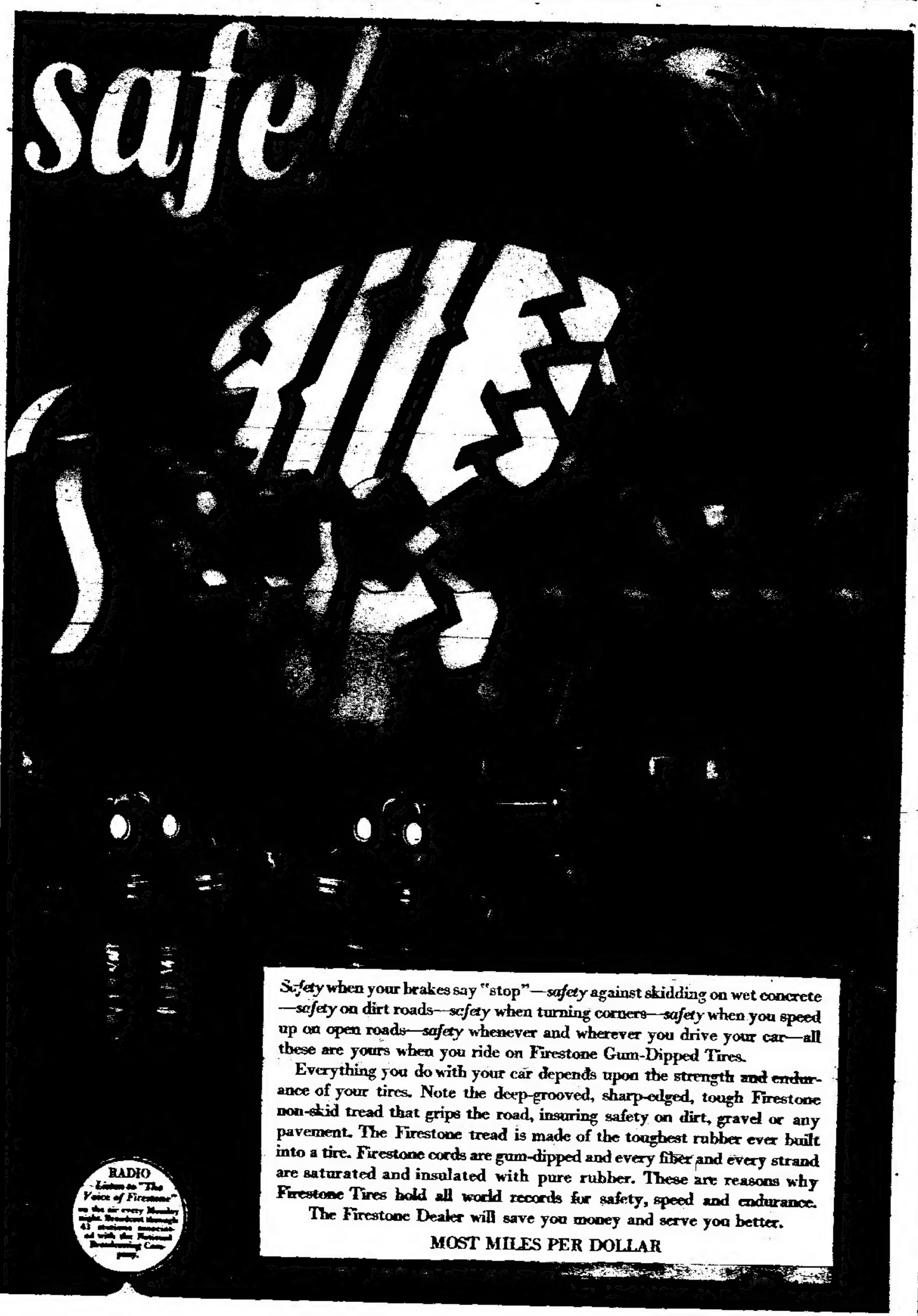
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